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March 14, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

SENATOR BORAH, we gather from his article which you will see in Collier's next week, is getting pretty tired of the political side-stepping and straddling he sees about him in Washington. Moreover, he thinks the people of the country feel the same way about it. He ascribes most of the trouble to "a fake and vicious conception of the function of political parties" and to "an unreal and unjust theory as to the relation of the individual to his political party."

The people cannot avoid prohibition, the power question, taxation, transportation and other vital issues of the day, reasons the senator, so why should our public men side-step them? What we want in our leaders is courage, he thinks, and we shall get what we want sooner or later.

"Why Statesmen Straddle," is the title of the article and there's no straddling in it at all. You will hear talk about it.

—

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE, the gourmet, has written a short story called "Fried Potatoes." Actually, there isn't much about food in the story. It's about a young man with a very great deal of money and social standing as high as Pikes Peak. He has been everywhere and seen everything and yearns for the simple life. And he is in love with the third girl from the end in a night-club chorus! A very good love story, as you might expect.

We owe the title to Mr. Roche's belief that fried potatoes symbolize the simple life. Simple or not, we like them. We'd better keep on ordering our own meals and let Mr. Roche stick to fiction.

THERE will be some criticism of Dr. Logan Clendening's article "The Care and Feeding of Adults." The doctor makes it seem too easy to keep in good health. Those who have their own pet prescriptions won't like it. Those who get up early in order to exercise vigorously before the cold bath won't like it. Food faddists won't like it. Prohibitionists will find fault with it. We print it because the doctor is an eminent person who seems to know what he's talking about. Besides, we are very lazy, usually choose ice cream for dessert and so find solace in his advice.

—

HARRIS DICKSON'S glamorous picture of New Orleans under Spanish rule is one of a memorable series of stories about the Port of Queer Cargoes. See the city through the eyes of Jody Karr, the young Kentuckian, as he visits it for the first time. "Jody Defies King Charles" is the title but it's really painless history. We go to so much trouble!

—

GUY GILPATRIC'S carnival story, "Darby and Jones;" Bertram Atkey's powerful drama of prison life, "His Brother's Keeper;" Grantland Rice's article; the Short Short Story; a love story by Jeffery Farnol; Dr. Work's Bridge; our Washington comment, and other incomparable (see Messrs. Landis and Gramm at the end of Any Week) features. We ought to agree with *one* of those fellows.

THIS WEEK

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HOLD YOUR HORSEPOWER

Any Week

YOU can't tell some of our readers (or so they say) that Calvin Coolidge "didn't know something" when he announced that he didn't choose to run again. So don't try.

—

"AFTER reading an address recently delivered by our congressman to the local Veterans of Foreign Wars post," writes Mr. Steward M. DeHuff, from Connellsville, Pennsylvania, "in which he set forth the present administration's love for our ex-soldiers, I am all for forming a third party to be known as the Grapefruit Throwers, whose one Jeffersonian-Lincolnian principle will be: Don't waste the citrus on crooning saxophonists. May I count on Collier's for support in this humane and patriotic movement?"

—

HERE'S one with a purpose. It is a copy of a letter written to United States Senators Jones and Dill and Representative Albert Johnson, all of Washington, by Dr. H. C. R. Norriss of Kelso, Washington.

"For a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars," says Dr. Norriss, "half down, balance when I restore the old saloon without the evils which caused its elimination, I will restore and insure prosperity."

—

MRS. MARY G. PRINGLE of Fort Fairfield, Maine, asks us about this submarine raid upon the North Pole contemplated by Sir Hubert Wilkins and Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth. What, demands she, are they going to do if the Nautilus (the submarine) "comes up under an iceberg?" We are now working on that very problem.

—

WE ARE having quite a time with Mr. Donald H. Astman of Rowley, Iowa. We have told him that he may safely read Collier's without our assuming or expecting that he agree with us. But now he fears that we are smug—that we "would blandly take it for granted that I did agree with you because I subscribed to Collier's." Let's see. How can we convince the man? We are sure we don't agree with him; therefore, why should we demand that he agree with us?

THIS is just to inform Senator J. Ham Lewis that if he chooses to run for President he will have the whole-hearted support of Mr. James Garvey of Tacoma, Washington. Mr. Garvey compares Senator Lewis with Abraham Lincoln, with honors just about even.

—

"I WISH," writes Major Reed G. Landis of Chicago, famous war ace, "that you published about twice as much of the same kind of editorial matter as you are now carrying."

—

"I SEE you are making Collier's bigger," says Mr. W. W. Gramm of Toronto, Canada. "That's foolish. You are punk enough as you are."

Vol. 87, No. 11. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

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Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. The Publisher is not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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A wave of mounted men seemed to have dashed at the wall and swamped it

With the Best Intentions

What happened when a modest warrior performed a perfectly stupendous feat of 'eroism

By Laurie York Erskine

FROM the harness shop in the abandoned cowshed Trooper Alfred Floyd walked moodily down the picket line beside the orchard with the magnificent boots of Captain Farringdon tucked carefully under one arm. Unmindful of the autumn glow which lay on the fields of Picardy, insensible to the quaint beauty of the ancient farm which the Eleventh had taken for its quarters, Trooper Floyd was in what his old mother was accustomed to refer to as "one of Alf's states of mind."

'Orses! That is what irritated Trooper Floyd. Thousands of perishin' 'orses that kept good fightin' men out of the lines with currycombs in their 'ands when what was needed was baynits and baynit work. Cold steel, reflected Trooper Alf, savagely. That's what the 'Uns wanted; that's what the blighters arst for. Cold steel! . . . And the fingers of Trooper Alf didn't arf itch to administer it. . . . Them and their *flammenwerfer!* . . . Trooper Alf hated the enemy with a smoldering and vitriolic hatred.

Turning at the end of the picket line, Trooper Alf carried his state of mind into the presence of two brothers in arms who were listening spellbound to the narrative talents of a third. Trooper Alf put down the boots and stopped to listen.

"There 'e stud," the narrator was narrating, "torkin' nice as you please in their own narsty gibberish, an' Jerry standin' there a-smilin' like it wouldn't never come orf."

ENCOURAGED by an audience in whom unbelief failed to overcome a morbid curiosity, Trooper Jerrit surpassed himself.

"Captain Shandy Farringdon, of the Eleventh 'Oozzars," he deposed with indiscreet ardor, "torkin' with a crew of bluggy 'Uns, an' them w'eelin' w'eel barrers, too!"

Here Trooper Hosgood, a lean soldier of drooping countenance, interposed.

"'E was strarfin' 'em, p'raps?" he conjectured charitably.

"Strarfin' 'em, me eye!" scoffed Trooper Jerrit. "'E was *torkin'* to 'em, I tell yer. Torkin' jolly as you please. An' torkin' in German, mind; with them all over smiles. Them an' their bleedin' w'eelbarrers!"

"But 'e's a norficer, ain't 'e?" protested the obtuse Hosgood. "Wot would 'e go torkin' with German prisoners for?"

"R," said Trooper Jerrit darkly. "That's it. If you arsk me, I think 'e's a 'Un!"

"A 'Un?" Trooper Hosgood was properly horrified.

"A 'Un," reiterated Trooper Jerrit relentlessly; and thereupon Trooper Alfred Floyd did step two paces smartly forward, making ominous gestures with clenched fists.

"Put 'em up!" cried Trooper Floyd. "I been waitin' for yer to say it, an' now you've said it. Put 'em up before I tyke yer ugly face, or whatever it is, and smear it over yer chest!"

Trooper Jerrit put 'em up, and Trooper Floyd tapped him on the mouth. What followed was afterward described by Trooper Hosgood as a very hot bit of fist and foot work; but it was terminated abruptly by that same fancier of the manly art.

"TSCHOUN!" bellowed Trooper Hosgood suddenly.

Instantly four troopers of the Eleventh became as so many automatons which snapped to salute as an officer bore down upon them. The officer was tall and straightly made, wearing his service tunic, his Bedford cords, his chain-mail shoulder guards, belt, boots and brasses with distinction. The right side of his face was bright with the healthy glow of athletic youth; the left side of it was one great scar which drew his mouth up in a seared, sardonic grin

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Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

that lay upon him like a brand. It was Captain Chandos Farringdon.

Smartly he returned the salute. Apparently blind to evidences of combat, he passed on his way. Warfare languished with his passing.

"Gimme room and the time," growled Trooper Jerrit, testing loose teeth with an abraded tongue, "an' you won't arf cop it, you Gawdelpus kind of a blighter."

"I'd give yer Buckinum Pallis for a year," rejoined Alf, "but you'd only play 'ide an' seek in it."

"Fifteen rahnds," begged Trooper Hosgood, seeing golden opportunity in his foreknowledge of which way to bet. "In the recreation tent next Toosday."

Tentatively the warriors agreed, and Trooper Alf resumed his interrupted way to the quarters of Captain Shandy. He walked unhappily, tormented by bitter grievances.

TORKIN' to German prisoners! Jollyin' along a crew of bleedin' barbeerians! Captain Shandy, who, boy and man, he had slaved for and felt for, if it came to that, the best part of eight years! Was it fair? Trooper Alf would arsk. Was it justice? Where, he would arsk, was the man's pride? Where was the captain's feelings? . . . By which series of dark reflections Trooper Alf struggled to express the complicated emotions resulting from his allegiance to Captain Chandos Farringdon.

Trooper Floyd had known Captain Shandy as a fair-haired, interminably laughing boy who wouldn't hear of letting a groom ride respectfully behind him, but must have a man who'd ride with him, stirrup to stirrup, and exchange the lore of boot and spur and box stall for a share in the endless adventures which a boy could find in a morning's ride over the countryside.

That boy Trooper Alf had learned to love, and the bright picture of the boy's laughing, handsome face was an image which Trooper Alf, without consciously realizing it, had come to cherish.

When the war had started Alf had been informed that he carried about his person a vein which he understood was "very close sealed," and he had been therefore prohibited from following Master Shandy to the Front. For the better part of two years he had placidly groomed and exercised the few superannuated horses left in the Farringdon stables by the war, his peace of mind being marred only by the same melancholy regret for the absent youngster that Alf had felt in the days when young Shandy had been away to school at Göttingen.

Then an ingenious Teuton mind had conceived the deadly Flammenwerfer, and Captain Shandy had reeled out of the line at Hooge with one side of his face and body a seared ruin of blistering flesh. With that the spirit of Alfred Floyd had arisen in flaming wrath, in horror, in a hunger for bloody vengeance. Veins or no veins, very close sealed or otherwise, the 'Uns must pay —and he, in person, must exact his full share of the payment!

With the persistence of a man possessed Alfred had gained his point. A surgeon's knife had made nothing of the afflicted vein, and Captain Shandy, bedeviled through his convalescence by a retainer who was an inspired monomaniac, had finally wangled a place for Alfred in the ranks of the Eleventh Hussars. It was not until after the agonies of training and the removal of his draft to France that Trooper Alf realized the trap into which he had fallen. The corpusculent 'orses was no more good in a war that was all dug-in than a coconut-shy in the 'Ouse of Lords. He was fair bunkered! Ditched! Shelved! He had come out to kill 'Uns, and instead he was nursin' 'orses. . . . And 'ere was the captain torkin' with the blighters just as if they was human. It made a man boil. . . .

CAPTAIN FARRINGDON, entering his quarters, found Trooper Alf polishing the magnificent boots with a vigor that threatened to remove the surface of the leather. Then his gaze settled upon Alf's swollen nose.

"Who's been taking you over?" he asked pleasantly.

"Blighter with six loose teeth," growled Alf.

"Pity he can't see that beak," said the captain blithely. "Where's that blasted bootjack?"

In ungracious silence Alf supplied his captain's need. He then loitered by the captain's chair in the manner of one who would have said much if he could have thought of it.

"There's takin' over," he burst out at last, "and there's takin' *over*. No harm said or meant, sir, but I 'ave yet to be taken over by any 'Uns in the way of either black treachery *or* convers'y-shun."

"So that's how they're running!" cried the captain. "You've been watching me chat with the prisoners!"

"That I 'aven't, sir," protested Alf with feeling. "I 'ave not seen you chattin' with no prisoners, an' any man of the troop that wants a thick ear 'as only to say as much to get one. But since we're torkin' of it, Marster Shandy: Is it fair? Not that I'd go so far as to say it ain't, but *is* it? I am only arskin'."

"But it's none of your damned business," grinned the captain.

"No!" The voice of Trooper Alf reached new depths in demi-semi-quavers of outraged sensibility. "Oh, no! I should say not! My business 'as nothink to do with the killin' of 'Uns, or the fightin' of 'em or the gettin' fought back at! It is nothink to me that they turn loose their bleedin' Flammenwerfers and burn up good men and orficers without a chance for fair fightin'! Such things is not the business of any ruddy 'orse tenders in a ruddy brigade of the ruddy Gawdelpus 'Oozzars. Wot we got to do is be nice to 'em. Tork to 'em like they was our very close pals. *Fat*renize with 'em, no 'arm meant or said, sir, just as if they wasn't the scurviest pack of murderin', stab-in-the-back byby killers un'ung!"

With which Trooper Alf subsided into a mounting fear that he had gone too far. But Captain Shandy laughed.

"Trouble with you," he said cheerfully, "is that you're a romantic idiot. You're filled with wrath because Fritz used liquid fire on the classic mug of the heir to the Farringdon sixpence. You want to have at them, grab a bayonet, and rip 'em up. You're all for the hate and vengeance boys. Well, you're wrong!"

His voice became suddenly grave. His eyes had ceased to laugh.

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"If you'd seen those poor devils tottering forward with their petroleum tanks and their giddy nozzles, bursting into flames like fat moths in a candle whenever our riflemen got them, you'd understand," he said. "Fritz isn't a bad sort. He's no more to blame for the Flammenwerfer than I am for my automatic. It's the war, m'lad, the bloody, idiotic war; and the war can't be blamed. It's a disease. And when I come across an old pal wheeling a wheelbarrow in a prison camp, I'm damned if I'm going to cut him just because he's got the same kind of leprosy as I have. That's why I spoke with the prisoners."

But Alf had fully comprehended only one word his captain had uttered.

"Pal!" he gasped, loathing and unbelief in his voice.

"Exactly," said Captain Farringdon. "Max Schreiber was with me at Göttingen, and I'm glad to see him out of the mess for duration. The prisoners have all the luck."

With horrified and disillusioned eyes Alf turned away.

"If there's nothing more you want, sir," he murmured.

"Nothing more, thanks," said the captain, dryly. "Only try and leave the hate to the newspaper boys in blighty."

Trooper Alf walked to his quarters with tight lips and a seething spirit. Captain Shandy had failed him, gone over to the enemy, even as Jerrit had said. . . . Jerrit! There was that to look forward to at any rate. . . . Fifteen rounds in the recreation tent on Toosday. . . .

But by Tuesday night the recreation tent was packed away with all the regimental stores and the Eleventh, proud upon animals that spurned the ground, took to the road.

IT WAS a strange, exhilarating ride. An endless stream of horsemen moving through cold mists in the night with the rattle and clink of their metals, the soft drumming of the hoofbeats. . . . And the chatter of the men. There was something new going forward, something mysterious, which was to blow Fritz out of his dugouts, break through the Hindenburg Line as though it were entrenched in putty and open the way to the saber charge and the lancers. Mockery was to go from the cry of Boots and Saddles! Trooper Alf was to come into his own!

They bivouacked for a day in a sheltered field and interchanged secret knowledge mysteriously acquired from unmentionable sources. The squadron was rich in men who knew precisely the secret whereby the miracle of open warfare was to be achieved. And night came again, and the cavalry moved up.

This time the rattling horde of mounted men was joined by other hordes

Monstrous things were moving in the night. Things which loomed with the grotesque frightfulness of a battleship lumbering over the countryside

which turned in from every road to join them; an exalted, exultant army of riders, flushed with the chance that had come to them, boastful of their power.

In the black darkness, in a galloping frenzy of non-coms, the order ran down the columns to make way, to clear the road. And the horses reared and shied in a huddled mass which spilled over into the broken fields and carried cursing troopers across blind obstacles into the mud of shell-plowed earth. For monstrous things were moving in the night. An army of them. Things which roared and rattled, which spat poisonous fumes in flame from hidden nostrils. Things which loomed in the dark with the grotesque frightfulness of a battleship lumbering over the countryside. An unending column of the monsters filled the road.

"Blimey!" gasped Trooper Alf. "The Grand Fleet's come to tahn!" But his voice was lost in the clash and clatter of the caterpillar treads, the muffled bark of a hundred combustion engines, the full-voiced clamor of the tanks.

In the mists of the following morning the Eleventh Hussars stood to their horses in a field off the Cambrai Road. The passing of the tanks was a picture and a dream; a thunderous vision that had startled and impressed them in the night and then passed on into an aura of mystery and doubt. How were they going to work? What were they designed to do? How were the Trooper Alfs of the earth going to know when the show began?

THE answer came back with the wounded—walking cases who, all through the morning, stumbled back along the Cambrai Road. The Eleventh took them into its field, shared water and rations with them, listened eagerly to their tales of the battle.

The tanks had gone through. Out of the mists of morning and a smoke barrage they had shoved their monstrous snouts into the Hindenburg Line and over it. They had left the German defenses behind them for the infantry to mop up, and they'd cut a wide swath into the open.

Gawdluvus! It was done! The line was broken. The tanks were through. . . . Why didn't the 'orses move forward? Was it another sell? Was they to be ruddy well ditched again? Oh, wot a war! Wot a filthy washout of a bloody war! Ditched again! Bunkered again! Laid on the bleedin' shelf! . . . Thus Trooper Alf, to his own revolting soul. But before dark a familiar figure came cantering down from the road and crossed the waiting line of the Hussars. Captain Shandy. Waving his arm, shouting his orders. And the troop was mounting, was advancing at a walk, at a trot, at a canter. Up the Cambrai Road, with a jingle of curb chain and accouterment, a thunder of hoofs, swinging into action.

In the drizzling cold rain of an autumn evening they cantered across the smoke-wraithed field of battle. Dressing stations lined the roads and ambulances disputed the right of way. In knots and groups, and in little, huddled masses wounded and prisoners moved back.

They passed the cratered expanse of No Man's Land and were riding in open country. Still the wounded persisted, and sharp, crackling bursts of distant firing told of the mopping up. A village was reached, and in the far outskirts of that village a walled orchard spat forth sudden fury. There was a vicious whining in the air, and the horse of Trooper Jerrit collapsed with a snuffling cry. At the same time three men slumped in their saddles and Trooper Alf saw Death in the face of Hosgood, who gaped at him as he fell. Whereupon, with Captain Shandy at its head, the troop was charging madly across soft fields at the orchard wall, and a leap was made, so that a wave of mounted men seemed to have dashed at the wall and swamped it. And there were men who ran like hunted rabbits among the apple trees, and the heart of Trooper Alf rose to the hunting.

No prisoners were taken, but seven bodies were left in the orchard, and Captain Shandy led his troop off toward the road to rejoin a squadron which had disappeared in a veil of mist that thickened as darkness fell.

THE troop didn't find its squadron. With two riderless horses running wild, and Jerrit cursing astride a bull-mouthed charger that mourned for the touch of a lighter hand, the troop groped its way through the perils of a mist-clad battlefield, halting to listen for the beat of its squadron's hoofs and hearing only the clatter of far guns or the near-by rattle of the rifles. They emerged from the blanket of fog as a man might emerge from thick woodlands, and found themselves, a lonely

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A Money Lender Confesses

Any borrower who pays more than 3½ per cent per month on small loans—the legal maximum in some states—is being defrauded. Mr. Shepherd, who has been investigating loan wolves, reveals in this article some of the tricks of the trade. It's a bad business which several far-sighted gentlemen are making better. But if you want to know how much improvement has been made, look at the depths they had to start from

By William G. Shepherd

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago he was working for a man who rented bicycles. When another youth at his boarding-house said to him: "I can get you a job collecting for a money lender," he took his new position in that strange little side world of grimy offices, with "Money to Lend" signs, that dot the business sections of our cities.

This man has stayed in it ever since. Today he controls the policies of hundreds of loan offices with over one fourth of a million customers. Renting bicycles played out, but the business of lending money to people in personal financial troubles is still getting better, in more ways than one.

"No one can kill this business," he told me the other day. "People must be able to borrow money on some sort of terms, just as long as they have unexpected troubles. There isn't a law in existence that can keep apart the man or woman who needs some extra money in a pinch and the man who has the money and wants to lend it to him.

"One time," he said, "they passed a law in Ohio against lenders taking furniture as security against loans. That law didn't mean a thing to us. We obeyed it and kept right on with our business. All we did was change some printing on our forms. When a man came to us to borrow money we'd go out to his house, make a list of every piece of furniture from mattresses to the family Bible, as usual, and have him take a very solemn oath and sign a statement that he owned it. He hadn't given us the right to take it all, if he didn't pay, but he thought he had. That was enough for us.

Dodging the Law

"See how the pawnbrokers, the men in the little three-ball shops, dodge the law against lending money. It's legal, of course, for them to lend on jewelry and security like that, if their rate isn't too high, but I'm talking about their lending money without any security at all, and at very high rates. It's probable that they lend millions of dollars yearly, without taking any jewelry or collateral of any sort.

"Did you ever notice all the shiny new knickknacks in a pawnshop? Maybe you think they're for sale. Well, they are, but not in the way you think. A man who can show he has a steady job comes in and wants to borrow money and is willing to pay a very high and utterly illegal rate.

"'I can't lend you any money at a high rate, and the low rate doesn't pay,' says the pawnbroker.

"'What'll I do?' asks the desperate man.

"'Well, I'm selling things here on the installment plan,' says the pawnbroker, pointing to his show cases. 'If you will buy a watch from me I will loan you ten dollars at six per cent. The watch is worth eight dollars.'

"The dealer will sell the man a watch or a jackknife or a ring or some little thing actually worth one dollar for eight dollars and on this basis will lend him money at a legal rate of interest. He wouldn't loan unless the man bought something. This is a scheme devised to evade the law, a way to collect a higher rate of interest than is allowed.

"No," he continued, "this lending business is so gigantic that it can't be stopped."

"Gigantic?" Is this business of sneaking off to a money lender in a side street and paying heavy interest for small loans—is that more commonplace than you and I think? Do millions of us do it and keep silent about it?

Yes, it is a national secret. Millions of us borrow from the money lender; millions of us—and I take these figures

Many a collector has gone into a house and taken a piano, a bed, a chair that he had no more right than a burglar to lay his hands on

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

from the Russell Sage Foundation and not from my friend the money lender—"fall into the clutches," as the newspaper exposés always put it, "of the loan sharks."

"Can a billion-dollar business that gives millions of people the one thing that they most need, at the time they most desperately need it, be stopped?"

I asked him why he used "billion."

"That's its size," he said. And then he gave me figures.

"At any stated time," he said, "so the financial experts say, all of us, put together, are in debt from twenty-two to twenty-six billions of dollars. From eighteen to twenty billions are on the books for groceries, meats, clothes, furniture, cars and so forth.

"About one billion dollars of the remaining debt is made up of debts to money lenders. It's almost as much as people borrow on their life insurance policies or from building and loan societies.

"Almost three per cent of the wages and salaries that will be earned this year will be owing, at any one time, to the fellows who sit in the loan-agency offices and wait for their customers to hand their usual payments in through the little wicket window. No, the law will never succeed in stopping a necessary business like that. But it can clean it up. And it is cleaning it up in many states.

"A new law that I'll tell you about later on is not going to stop money lending but it is going to take the disgrace out of it. More than that, it's going to take the disgrace out of money borrowing. Why shouldn't people be able to borrow to help themselves out of personal or family money troubles? They should. Everybody knows it. And all we have to do in America is to admit it, publicly, and squeeze the disgrace, the secrecy and the high money rates out of the lending business."

If there ever was a business that needed cleaning up it is the money-lending business. And my friend, the money lender, made no bones of telling me some of the worst sides of it.

"It was a terribly rough business when I went into it over a third of a century ago," he said. "And it's still very rough and cruel in many parts of the country. Many people think it's a Jew business. It isn't at all. The Jews are not in it to any noticeable extent. At its worst it has been a business for tough, hard-boiled men, native-born Americans who aren't afraid to go after foreigners or their own native-born brothers and sisters.

No Business for Foreigners

"No, siree! It's no game for a foreign-born man with a funny accent to go into unless he limits his business to his own nationality. Americans wouldn't stand from him what they do from some fellow American whose accent is the same as theirs. A foreigner can't frighten them as he can."

My friend the money lender was right on this point. At a convention of money lenders, held in Washington not long ago, this writer did not see a single Jew or speak with any person who seemed to be of foreign extraction. They all looked like the typical Americans to be found in any Rotary club.

"The worst part of the business has been the fright," continued the lender. "No matter how much interest the money lender charged or how unjust he was, his victim was so frightened by him that he was forced to submit to almost any demand the lender made. And this new law I'm going to tell you about is going to take the fright out of the customer's mind, too.

"Why do you suppose that people would go on as they do sometimes, almost going without shoes or decent clothes to keep up unjust payments to money lenders, if they weren't frightened?"

"What is there to be frightened of?" I asked. "A loan agent can't kill you."

"Well, he almost can," answered the experienced one. "He can make you so sick at heart you'd rather be dead.

"How'd you like to have a big blond girl, with a vaudeville voice, step into the office where you're working and shout out to you, so that everybody could hear, 'Mr. John J. Johns! Why don't you pay your honest debts? Why don't you pay the So-and-So Loan Agency that thirty-five dollars you owe them?' That's only one of a thousand tricks of the loan agency to collect money. Here's another:

"A loan agent comes up to your door in a moving-van. He backs it up to the house, knocks at the door, and says to your wife, 'If I don't get at least some of that money today, I must take your furniture.' Of course all the neighbors see or hear of the incident. The next time he comes for some more money he's likely to have cheap cotton signs flapping from the sides of the rented truck with the words 'Bad Debts Collector' or something like that painted on them.

How'd you like to have a big blond girl shout out to you: "Why don't you pay your debts?"

"The worst part of this moving-van method is that the collector, after he has made his bluff and fails to get any money, must make good by taking at least some one piece of the furniture. He probably hasn't one glimmer of right to do it, but he doesn't dare to weaken. Many a collector has gone into a house and taken a piano, a bed, a chair or a picture that he had no more right than a burglar to lay his hands on and the householder had a right, though he didn't know it, to regard him exactly as he would a burglar.

"A man borrows money on his automobile. Collectors break into his garage and take it away by night. Or a pair of them, in a car, purposely bump into him from the rear. When he jumps out, angry, to see what damage has been done, one of the men jumps into his car and drives off with it. Or the mortgaged car owner is persuaded to drive his car into a certain garage where plug-uglies literally take it away from him. Some of these agents who lend money on motor cars are literally the equivalent of motor-car thieves; they prefer taking the car to getting back the small sum of money they have lent on it.

"It's against the law to send a dunning message on a postal card, but the rough collectors use gaudily printed envelopes. 'Collectors from Deadbeats,' one such envelope displayed. One trick of collectors is to send a messenger with such an envelope to the neighbor of some debtor. The messenger asks the neighbor to deliver the message, 'when the folks next door get home.' Or the mailman delivers such an envelope daily for a week or more.

Women and Children First

"Some money lenders have gone so far as to send messages home by school children, in such a way that all the other children sense that there is disgrace in the business somewhere.

"They know how to be frightful, all right. They like to have a woman borrow money without her husband knowing it. They can then gouge her for all she can endure. And the man who borrows without his wife's knowledge is likely to fall into a pitiful condition.

"Why, I heard of a man in the government service in Washington who once borrowed twenty-five dollars from a money lender. He paid that lender

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Paddy Flaps his Wings

In which Peter Hames, amateur sleuth, listens to a lie—and likes it

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

"That's how you're thinking of me, is it?" Paddy Collins sighed, and there was a little, hurt tremor in his tone which his friend had never heard there before

PETER HAMES was dining in august company—as a matter of fact at a Hotel de Paris gala dinner. It is true that he occupied a somewhat lowly place at the table, but his presence in itself at such a gathering was unusual, and probably to be accounted for by the persuasions of Sybil Christian—the very attractive young woman seated exactly opposite him. During the first possible pause in the conversation she leaned across the table and addressed him, half seriously, but with a humorous light in her eyes.

"I rang you up at your villa just after you had left," she confided, "and I couldn't get hold of you here before dinner, there was such a crush. Did you hear what happened at the Casino this afternoon?"

He shook his head.

"I have heard of nothing special," he admitted. "I have been at home all day, trying to finish up some work. I did start down here rather early, though. I hadn't the faintest idea what time dinner was."

"You remember your Irish friend, Paddy Collins?"

"Am I ever likely to forget him?" Peter Hames groaned. "He's in Ireland now—gone to visit an invalid uncle who owns a large whisky distillery."

"He may have been there," Sybil Christian conceded, "but I can assure you that he is in a much less reputable place at the present moment."

"Tell me about him," Hames begged.

There was a brief delay, owing to the service of dinner. Then she leaned toward him once more.

"IT SEEMS," she recounted, "that he arrived in Monte Carlo this afternoon, went straight to the Casino, and emerged about half an hour later carrying a croupier in his arms, having knocked down two chefs and the door attendant."

"Good God!" Peter Hames exclaimed, with a sinking heart. "Where is he now?"

"In prison, and likely to stay there for a long time, unless someone interferes."

"But what on earth happened in the Casino? Paddy can generally be trusted to behave like an ordinary human being in the middle of the day."

"No one knows."

Their conversation was broken into. Sybil's next-door neighbor claimed her attention, and Peter Hames, too, was constrained to do his duty. The dinner seemed interminable. As soon as it was over he made his excuses to his hostess, slipped away from the group in the lounge of the Hotel de Paris who were preparing to invade the Sporting Club, wrote a brief note, and, enclosing his card, placed both in an envelope and dispatched it by a special messenger. An hour or so later Paddy Collins, crumpled but cheerful, joined him in the hotel bar. It was, on the latter's part, at any rate, a riotous meeting, and if Peter Hames' manner was a little strained, his friend was blissfully oblivious of the fact.

"Peter Hames, laddie, you'll never guess where I've come from," the Irishman challenged, wresting a bottle of whisky firmly from the barman's hand and pouring out double portions.

"I think I could if I tried," was the dry response.

"Straight out of prison, my lad—a nasty, dirty little hole, too, that a full-grown man ought to have been able to push his way out of with his elbows. I'm a jailbird, Peter. That's what I am. It's the first time this side of the briny, anyway."

"What did you do to get in there?"

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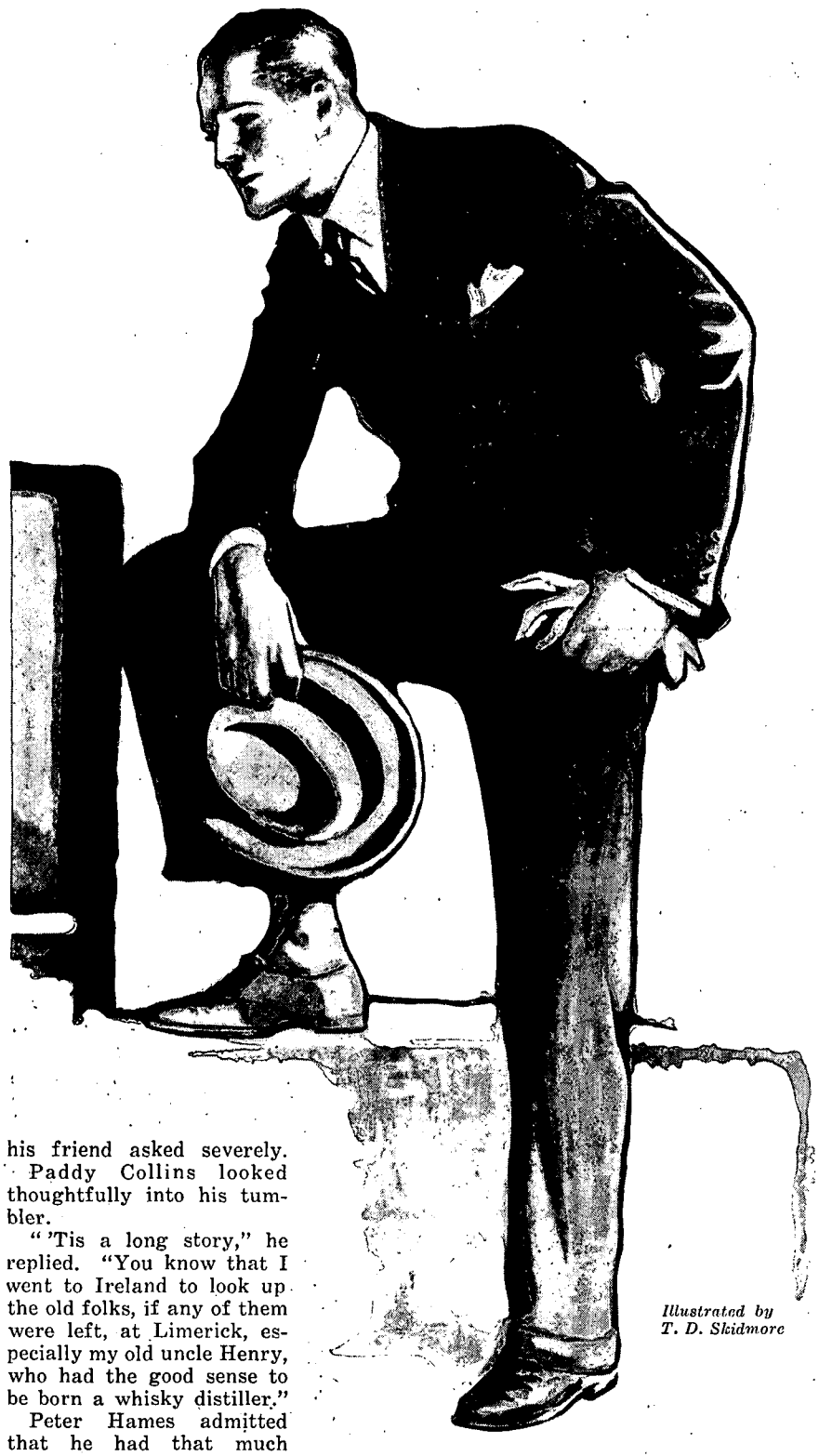

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

his friend asked severely.

Paddy Collins looked thoughtfully into his tumbler.

"'Tis a long story," he replied. "You know that I went to Ireland to look up the old folks, if any of them were left, at Limerick, especially my old uncle Henry, who had the good sense to be born a whisky distiller."

Peter Hames admitted that he had that much knowledge of his friend's intentions.

"When I got to Limerick—about two o'clock in the afternoon it was—I drove straight to the old address and found myself in the midst of a funeral. Old Uncle Henry—eighty-two he was—had died four days previously, and they were in the act of burying the old boy that day. I smartened up as well as I could and drove out to the churchyard, and, as soon as the proceedings were over, a little black-coated man tapped me on the shoulder and invited me up to the house.

"THERE was plenty of good stuff going in the dining-room—enough to make the wake a properly cheerful affair—but they didn't lead me to it—not at once, that is. They dragged me to the library to hear the will read. Peter, lad, it takes something to knock the stuffing out of me, but as soon as I could see daylight through that gibberish of words and begin to understand what it was all about, I was like a dazed creature. The old man had left a pot of money, and it seems he had but three relatives in the world—myself, his brother and his brother's child. He left the whole of his money to whichever of the three who, due notice having been given of his death, should attend his funeral. Bejabbers, I was the only one there!"

"And you hadn't had any notice!" Peter Hames exclaimed.

"The notice had been sent to me all right, by letter and cable, but it had gone to New York," Paddy Collins explained. "Me turning up on the exact day was just a stroke of luck, and nothing else. If I hadn't been present at the funeral, the money would have gone to add another wing to the Limerick Infirmary. I'm feeling I shall make a better use of it."

"And what about your uncle Henry's brother and his daughter?" Peter Hames asked.

"There was never a mention of them, but I've a word or two to say to you later on, Peter, upon the subject. At present I'm feeling I must take another glass of that whisky, for I'm what you might call dazed. Two hundred thousand pounds, that's what the old man left, and him making it all out of distilling whisky when it's a job he should have done for love. I've got a draft for five thousand pounds in my pocket to be going on with, and a good fat bundle of notes to pay my way until I open a banking account."

PETER HAMES shook hands with his friend.

"Heartiest congratulations!" he said. "Now, would you mind coming down to earth for a minute or two and explaining how it was that you spent your first two hours here in prison?"

"That was just an unfortunate incident," Paddy Collins confided. "I was coming to it in due course. You know I'm not a superstitious fellow as a rule, for an Irishman. Listen to this: Number seven was the number of my *voiture* on the train, number seven was the number of my compartment, number seven was the number of my table in the dining-room, seventy francs was my dinner bill, leaving out the bottle of whisky I'd paid for directly I boarded the train, and when I was stepping into the Hotel de Paris bus at Monte Carlo station a little carriage came trotting up—number seven. I ask you, Peter Hames, what should you say would be the action of a reasonable man under those circumstances?"

"I can guess what you did, anyway," Peter Hames observed.

"Sure, you'd have a thick head if you didn't. I jumped into the carriage. I stopped at the Casino. I changed some money. I put one hundred and eighty francs on number seven. Up that sweet little number rolled. There I stood with both hands open, and not a farthing did I touch."

"Why not?"

"Some dingy-looking, crooked-faced South American had been backing six, the *carrées* and *chevaux*, and my plaque had got edged off onto the six. They all came round me, and argued, but not one word could I understand, my French being of the slow-motion variety, and they chattering like a cageful of parrakeets, so I just took the little man who was holding back my money—a chef they call him, I think—by the seat of his pants and the back of his collar, and I carried him out of the place, and a couple of chaps like undertakers' clerks, who tried to interfere, got it in the neck. I laid him down amongst the flowers in the garden opposite, and I was just stepping across to the Hotel de Paris, as peaceful as possible, to take a little refreshment, when the army they'd telephoned for marched up and I was in for it.

"I couldn't take on the whole dozen of them, and, besides, I should have hated to have spoilt their uniforms. What I don't understand is, how did I get out so soon? To hear them all chattering round me, I thought I was there for life. . . . And what might your business be, sir?" he broke off, turning to address a very polite young man in dinner clothes but with an official air who was standing by his side.

"THE management of the Casino desired me to bring to you this six thousand three hundred francs with their compliments, Monsieur Collins," the young man explained, handing him a packet. "They regret very much that there was a little misunderstanding about your stake. They enclose also an annual ticket, which they trust you will accept with their compliments, as the one you had upon your person when you were arrested has been canceled. Is there anything further I can do for you, sir?"

Paddy Collins looked at the money and blinked. He looked at the ticket, enclosed in a very ornamental leather case, and blinked again. Then he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the messenger.

"You will take a glass of wine with us, sir," he begged, "and explain this unheard-of generosity."

The young man extricated himself.

"Monsieur will pardon me," he apologized. "I am an official of the Casino, and I am not allowed to drink at the bars. I wish you a very good evening, sir."

He bowed and took his departure. Paddy Collins scratched his head.

"Can you beat it, Peter?" he demanded. "Me knocking them all about in the beginnings of a temper, which I surely was. Then all these apologies, paying up my money without a word. Do they take me for royalty in disguise?"

Peter Hames smiled.

"I can explain it all, Paddy," he replied, "but if I were you, I wouldn't ask any questions. You remember our little adventure upon the hillside. Those people would have done anything in the world for us. Directly I heard of your trouble I sent a card round, and you see the result."

"And they say there's no gratitude in this world!" Paddy Collins exclaimed fervently. "I'm a royalist for life. I'll teach those little devils how to fight if the country ever gets into trouble."

"IN THE meantime, my friend," Peter Hames suggested, "let us take those two easy chairs in the corner, and you can tell me just why you came rushing back here instead of taking the boat from Queenstown."

Paddy Collins edged his glass surreptitiously towards the barman and afterwards followed his friend in the direction indicated.

"I'll tell you. The fact is, Peter, I'm not a greedy man. I'm not for keeping the whole of Uncle Henry's money for myself just because his brother and the little colleen didn't roll up for the funeral. I made inquiries of the lawyer as to their whereabouts, and he discovered that they'd been settled down in this part of the world for the last seven or eight years. Maybe you know the neighborhood."

Peter Hames studied the half sheet of paper which his friend pushed across to him. Upon it was neatly typewritten —*Mr. Dennis Charles Collins and Miss Eileen Collins, Château d'Amaris, St. Pierre, A. M.*

"I know about where it is," Peter Hames acknowledged. "It's a wild strip of country up between St. Jeannet and Pouget-Theniers. I'll look it up on the map and take you over there any day you like."

"And it's myself will be very obliged," Paddy Collins declared heartily. "The man has prospered seemingly, and I'm not entirely at my ease with people living in castles, even when they're blood relations. If you've no engagement, we'll be off to see them tomorrow."

Peter Hames wiped the perspiration from his forehead and consigned to the nethermost corners of hell all maps and makers of maps who had attempted to deal with the region in which, on the following afternoon, they had found themselves, for the last two hours, hopelessly lost.

"My friend Paddy Collins," he confided, with manifest irritation, "I should imagine you are the sort of man who has led many people into foolish enterprises, but I warn you this is the last time I come château hunting with you."

"Now what's got you, man?" the

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Sweet as Honey

A love story of uncommon power and distinction

By Elaine Sterne Carrington

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

WHEN Honey was dressed for her wedding, in ivory satin, with a froth of lace for a train —when the veil was set on her head, her face, pale, heart-shaped, with enormous black eyes fringed by long curling lashes, was like that of some fragile, some exquisite madonna who had stepped down for a moment from her frame.

The wistful image that returned her gaze, and it was a long and searching one, appeared to please her and she banished everyone from the room except her friend Mary Lou.

"Now," she said to Mary Lou, "you can call Charlie up."

Mary Lou stepped out on a balcony and beckoned.

This gave Honey time to catch up her bouquet of calla lilies, and to turn so that, while she faced the door, she could still catch sight of herself in the mirror. She bent her head slightly over the lilies, gazing down at their long yellow stamens. Her train was swirled about her and out of it her body, slim, straight, gracile, rose as out of a furled leaf.

Mary Lou held open the door for Charlie and then slipped past him and left them alone.

He was a fair-haired, good-looking young man, who, normally, would have had color in his cheeks and a smile on his lips. He had no smile now as he stood in the doorway regarding her, and his face was drained of all color. He looked old and haggard and his eyes were feverish.

"Honey!" he whispered, hoarsely, at last, as though to assure himself that the girl who stood before him was not a vision.

She looked up, and her eyes were deep pools of tenderness.

"Charlie!"

He went to her swiftly and crushed her outstretched hand in both of his. "You look wonderful!" he breathed, then sat down on the edge of the bed and began to cry, shamelessly, like a boy, burying his face in his hands.

She put her arm around him. "Don't," she said, softly. "I can't go on with it if you do."

He choked back his sobs and turned away from her, twisting his hands until the knuckles were white.

"I—I—wanted you to—look—this way —for me."

She sighed. At the same time she glanced down at the jeweled wrist watch she wore and said, "I had to see you just once more before—before—"

He reached out, blindly, for her hand.

"I'll remember you this way as long as I live."

"I want you to." Her fingers clung to his. She drew him to his feet. "Do you want to—to—kiss me—good-by?"

It was then that he looked at her with tearful, bloodshot eyes, at her bewitching face so close to his own, and he caught her to him and kissed her, roughly, on the lips.

"I can't give you up! I can't! I won't! You could come away with me even now. I've got the car outside. I love you so I can't live without you. Honey, say you will. Say you'll come. Say—"

She laid her fingers on his lips. "It's too late," she said, thrusting him, gently, from her. "Don't talk any more, Charlie. I—I—can't bear it."

He found himself outside the door. Mary Lou was there, patting his arm and moving him toward the stairs. "Don't take it so hard," she was saying, cheerfully, "it's all in a lifetime."

Mary Lou went in to Honey.

"It was terrible," said Honey. "I don't know whether I can stand seeing the others or not."

"Well, you'll have to hurry," said Mary Lou. "This is a wedding, not a farewell party. How about Dickie?"

Honey cried, "No! No! Don't do it! Curt, you're horrid!"

"Send him in."

Honey sat down this time. Her knees, from an excess of emotion, would not bear her weight.

DICKIE bounded in. He was blond and a trifle inclined to stoutness, and all smiles.

"Hello, beautiful," he cried. "This is simply great of you! As soon as Mary Lou said you wanted me I figured you'd changed your mind and decided to skip with me after all."

She shook her head and the corners of her mouth drooped, rather wistfully.

He leaned over her, turned her face up to him and kissed her. "Well, I see you're all set for the party."

"I'm glad you aren't taking it too hard."

"Sure I am," he said, grinning. "This smile you see covers a breaking heart, but the show must go on."

Then, in another voice, he said, "Honey, you're the most beautiful thing God ever made."

She looked up at him with surprise. "You're so beautiful it hurts. Just as a flower that smells too sweet hurts; just as a cello, that's played too superbly, hurts. I'm glad you let me come up and tell you this last time how much I love you. I would like to have spent my life telling you that. Instead of which Curt Malory's going to do it. He's a grand guy, Honey, and I don't wonder he beat me to it, but I hate him all the same." Here his voice broke and he turned on his heel and walked out of the room.

Mary Lou came in.

"PHIL?"

"Yes." Honey's heart began a rapid pounding.

Phil came in quickly. He had been drinking, and his dark, handsome face was flushed. He smiled when he saw her, revealing his even, white teeth.

"So you want to put your victims on the rack, do you? And watch them squirm?"

She shook her head, and her mouth, her adorable, red mouth, trembled. "I thought—I wanted—I sent for you because—"

He shrugged. "And I came running as soon as you whistled. I jumped through the hoop. I sat up and begged. That's proof enough, isn't it, that I'm still one of your trained dogs?"

Her eyes pleaded for him to stop, and he did, suddenly, his face white under its tan.

"You're like a drug that gets into a man's blood. There's no giving you up."

"Don't!" she cried.

"It's lucky you aren't marrying me after all. I'd have killed you inside of six months. It's lucky you're marrying a man who'll let you get away with anything. Who'll never suspect you. Who'll

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Her face was like that of some fragile, exquisite madonna

Honey attracted friends just as real honey attracted bees. She deplored it as much as Curt did

trust you to the last ditch. But I'd never have trusted you. And if you had been unfaithful to me I'd—"

"Stop!" she cried. "You've no right to talk to me like that!"

There was a moment's silence.

"Well," he said, formally, "what can I do for the bride at this late date?"

"I just—I just wanted to say good-by."

"Good-by."

"Not that way."

"What way?"

"I want to be friends."

"All right. We're friends."

"Don't you want to—to—"

"To what?"

"To—kiss me?"

He took a step toward her and for an instant she thought he would strike her. "Good God!" he said, "what do you and your kind think men are made of?"

"I thought perhaps you might like—"

"They're flesh and blood. Not ice, like you!"

"Phil!"

He laughed. "Oh, what's the use? But I'm sorry for this what's-his-name-Malory you're marrying. He's not getting a wife. He's getting—"

"Phil!"

He swept her to him in a fierce embrace. "Oh, my God!" he cried, "I'm mad about you! You're the only girl I've ever seen I wanted more than life itself. And now that I can't have you, I'm going straight to hell!"

And he flung her from him and went out the door, banging it behind him.

Mary Lou came back.

"Well," she said, "do you want any more, or is that enough?"

Honey shuddered. She was a little out of breath. "He talked about going to hell! It was dreadful to hear him."

"The organ's playing and it's time you went down. If you wanted to see all your old beaux, you should have started weeks ago."

Honey was studying her face in the mirror. She seemed loath to leave the reflection.

"Come on."

"I'm coming."

"And be nice to Curt. He's got the rest of them licked a mile."

"I'll be nice to Curt."

THE bridegroom, Curtis Malory, stood beside the bishop in the bay window overlooking the garden. He was a young man who would not have been singled out in a crowd. He was neither tall nor short. His hair was neither light nor dark. His eyes were gray. His face, a nice face, had about it a certain sensitiveness; at the present moment it looked tense.

He was wondering how much longer Honey would take. He was wondering if he ought to do something about it. He was wondering if she had decided, at the last minute, to elope with Phil Rand. He was wondering if he still had time to catch her.

Just then she entered the room. And he, along with the rest of those present, caught his breath. Honey, whose father and mother were dead, had elected to give herself in marriage. No bridesmaids, no pages, no ushers. Nothing to detract from her own loveliness.

(*Continued on page 66*)

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Rasslin' gets a Toe Hold

Until a few years ago the wrestling game was in disgrace. If the bouts were honest the fans were bored; if the wrestlers faked the fans booed. Then along came Jack Curley, the superpromoter, and Gus Sonnenberg, with his football tactics, and the muscle business boomed

By Grantland Rice

THE dinosaurs may be extinct but the mastodons and the mammoths have returned. If you don't think so you might drop into Madison Square Garden or a local armory some night and watch the Holubans, the Steinkes and others with displacements ranging from 250 to 300 pounds flying through the air or executing spirals and parabolas before packed houses. And only a few years ago in many big cities the wrestling game wouldn't draw a dime!

The new trek of the mammoths to big-city popularity is one of the most interesting success stories in sport. If you are a veteran you may recall that wrestling reached its boom era about forty years ago when Frank Gotch and Hackenschmidt were at their best. In their first Chicago engagement they played to capacity and Gotch drew the decision after two hours of hard labor.

But their return match carried too many phony and lopsided features for the big crowd to digest at one sitting. The result was one of the loudest and longest squawks in sport and the doom of wrestling in most of the big cities for many years. Strangler Lewis and several others held the flag aloft for a long time, but they had to stick largely to the wide open spaces where the crowds were more careless in selecting their amusements.

I remember writing a wrestling story about fifteen years ago for a newspaper syndicate. It was an off day and some wrestling incident had come up that seemed worthy of comment. The next day I got word from a number of leading newspapers not to commit such a sin again. They were not taking any wrestling news or comment of any sort. I could write about cholera, the black death, rattlesnakes and politics, in a pinch, but not about wrestling.

About this time I ran across an old-time wrestler who had been over the route. I asked him what the trouble was and he told his sad story. "If we put on a match that is on the level," he said, "it is often dull and tiresome and the crowd doesn't like it. So we have to fake most of our bouts to get by. And then the fake gets out in some way and the crowd still hollers. I was in a fake match the other night. We made it so bloody by tapping each other on the nose that the crowd began to yell, 'Stop it.' And the police did. It's a tough game. You're wrong any way you try it."

This was largely true. There were many matches on the level, but there were too many fakes woven in for the purposes of high-class entertainment to keep any faith in the sport. The wrestling public wanted to eat its cake and have it too. It wanted all the excitement and action of a faked match, carefully rehearsed, but it also wanted all this action to be on the level when perhaps the situation would not justify a continued offense on both sides.

The first step to bring the game back came from the collegians. There have been many fine college wrestlers since the game has become popular in most of the leading universities. And there was a renewed excitement in the sport when the late Wayne Munn, a Nebraska giant, finally threw Strangler Lewis. Here was a new name among the group that knew the Lewises, the Caddocks and the Stechers. They were all good, but the public wanted a new face to look at under the tangle of arms and legs.

Then several years ago a new wrestling sensation arrived in Boston. Gus Sonnenberg, a football star at both Dartmouth and Detroit University, introduced a technique that immediately appealed to the crowd. This was a flying football tackle ending in a terrific butting motion which either knocked the opponent from the ring or else knocked all the wind out of his flattened body.

Here was real action and a new element of showmanship. Obviously this type of wrestling could not be rehearsed, since no opposing human body could stand such punishment oftener than once a month. On one occasion Sonnenberg missed his man and landed far out in the audience on his head, suffering heavy casualties.

Divided Against Itself

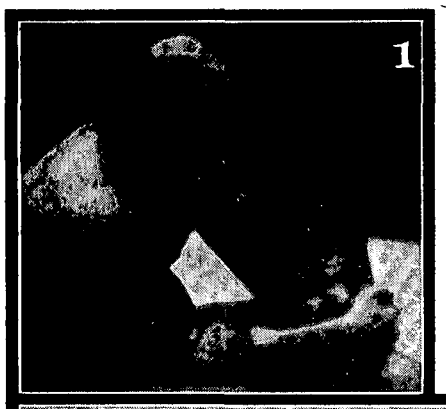
Wrestling at this time was divided into a pair of hostile camps, as it is somewhat today. One was the Jack Curley-Strangler Lewis division and the other was the Sonnenberg brigade. Each claimed the title for its leader. All this time Jack Curley, wrestling's greatest impresario, showed enough patience to win a trunkful of medals for his stable. When the sporting press was replete with open charges and all the innuendoes that could be packed into type, Mr. Curley kept blandly on his way, promoting wrestling shows wherever there was an open gate at which money might be charged.

All this time Curley was attempting to devise a system that would make good on both counts—showmanship and competition that showed no sign of any careful prearrangement. It was a tough job to tackle. The new system demanded a certain art in acting, but also the right amount of real competition.

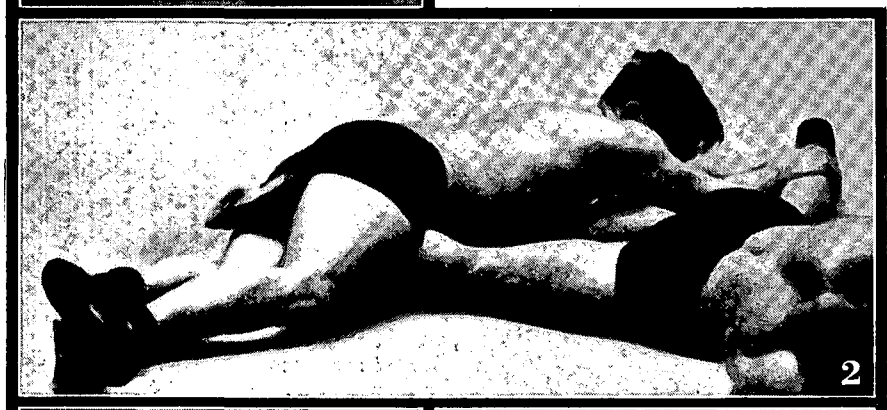
Each wrestler had to be able to make faces calculated to inspire terror, not only in his opponent but also in the crowds. There was no longer the cold, deadly ferocity of Frank Gotch, who worked almost without change of expression. And early in the proceedings the new school adopted the aërial grip. This consists in picking up a 250-pound mammoth and hurling him headlong into the audience. Here was a real flying fall, for some of them flew twenty or thirty feet through the air before landing in someone's lap or across the back of someone's neck. In this way the crowd was now part of the show.

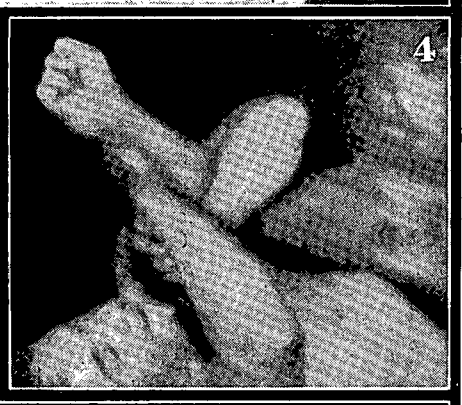
Shikat, the German, and a few others

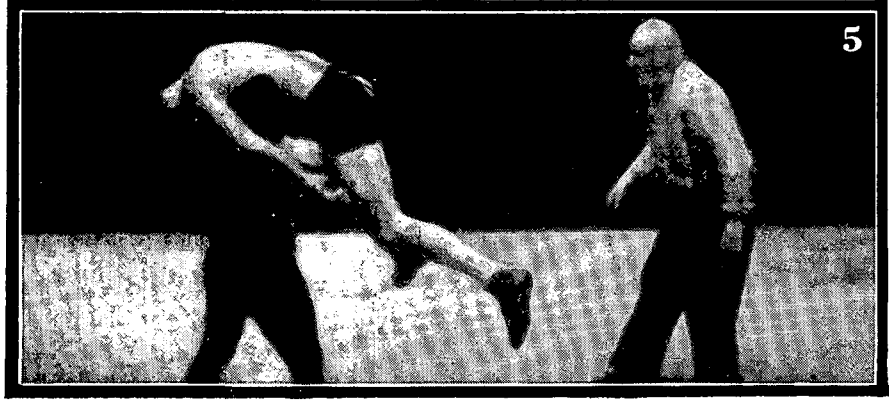
(*Continued on page 65*)

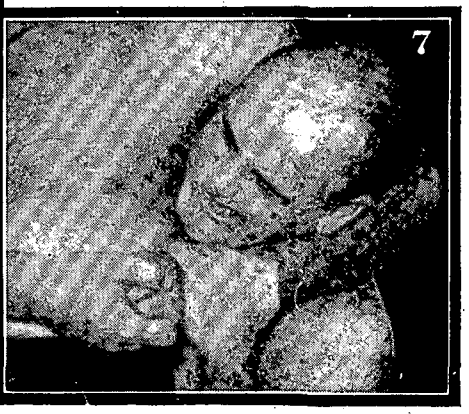


Some of the grips that lend new thrills to the ancient sport of wrestling: 1. A reverse head hold. 2. The Renfrew split, a guaranteed groan-producer. 3. The punishing toe hold. 4. The arm strangle. 5. The spectacular airplane spin. 6. A head scissors. 7. A head hold known as the chancery, which is always good for a grimace or two









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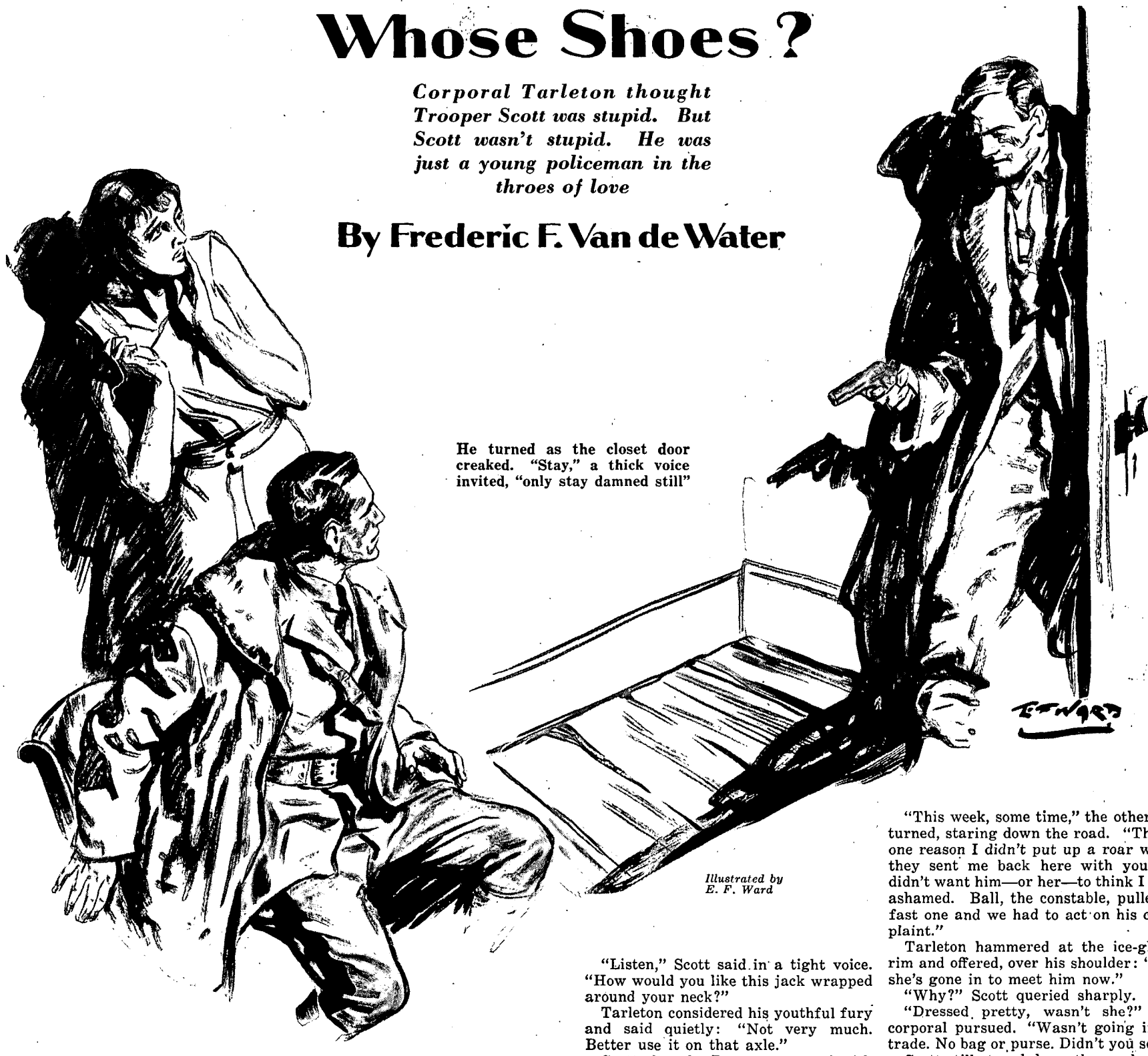
Whose Shoes?

Corporal Tarleton thought Trooper Scott was stupid. But Scott wasn't stupid. He was just a young policeman in the throes of love

By Frederic F. Van de Water



He turned as the closet door creaked. "Stay," a thick voice invited, "only stay damned still"

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

A MILE from Ophir the right rear tire expired with a shrill diminishing whistle. The car slewed across frozen ruts and rested against the roadside bank the snowplows had raised. Corporal John Tarleton of the New York State Troopers flexed the gauntleted hands he lifted from the steering wheel and looked with reproach at Trooper David Scott.

"I thought so," said the corporal.

Snow crunched as Scott scrambled out. His violent gesture tilted the fur uniform cap of the winter patrol over one eye.

"You thought so!" he snorted. "Who said, an hour ago, she'd go before we got to town?"

The corporal blinked mildly beneath broad, black brows.

"You did," he acknowledged. "That's why I thought so."

A hundred yards back, a shabby house sat on a hillside before a shabbier barn, and in front of his kennel in the dooryard a police dog yelped dismally. Tarleton offered:

"We can phone for a new tire."

Scott looked up with alarm from his inspection of the deflated tire.

"Nix," he said quickly. "We'll patch it. No phone at the Flints' and, anyway, we're not popular there. Delaney and I—"

Tarleton was staring down the road. A girl walked toward them. Suddenly Scott's lips were dry. Breathing was difficult. She was slender and her downcast eyes were fixed with disproportionate attention on the rough road. Her face was even lovelier than he had remembered. The soft uncertainty of her bright mouth was a challenge. He croaked: "Hello, Mary."

SHE stumbled over the clotted snow. Her blue eyes met his for an instant.

"Hello," she said at last. "Hello, Dave," and passed in almost fugitive haste. Scott wiped his forehead on his coat sleeve. The corporal said provocatively: "Pretty," but his partner only rummaged loudly among the tools beneath the upturned seat.

"Know her long?" Tarleton probed.

"Too long." Scott hauled out the jack with a clatter. Wrinkles deepened in the other's lean, brown face.

"Yeh," he agreed. "So I saw. No wonder the skipper transferred you."

"Listen," Scott said in a tight voice. "How would you like this jack wrapped around your neck?"

Tarleton considered his youthful fury and said quietly: "Not very much. Better use it on that axle."

Scott obeyed. Rage evaporated with effort. He spoke at length in a shaky voice:

"Captain Dover didn't transfer me. I asked for it."

He appeared to choke. Tarleton commented dryly:

"Even a kid ought to know enough not to vamp dames while in uniform. So she gated you, eh?"

He watched the jack handle trembling in Scott's hand. Finally, the younger man spoke in short bursts while he wrestled with an ice-bound rim lug:

"Why wouldn't she? We pinched her father and brother—had a still over the hill yonder—old man got a year; George, six months—constable in Ophir—he made the complaint."

The nut surrendered. He straightened up with a harsh laugh.

"So that," he defied, meeting Tarleton's observant eyes, "is what vamping in uniform got me. She spoke to me just now for the first time in six months."

"Why didn't you write—"

"Resourceful guy, eh?" Scott jeered. "They all came back, unopened."

"Six months," the corporal mused aloud. "Brother George ought to be out again, now."

"This week, some time," the other returned, staring down the road. "That's one reason I didn't put up a roar when they sent me back here with you. I didn't want him—or her—to think I was ashamed. Ball, the constable, pulled a fast one and we had to act on his complaint."

Tarleton hammered at the ice-glued rim and offered, over his shoulder: "Bet she's gone in to meet him now."

"Why?" Scott queried sharply.

"Dressed pretty, wasn't she?" the corporal pursued. "Wasn't going in to trade. No bag or purse. Didn't you see?"

Scott still stared down the road.

"I just only saw—her face," he said slowly.

ALONG Ophir's soiled Main Street houses sat in drifts beneath roofloads of snow. Sleighbells stirred the still cold with trivial cheer and from the steps of the general store a muffled figure waved vaguely as the troop car jounced past.

"Constable Ball," Scott offered through chattering teeth.

In the vast chamber assigned them on the second floor of the Mansion House the patrol-wise Tarleton tested the beds in turn and shrugged.

"No use matching for these," he announced. "Can't tell which is worse."

His partner peered into a cavernous clothes closet and absently turned the key in the massive door. The corporal shouldered off the depression of weariness.

"I'll phone the operator," he said, "so she'll know where she can get us. Put the car under cover, Dave. We'll work on her later. Might drive down and get our patrol sheet postmarked, first."

"Sure," Scott replied with sudden briskness.

(Continued on page 62)

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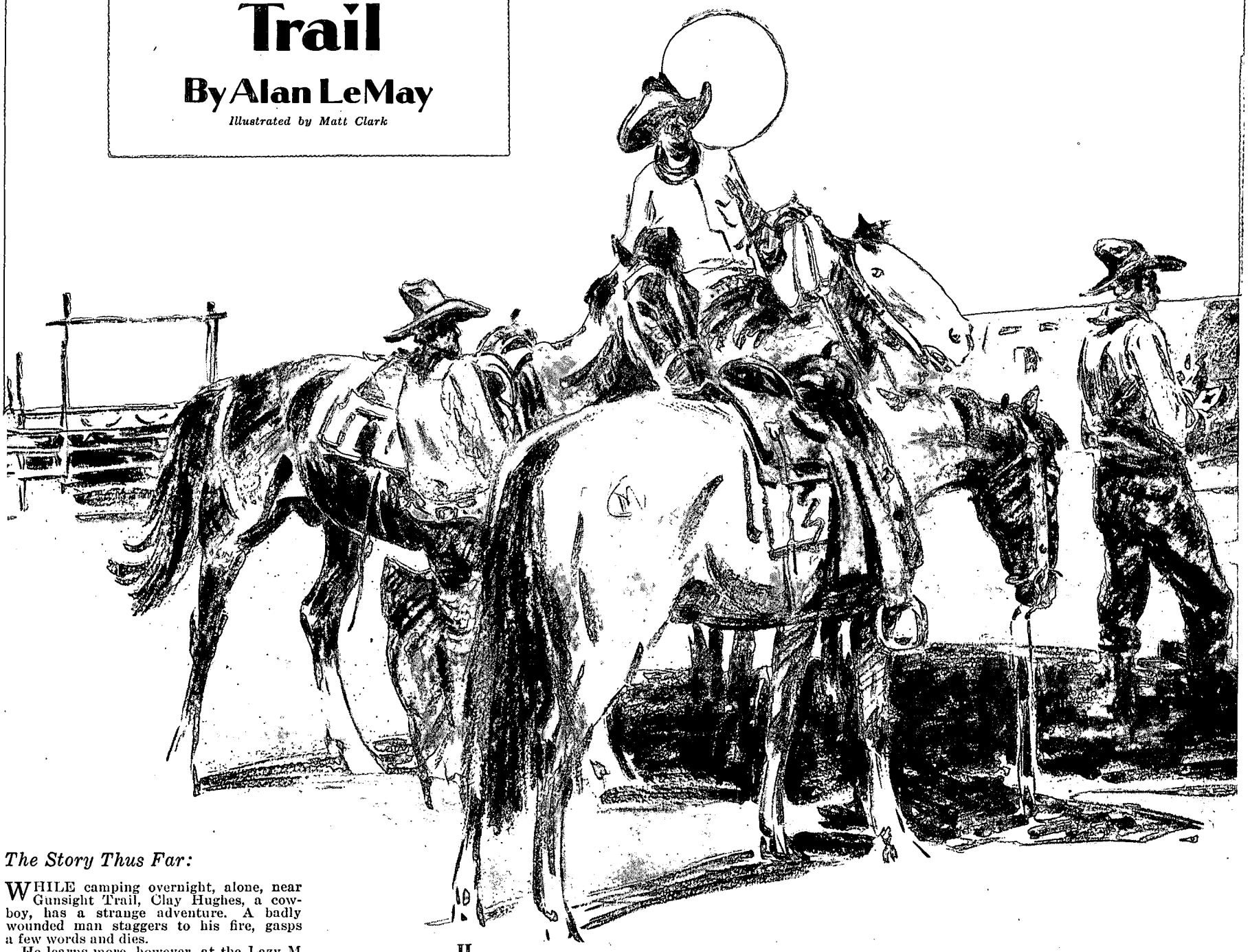
Gunsight Trail

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Matt Clark



The Story Thus Far:

WHILE camping overnight, alone, near Gunsight Trail, Clay Hughes, a cowboy, has a strange adventure. A badly wounded man staggers to his fire, gasps a few words and dies.

He learns more, however, at the Lazy M ranch, to which he goes to take a job offered by an old friend—Bob Macumber, the foreman. The dead man was Hugo Donnan, the sheriff; and the ranch owner's son, Dick Major, mysteriously absent for three days, is under suspicion. . . . Soon everyone—old man Major, Dick's father; Art French; Tom Ireland, and all the other cowboys—hears Clay's story, with one vitally important detail omitted. Finding himself greeted not as a friend but as an enemy, Clay stubbornly refuses to reveal what the dying man told him. And presently he finds himself a prisoner.

A tremendous struggle—between the Lazy M forces and those of one Earl Shaw, a neighboring rancher—is impending. Soon there may be actual fighting, bloodshed.

Clay sees Sally Major, old man Major's daughter, and because she is the loveliest girl he has ever seen he resolves to stay and face the approaching storm.

Adventure follows quickly. Entering his room, he finds himself locked in—by his shadower. It is night. He strikes a match. A girl stands before him. It is Sally Major! The match flickers, dies. A shot rings out, and a bullet crashes into the wall. Someone, outside, has tried to kill Clay! . . . "Why," he whispers, "are you here?" "I had to come," the girl gasps, "to talk to you. . . ." Then—"Smash down the door!" comes the order from outside. "I heard his lamp fall!"

II

TO HUGHES it seemed that his irrational situation had now become completely incredible—the more so because he was acutely conscious of the nearness of Sally Major, kneeling beside him in the dark. All day long his eyes had followed her whenever she was in sight. Her quick, clean-limbed stride, the live warmth of her gray eyes—the least tones of her voice, the least movements of her hands—had held his acute attention from the first moment he had seen her. And whenever his eyes were upon her he had been aware of an unaccustomed sense of humbleness, as if the distance between them was very great and would take a long time to cross—if it were ever to be crossed at all. Yet this was the girl whom the unpredictable turn of events had now imprisoned beside him.

The voice that was raised beyond the door was hard with the pressure of an imagined quick necessity. "That feller may be dying in there!" came the voice of Tom Ireland. "We got to break in!"

There was a heavy thud as somebody charged his weight against the planking of the door. The hasp rattled violently but the door did not appear to strain.

There was an electric tremor in the quick pressure of the girl's hand upon his arm. Reassuringly he covered her hand with his own. "Set easy," he whispered. He raised his voice, putting a tone of impatience into an unexcited drawl: "What's the matter with you blame' fools out there?"

"Hughes, you all right?"

"HELL, yes," Hughes growled back. "But it's no fault of yours if I am. What kind of a rat-trap are you running here, anyhow?"

"Well, heck," said a voice outside, "if he's all right, I suppose we may as well leave him in there."

"Leave him in there, hell! I've got to find out what's going on here, don't I?" said Ireland's voice. "Where's Art French with that key? Go out and find him." There was a sound of departing footsteps and a shouting for Art French.

"Mr. Major," said Ireland, "a funny thing happened here a little while ago." The old man waited, watching him sharply

"Wait a minute, Hughes!" Ireland called, unnecessarily, "we got to get the key."

Hughes chuckled as he answered, "I won't go away."

Sally Major leaned against Hughes' shoulder to whisper intensely in his ear: "Listen!" Her fingers pressed his arm sharply. "Can you hear what I'm saying? They mustn't know I've been here—do you understand?"

"Why, of course—"

"It isn't for me. You can't possibly understand! But"—her words, tumbling over each other nervously, were no louder than the faintest breath, close to his ear, yet they were distinct and clear—"you have to do what I ask you—right away—tonight—do you hear?

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You must believe me; I know what's happening here better than you possibly can—maybe better than anyone else. I—"

"Then this shot they just took at me—"

"I don't know—I don't know anything about that. There's no time to think of it now." The whisper became suddenly impassioned: "I can only tell you what I came here to tell you: you must get away from here at once, without talking to anyone. I'll help you get your horse out; and then you must break clear, and get out of this valley and lose yourself until this whole thing is over and forgotten. Will you?"

"You're the first person," he whispered slowly, "who hasn't asked me what I heard Donnan say in Crazy Mule Canyon."

"Have you told anyone?" she demanded.

"No."

"Then I don't want to hear! God knows, I know too much about this already. They're saying that you won't tell what you heard because you don't know what it meant. I hope you'll never know. Promise me that you'll tell no one, not now nor ever!"

"I'll promise this," he answered: "that I'll tell no one until I tell you."

"Good boy." She paused, and he turned his face toward her. She was so near that he was aware of the faint fragrance of her hair, but he could see nothing. Then her whispered words came tumbling over each other again. "Here, I brought you a gun." She found his hands in the dark and pressed the weapon into them. "Now you'll try to get away? Now—tonight? You'll do your best to—"

HE KNEW that he could not do as she asked; but so intense was her urgency that he was uncertain what to say. "Did it occur to you," he asked her, "that you might need me here?"

"No, no!" Her words were breathless with a quick panic. "You—"

Her sentence was not finished. Now there were voices again beyond the padlocked door, and he could hear a key chattering its way into the padlock.

"Where the devil have you been?" Tom Ireland was demanding of French.

French mumbled something unintelligible as they heard the padlock snap. Hughes flung an arm about the girl and lifted her to her feet as he rose. "Behind the door," he whispered, guiding her. Silently she obeyed. He jammed the six-gun she had given him into his waistband, and with his fingers made sure that his open canvas vest concealed the butt. Then the door swung open and a tall shaft of yellow light flooded his prison.

Hughes lost no time in stepping out. "You're a fine bunch," he told them and shut the door behind him with an exasperated slam.

That was a bad moment. It was in his mind that if Sally Major wanted her presence in that room to remain unknown, he was going to keep it so, at whatever cost. Right now if one of them should decide to probe the darkness within—

"I don't know what goes on here any more than you do," said Tom Ireland. The big man seemed at once angry and at a loss. He turned to the cowboys who filled the narrow hall. "Anybody know who thrun that shot?"

A bow-legged man with a square, muscular face started toward the outer door. "I bet if I go out and look around by the—"

"Come back here, Dusty! There's enough fellers trampling around out there now!" In the absence of the old man and of Bob Macumber, Ireland seemed to be straw boss. "Now the whole passel of you fellers go on in the mess hall and stay there! Go on, now! You too, Hughes."

DUSTY RIVERS led the way down the hall toward the inside of the house, the others trailing after him uncertainly. Hughes followed last of all except for Art French, who stood aside for Clay to precede him.

Outside they could hear Ireland and a couple of others shouting back and forth. Hughes heard someone call out: "I seen the flash of the gun, somewheres here!" Then Tom Ireland's answering bellow, "Then stay away from there, you damn' fool, and get hold of a light!" The random shouting became fainter, muffled by the massive walls.

The mess hall was in the main adobe house, a long trestle-tabled room which seated forty riders during round-up time. The nine or ten cow hands now gathered here kept questioning one another and repeating details of scanty information: "I was just turning in when I hears the shot—"

Those were not men who would have waited indoors for long; but now the big straw boss came clumping in after them, his chunky face as red as a peck of apples.

"Harry's casting for sign with a pump-gas lantern. I don't want no more of you busting out there and milling around on top of what little sign he's got. Hell's fire! I wish the old man would get back."

"What busted, Tom?"

"Somebody let fly at this feller." Ireland jerked a thumb at Clay Hughes perfunctorily, as if this phase of the matter were the least of his troubles.

"Miss him?" demanded a stripling called Rowdy Lee.

"No—they killed me," Hughes answered.

"When the gun spoke," Ireland went on, "I seen his light snuff out and heard his lamp fall down and bust. That's all I know."

"Where was you, Art? I thought you was on lookout."

"I know it," said French. The unusual, opaque eyes in the undistinguished face stared dreamily through the wall. "But I figured that he wouldn't whittle out of them oak bars in two minutes, nor five. I was in the kitchen bumming a cup of coffee when the gun blew."

"That is so," said a thick-tongued voice from the kitchen door. The Lazy M cook was standing there, a tall, lank Mexican in a filthy apron. "He was drinking coffee by my stove."

"Of course it's so," said Tom Ireland testily, "if he says it is. I'm asking simple questions and I don't want anybody to think I'm doing anything any different."

"I didn't think nothing of it," Art French added; "I drunk my coffee."

"Anybody else see anything?" Ireland asked.

THERE was a silence. "I heard the shot, and the lamp bust," said the stripling called Rowdy Lee at last.

"I guess we all heard that," said Ireland. "But there's a couple of things I ought to ask you fellers. I'm not prodding anybody about this. We all know each other here."

It occurred to Hughes that he, alone, was the unknown factor here, a stranger to them all. Yet none seemed to question the logic of the attempt upon Hughes' life by parties unknown. He had told his story to none of them, but information sifts rapidly through a close-knit group. Apparently there was no one there who did not know already why he was here, and how he had come, and that he was believed to conceal the single essential fragment of information which was the key to the fate of Hugo Donnan.

"But the old man is going to want to know a couple of things when he gets in," Tom Ireland went on. "One thing, he'll want to know where all of us was. Art was in the kitchen. Dusty was sitting by the bunk-house door. I was coming round the corner of the stable. Harry Canfield was in the old man's office squaring up his calf tally." He looked around at the others, waiting.

"Me and José was turning in, or fixing to," volunteered Rowdy Lee.

Two Mexican wranglers, looking more worried than seemed necessary, now stated that they had been in one of the more remote stables together, fussing over a couple of thoroughbred colts. A big blunt-faced Norwegian admitted with evident reluctance that he hadn't been any particular place; that he had been on his way to the bunk house from one of the corrals when he heard the shot and had just stood around waiting to see what would come off.

This left only one, a wiry, hawk-nosed man so dark of skin as to suggest Indian blood. He smoked slowly, studying his cigarette with an intimate interest, apparently unaware that all eyes had turned to him. "Well, Walk?" said Ireland at last.

The man called Walk looked up and Hughes saw that in his dark face his eyes were a startlingly light gray, like bits of shell, making him look lynx-eyed. It was a curious effect.

"Me?" he drawled. "I reckon I was in the nigh corral. It's in line," he added, the words slow and distinct.

There was a silence.

"I don't suppose you seen nothing, Walk?" said Ireland at last.

"No."

Once more silence seemed to close upon the group in the mess hall, while slow curls of smoke rose from half a dozen cigarettes, and from somewhere outside in the night came one of those

(Continued on page 58)

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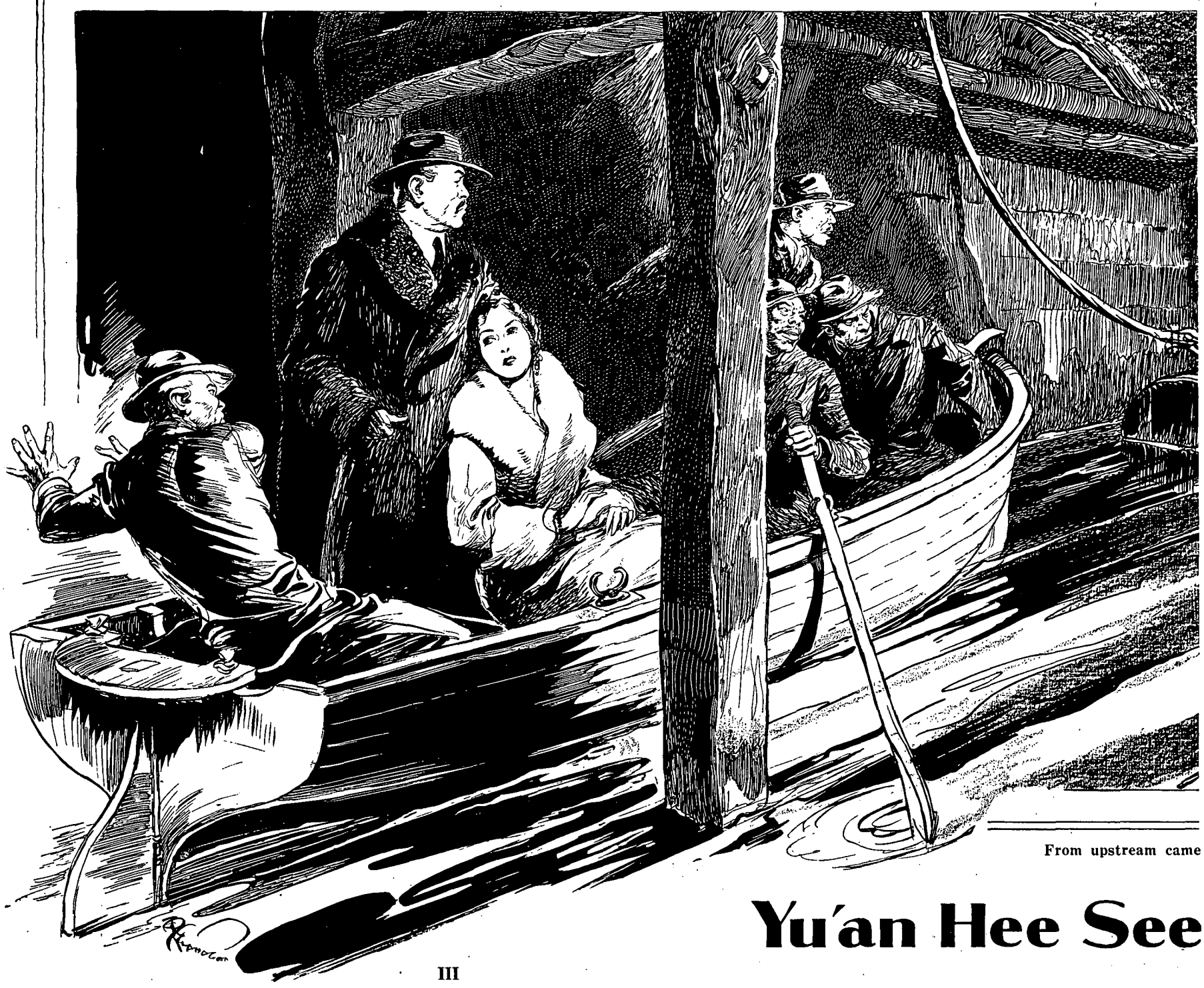

From upstream came

Yu'an Hee See

III

The Story Thus Far:

INSPECTOR DAWSON HAIG, of Scotland Yard, has trailed a band of opium smugglers to the establishment of one Jo Lung, a dealer in stolen goods. Matt Kearney—young, daring, eager for adventure—who is assisting him, goes to Jo Lung's with Detective-Sergeant Norwich and finds the place a veritable treasure chamber. He professes to be a possible purchaser.

Leaving the place, Kearney picks up a small notebook, which, after parting company with Norwich, he takes to his flat.

At Jo Lung's the two men had seen Ali, the Arab doorman; Polodos, a Greek, and Jo Lung. They had not, however, seen the master of the place—Yu'an Hee See, a weird Oriental, obviously a very important personage, who rages. "Those men," he exclaims, in a high, piping voice, "are detectives! My plans are destroyed!" A woman—a beautiful but sinister figure—enters. She describes the theft of the notebook—which she had observed. "Jo Lung, you must get that book!" Yu'an Hee See commands: "Use The Adder!" . . .

Norwich is brutally murdered—torn, not cut, as though some beast had attacked him! After which Kearney inspects the notebook. It is filled with strange notations, centering around the steamship Wallaroo, on which the girl Haig loves—Matt Kearney's sister Eileen—is sailing to Colombo! . . . There follows a mysterious attempt on Haig's life by a weird creature, which, when Haig shows fight, climbs down the front of the building and vanishes. . . .

Yu'an Hee See prepares for flight. With the woman—"Orange Blossom"—he starts for the Thames. Two figures follow, silent, mysterious, clinging always to the shadows.

OUT onto a wharf Yu'an led, and down slippery wooden steps to where, riding the sluggish tide, a boat was moored. Jo Lung stood in the bow ready to assist his passengers on board. This accomplished, the following shades, one swift behind the other, leaped on board also.

As Jo Lung cast the painter loose and took to his oars:

"Quick!" Yu'an spoke the word in Chinese upon a note high with excitement. "Which of you has it?"

A large, clawlike hand was stretched back to him . . . and in it was the green-bound memo-book!

"How many?" he asked.

"One."

Whereupon he began to laugh, that high, uncanny laughter which seemed to harmonize with the creaking of Jo Lung's oars. . . . Suddenly:

"Stop!"

From upstream came another sound—one unmistakable in the quiet which claims that stretch of old Thames between midnight and the dawn.

Jo Lung rested on his oars, and:

"Police patrol," he said.

In the silence which followed, subdued throbbing of the screw of the river police boat grew more and more audible; and:

"You will end by destroying us, little blossom," came the singsong voice. "It is your folly which has brought me here upon the river at this hour. It is the two-o'clock boat from Wapping, and our presence demands inquiry."

"Shall I pull for the bank, my lord?"

"Fool! They would hear the oars. The tide is carrying us down to those barges. Stand by, my friend, with the hook, and when we reach the first of them, cling tightly. Should the patrol pass inside—we may be detected—but they will probably pass outside."

"They will see us before ever we get there!" the woman whispered.

"Be silent, tender one. It is a virtue which I desire you to cultivate."

"CUT outside those barges, Mason," said the officer in charge of the river police launch. "I want to get a closer look at that smart motor cruiser lying in the reach."

"It belongs to Mr. van Steyn, the American sportsman. It has been under repair in Bulker's yard."

"How do you know?"

"Stevens told me at the depot a while ago. He found out yesterday."

"What's it doing out in the stream, then?"

"I suppose the repairs have been completed, and they meant to go down this evening but were held up by the fog."

"Where the devil are they going? This is no season for motor cruising."

"I don't think there's anybody on board except a scratch crew. They intend to take her round to Cowes, I expect."

"Is that so? Well, edge in close, dead slow, and let's have a good look."

The river police drifted alongside the spruce-looking craft—a forty-foot motor cruiser. Her paint work was very new, but of a queer, battleship gray unusual in pleasure boats. She had four lights on, but there was nothing to show that there was anybody aboard.

"Want me to hail 'em?"

"No. A thing like that can't be a trader. There's probably only a watchman there. Carry on."

But when, half an hour later, Jo Lung's party drew alongside, two very active Asiatics appeared above the bows of the motor cruiser. Having assisted Yu'an and the woman on board, they rapidly hauled up and disposed of a great number of small packing cases stowed in the stern of the boat.

These contained the opium destined for Australia—which Dawson Haig had been covering. . . .

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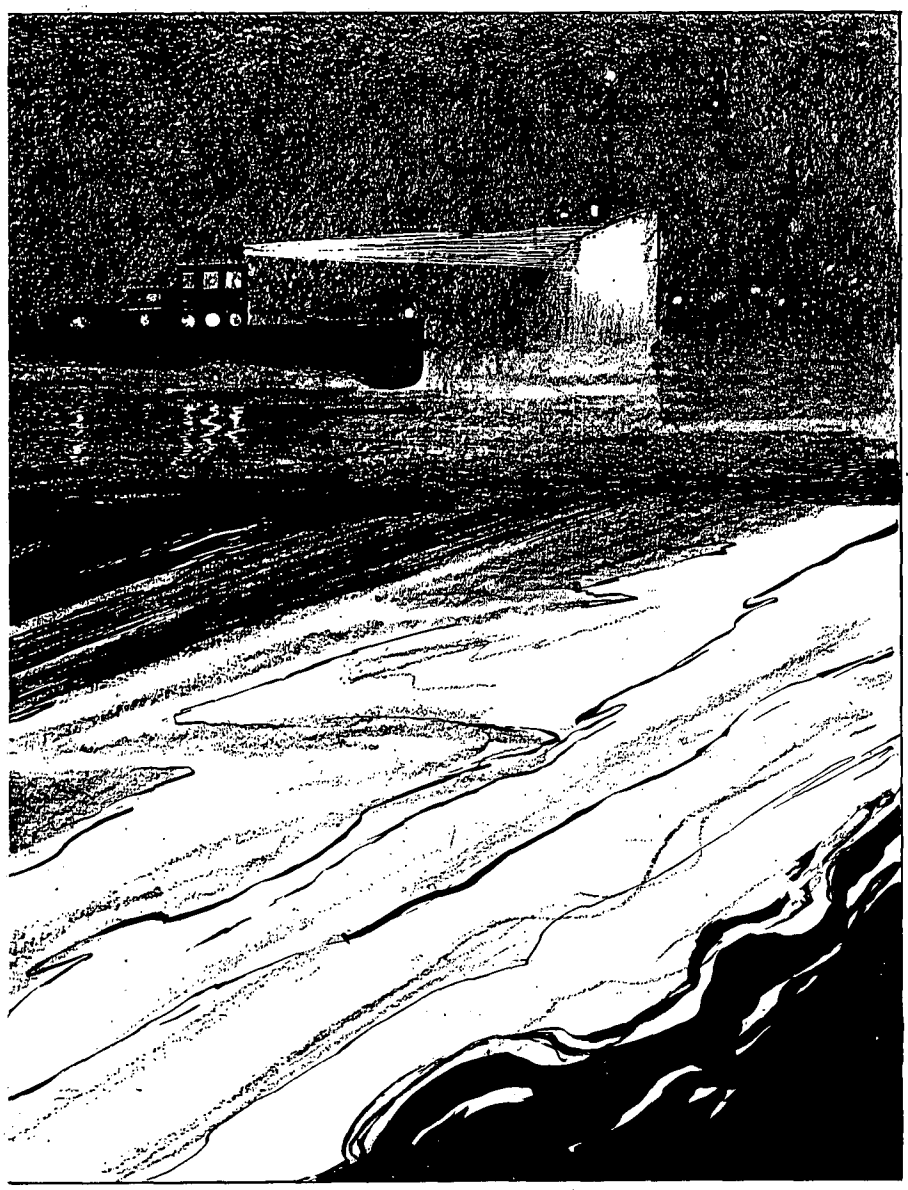

another sound, quite unmistakable. "Police patrol," said Jo Lung

Laughs

By Sax Rohmer

It had been removed that night under the very noses of the police, and was now safe from their curiosity!

In the luxuriously appointed little cabin of the cruiser Yu'an drew from the pocket of his fur-lined coat a string of blazing fire opals, roughly threaded on waxed silk. He threw them around the long, slender throat of his companion.

"Tonight I can afford to be generous," he said. "They suit you, Orange Blossom, who are all fire and ice. . . ."

DAWSON HAIG pressed irritably again and again upon the bell beside the wicket gate of the warehouse door which bore the nearly defaced name of J. Lung.

He was in an extraordinarily evil humor—his light blue eyes sparkled dangerously. No report had come from any of the men surrounding the premises; and believing that the elusive Big Chief, having caused murder to be committed upon the person of a Scotland Yard officer, was about to elude him again he was prepared to stick at nothing.

He turned to Detective-Sergeant Warrender, who accompanied him, and:

"Fortunately I have powers—of a sort—at last," he snapped irritably. "As I've got a warrant, I'm going to search these premises if I smash all the doors down—"

At which moment, silently, the wicket gate opened.

A lamp which hung in the little yard was switched on, and a neatly groomed and imperturbable Levantine stood before them, staring with apparent surprise past Dawson Haig and the detective-sergeant to where a group of plainclothes officers and two uniformed men might be seen in the narrow street.

"Good evening," he said, smiling in apparent confusion. "I'm afraid you have alarmed me."

"Indeed," said Haig. "I'm sorry. I am a police officer and I hold a warrant to search these premises. Perhaps you will lead the way."

"Really!" the Greek exclaimed. "But on what grounds have you obtained this warrant?"

"Harboring a man wanted for murder!" was the grim reply. "Come on, Warrender."

"Murder! You horrify me!"

They stepped over a wooden ledge and entered the little yard.

"I don't know your name, Officer," Polodos continued smoothly—

"It doesn't matter!"

"But I fear you are on a wild-goose chase! My own name is Polodos, and I represent the parent establishment of Mr. Lung, which is, as you may know, in Stamboul. It is purely an accident that I happen to be here tonight."

"Stock-taking?" suggested Warrender, humorously.

"Something of the kind," was the Greek's smiling reply.

HAIG, ignoring the conversation, turned to a group of men who had followed him in; and:

"Along the yard," he ordered. "Bear to the left and you'll find a door. Through it, and into the warehouse. There are some small cases there, consigned from Birmingham per R. M. S. Wallaroo to Sydney. When you find them—let me know."

"One moment!" Polodos was the speaker.

"Well?" Haig turned to him as two men set off. "What is it?"

"Only this," the Greek continued smoothly: "Your suspect cannot very well be hidden in one of the small cases you speak of! And the door in question is permanently locked. The warehouse beyond is leased by the Messrs. King. I don't know what their warehouse contains. . . . It is disturbing to think that it may contain a murderer. But are you sure, Inspector, that your warrant extends to their premises?"

Dawson Haig stared at the speaker. That official red tape which trammels the movements of an officer of the criminal investigation department danced before his eyes visibly, and he stifled language unsuitable to the occasion, as:

"Hello, Inspector!" came a hail from the far end of the yard. "There's a door here, but it's locked. Are we to smash it?"

"No!" Haig shouted. "Come back." He turned to Warrender, smiling unmirthfully. "It doesn't matter, anyway," he added. "They'll have had the stuff out by now. . . ."

In due course the search party reached that businesslike office upstairs, and:

"You see," said Polodos, smiling and pointing to a number of books open on the desk—"I was hard at work when your ringing disturbed me. The staff, of course, has been gone for hours."

"Quite!" said Haig, staring about him and sniffing. "Do you keep a polecat here?"

There was a faint odor of musk—a perfume which he detested.

"You are joking," the Greek replied quietly.

Then, suddenly: "What's this?" Haig asked, pointing to an apparatus on the wall behind the desk.

"A natural question," Polodos agreed, "but as you have already seen, Inspector, this place contains a very valuable stock. That is a burglar alarm, and a very efficient one, invented, I believe, by Mr. Jo Lung."

"Who is away, I think you said?" Warrender interjected.

"Unfortunately, yes."

"You work late," Haig snapped.

"A conscientious accountant must be prepared to work late, Inspector."

Dawson Haig stared into liquid dark eyes, as unreadable as the riddle of the Sphinx. A sudden wild urge rose to his brain—to take this slimy hypocrite by the throat and to choke him until he coughed up the truth. But instead:

"I'll just glance over your accounts, Mr. Polodos," he said.

Outside in the Chinese quarter, at four points unsuspected by the police, blue lights were burning, for no orders had been given to extinguish them. When, half an hour later, the search party left the treasure-house of Jo Lung, Dawson Haig drew Warrender aside.

"Take charge, Warrender," he said, "and stand by. Wait for me here. I've bungled this job badly."

He set off through deserted streets.

And presently he found himself in a mean little yard with three doors opening upon it . . . that yard from which the one who laughed, the Chinese woman, and two shadows had come out an hour before. All three doors were closed. No light was visible.

There was a constable on duty at this point, and:

"You're absolutely sure," Haig challenged, "that nobody has gone in or come out?"

"Positive, sir."

"Carry on," Haig snapped.

He suspected this to be the Big Chief's private entrance. But if he dared to force it he would be in bad trouble.

"You must remember you live in a civilized country, Billy," he murmured savagely and walked away.

THE light of a gray and comfortless dawn was stealing through the Temple.

"Well, Matt," said Dawson Haig—"you asked me to let you know, so you have only yourself to blame!"

Kearney, in dressing gown and pajamas, nodded, smiling.

"I'm glad you came," he said. "And we're both used to late hours. Fill your glass and go ahead."

"Comes to this," Haig continued. "I should have started by covering the rat-run out of Three Colt Street. I only suspect—but all the same I'm moderately sure—that the leakage was there. But if King Rat is inside he won't get out! Every hole is stopped. Unfortunately, I think King Rat has slipped away again.

"The horror with the tusks undoubtedly followed you—God knows how—for the memo-book . . . Yes! stroke your throat! You are lucky to have one intact. Incidentally, so am I! Those cunning devils must have spotted poor Norwich for a police officer. They tackled him first, you see—failed to find what they were looking for, and then came after you."

Matt Kearney shuddered and poured out whisky.

"They were warned in some way. Or Eddy would have netted them on the way back. These people are artists—one must admit it. That display of day books and ledgers was surely intended

(*Continued on page 34*)

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

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Looking Your Best

Take jackets—take as many jackets as you like, and the more the smarter. Fashion is feeling just that generous. She is giving you a free hand with colors, too. So if you've always had a hankering for putting colors together, and think you are an artist that way, prepare to prove it now

By Aimee Larkin

THIS year Fashion is all smiles, a lady who couldn't be easier to get on with. Every husband will recognize her. She's had her tantrum, got what she wanted, registered top dog with a new collar and is now in a mood to be sweet to everybody.

In 1929-30 she put over the normal waistline and the longer skirt, against the howls of half the population. Now she turns round and makes concessions. Waistlines are smart not only where she and nature put them, but also at the top of the hip. Skirts must cover the knees but those for sports strike the upper calf, those for the street the middle calf, while those for afternoon reach the lower calf. Evening dresses for formal affairs touch but seldom trail; some of them even have a "kick up" in front. For dancing and other night-time occasions pleasurable rather than grand, ankle length is quite sufficient and many dresses are slashed and slit to give slim legs at least a passing limelight. In other words, the skirt question is no longer a battle ground, or even a subject for conversation. It's a study in *laissez faire*.

Similarly the new silhouette is all things to all women. For those with figures to stand molding, the princess influence is still with us, though overfitting is out. The soft, bloused effect with a ruffled or flared peplum over a straight skirt is easy to wear. The diagonal line from shoulder to knee with its ruffles and pleatings makes life easier for those whose problem lies north of the beltline. The draped bodice above hips strictly confined and a skirt that flares from the knee is a youthful mode.

Colors, too—practically everything that anyone ever discovered as her most flattering ally is smart this season. The sports assortment contains white, yellow, pink, blue, navy, bittersweet, gray, beige, bright red, green and yellow brown. White is obligatory for any smart wardrobe. Yellow is Fashion's second choice. Pink and blue are retained for becomingness. Navy is standard for separate jackets and many accessories.

The street scene is diversified with navy, black, beige, gray, green and bright red. In the evening we see ivory and the pastels, with such new shades as biscuit, old rose and corn yellow. Combinations, too, are good at all times of day and night. Strawberry consorts with gray; orange or gray with white; apple green with dark blue; yellow brown with yellow beige or gray; gray with almond green or gold—and more are being born every minute. Sometimes a third color is added in a blouse or a scarf by day, a flower spray at night. Smart women, in short, are playing catch-as-catch-can with the rainbow, and anyone with a matchmaking instinct and a good eye may easily start a new little vogue of her own by marrying almost any of her pet colors. Fashion was never more complaisant toward becomingness with a dash of daring and individuality.

But that isn't all. The few things she's pushing for everybody are so charming, so practical and so adaptable to inexpensive wardrobes that we ought to stand in a ring and cheer her.

Take jackets—take as many jackets as you like, and the more the smarter. They're good in wool, silk, linen, cotton—for morning, afternoon and evening; belted, unbelted, fitted and boxed—single-breasted, double-breasted, diagonally closed, fastened with buttons or the new Schiaparelli clasps, tied around in light

(Continued on page 52)

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

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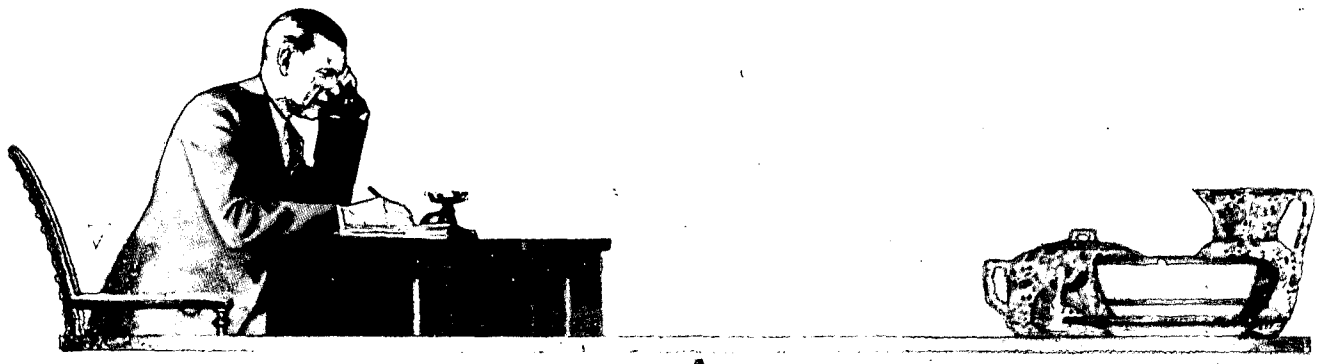


BRAN TO BALANCE THIS TABLOID LIFE!

but which kind of bran do you need?

You find a lot more things to do than you did in yesterday's world. But only the same number of hours to do them in.

So the pace is fast; everything is abbreviated. The very food you eat is concentrated. And when natural bulk is lost from your diet, constipation—often mild, often unnoticed—is almost sure to occur.

It's 9 to 1 you need Bran

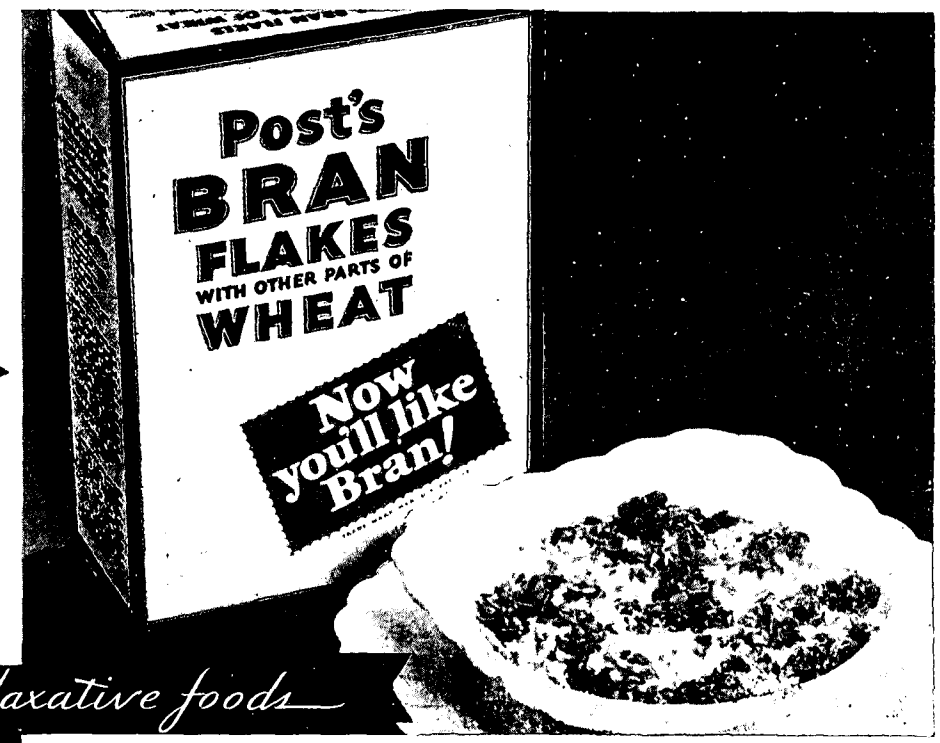
Perhaps for a while you can win against nature, for a strong vitality can stand a good deal. Perhaps you have not felt the drag of poisons which food wastes spread through the system; your head may be just as keen and your enthusiasm just as high as they have always been.

But why try to live this tabloid life on a tabloid diet—when it is so easy to enjoy the benefits of bran?

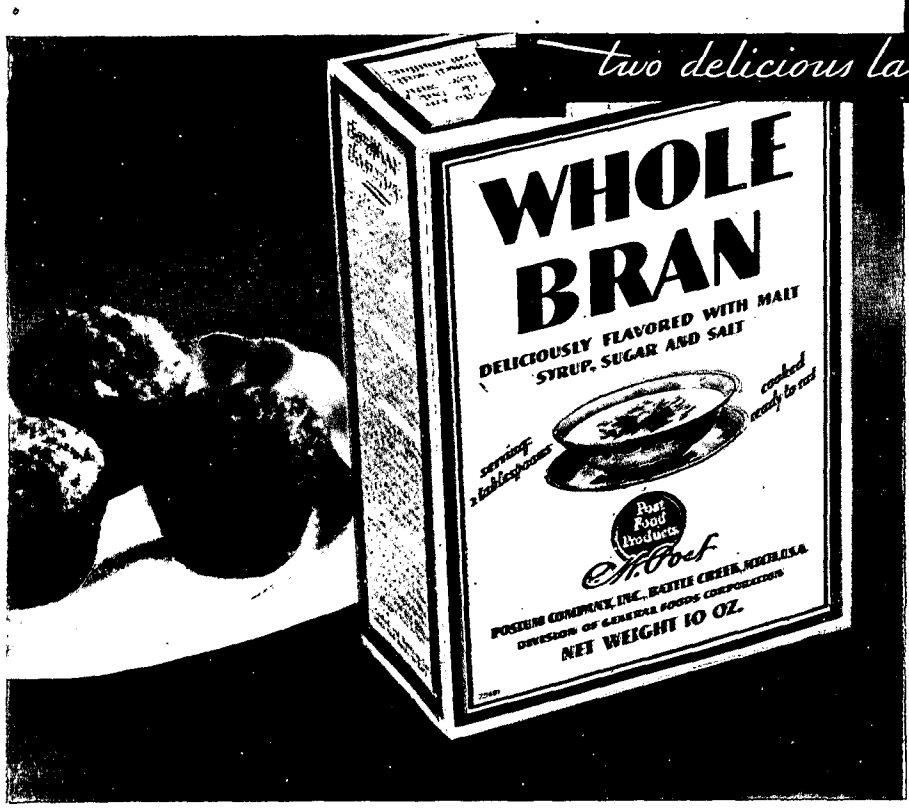
Nature's food—in delicious form

Nearly everybody is handicapped by lack of bulk food—but obviously not everyone in the same degree. That's why there are two Post's cereals prepared for this particular purpose.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES is a regulator. Bran with other parts of wheat. It supplies the bulk food which most of us need, even those who aren't aware of the fact. Bran Flakes belongs on just about every breakfast table. It is on millions of them. For these dainty toasted amber flakes, so flavory and alluring, are eaten by more families than any other bran food in the world. Try them and you'll know why; all ready to eat—just add milk or cream.



two delicious laxative foods



WHOLE BRAN is for stubborn or chronic constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. It is full strength bran. Just as effective as any full strength bran cereal but a triumph of taste. You will want to eat these crisp, crunchy little shreds "straight" from the package with milk or cream. Or sprinkled over fruit or berries. Two tablespoons make an effective serving. An irresistible way to serve Whole Bran is in muffins—puffy, golden morsels that melt in the mouth. Use the new recipe on the package.

You can get Post's bran cereals from your grocer; and remember, when in hotels, restaurants, and on trains, that you can always order these delicious foods in individual packages.

You know which of these two appetizing foods is the one for you. Both are products of General Foods Corporation.

Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to one of these cereals. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

Fill in Completely — Print Name and Address

TRY THEM FREE C-3-14-31

Your name in the space below will bring you a sample of both these delicious bran cereals. Mail today.

*Name*_____

*Street and Number*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Mail to GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.

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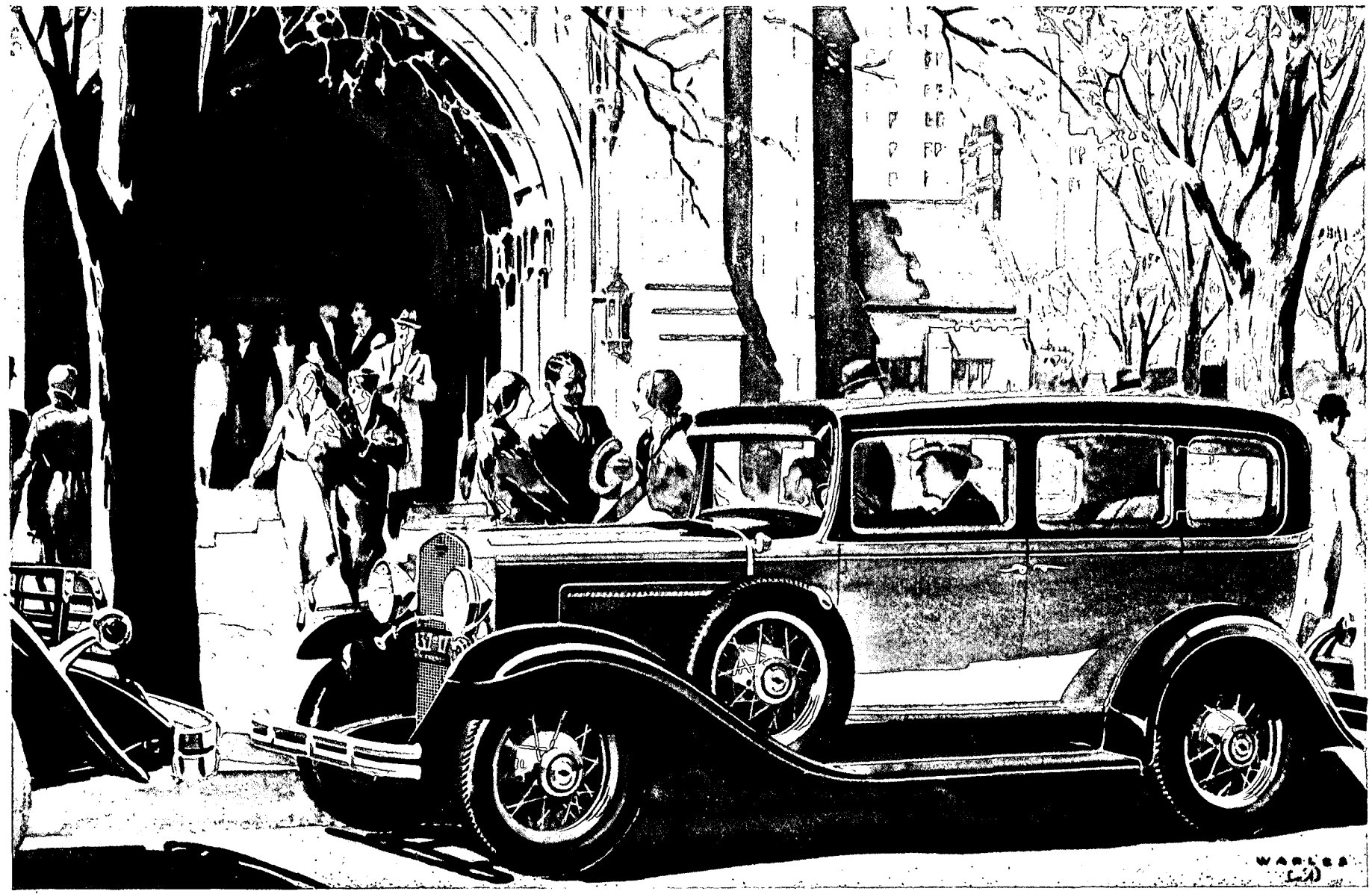

The Chevrolet Special Sedan

These are the features that make Chevrolet the Great American Value

Longer wheelbase—smarter, more beautiful Bodies by Fisher—luxurious new interiors—greater roominess—high quality mohair or broadcloth upholstery—insulated front compartments—de luxe wire wheels—smoother 50-horsepower six-cylinder engine, with sturdier crankshaft, new harmonic balancer and improved fly-wheel—new worm-and-sector steering mechanism—improved dry disc clutch—improved transmission—sturdier front axle—more efficient radiator with new lines—heavier frame with deeper side members and wider flanges—chrome-plated grille on sport models—all exposed bright parts chromium-plated—graceful new fenders—four semi-elliptic springs—four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers—fully-enclosed weatherproof four-wheel brakes—safety gasoline tank—air cleaner with flame arrester—new instrument panel—new Ternstedt hardware—wider vision—adjustable driver's seat—Fisher non-glare VV windshield—two-beam headlamps with foot-control—new vibrator type horn—Liberal Owner's Service Policy—new low prices.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

It's wise to choose a Six

***New Low Prices**—Roadster, $475; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat), $495; Phaeton, $510; Standard Coupe, $535; Coach, $545; Standard Five-Window Coupe, $545; Sport Coupe (with rumble seat), $575; Five-Passenger Coupe, $595; Convertible Cabriolet, $615; Standard Sedan, $635; Special Sedan, $650; Landau Phaeton, $650; Special Equipment Extra. Chevrolet Trucks, $355 to $695. Product of General Motors. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.* Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.

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A Bear in Time

In which Mr. Buck, famous captor of wild animals, introduces Toto, court jester of the animal kingdom—and, to Mr. Buck, a friend in need

By Frank Buck *with* Edward Anthony

Illustrated by Herman Rountree

THE greatest clown of the animal world is a honey bear that has been raised as a pet. Tame monkeys know plenty about the art of clowning, especially the little rhesus fellows from India, but honey bears are their superiors in the field of plain and fancy comedy. Call the lion the king of beasts and I'll probably pick an argument with you; but name the honey bear as court jester and you'll find me in perfect accord.

The honey bear is the smallest member of the bear family—a coal-black ball of fur which as a new cub resembles in size and shape a chow puppy. Full-grown, he is about one third the size of our American black bear.

There are several animals that are erroneously known as honey bears, among them the kinkajou of South America, the Himalayan panda, the slow loris of Asia, and the Australian kola bear. None of these are true bears, the last-named being the only one that is even remotely related to the bear family. The true honey bear is to be found only in the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Borneo and adjacent islands. And as I've said, he is the greatest comedian in the animal world.

The prize clown of all the honey bears I've handled—and I've brought many of them to this country in the course of my eighteen years as a collector for zoos, circuses and pet shops—was a lovable little rogue who came to be known as Toto. A visitor to my compound insisted that the animal was so like the famous circus clown of that name that no other sobriquet would do. The name stuck.

I picked up Toto on one of my visits to Perak in the Malay Peninsula. He came out of a leaf-lined hole under the roots of a great jungle tree, where he had evidently been left by his mother. I was attracted to his hiding place by a sound of plaintive whimpering. Walking over to where he lay, I found myself confronted by the most wistful-looking bear cub I'd ever seen. As I lifted him up I couldn't help noticing how thin he was. And how weak.

Hardly Worth Saving

He had been so long in need of food that he was hardly worth saving, but there was something so touchingly affectionate in his manner that I decided to take him along and try to bring him back to health.

My guess was that his mother had gone to scout for food, two or three days before, and had never returned. Many a honey bear that sets out in search of the dainties this species lives on—principally wild honey, birds' eggs and jungle fruits—winds up inside a tiger or a leopard.

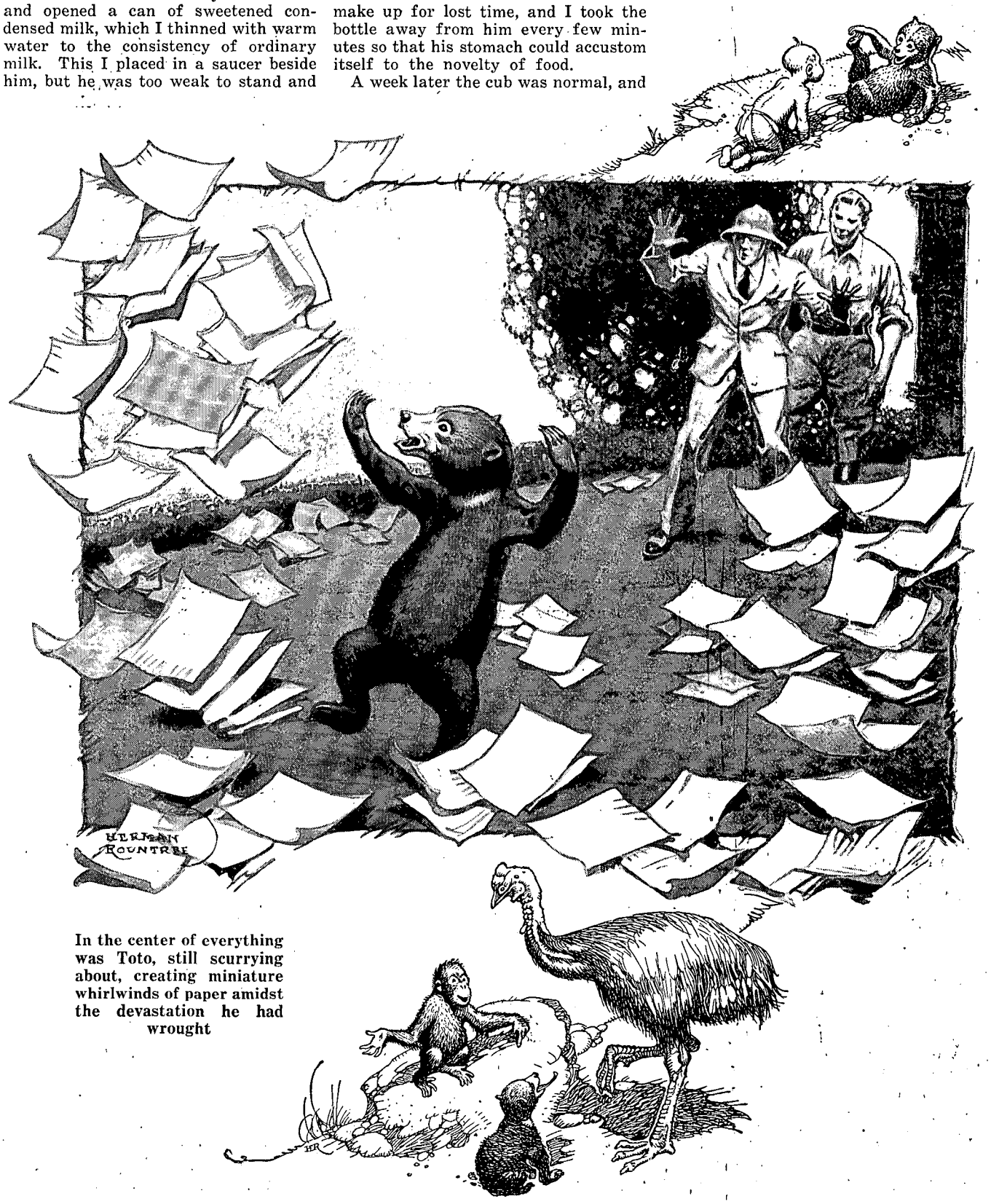
It was an even-money bet that this emaciated youngster would not survive the long fast which he had already endured. But if I left him where he was he would soon either starve to death or be devoured by some beast on the prowl.

The little waif cuddled contentedly against me as I picked him up. He was glad to be out of the dugout where he had lain so helplessly. I put him into my knapsack and carried him back to my headquarters in Ipoa, where I was assembling a big collection of specimens for shipment to my compound at Katong, a few miles outside Singapore. There I laid him tenderly on a shelf and opened a can of sweetened condensed milk, which I thinned with warm water to the consistency of ordinary milk. This I placed in a saucer beside him, but he was too weak to stand and lap it up with his long tongue in the ordinary way. So I put the milk into a nippled bottle, and let him lie on his side while he took his first meal in several days. I have never seen milk disappear more rapidly. It was plain that he was famished. I was afraid he would choke to death in his efforts to make up for lost time, and I took the bottle away from him every few minutes so that his stomach could accustom itself to the novelty of food.

A week later the cub was normal, and when I arrived at Katong he was in as good condition as any of the animals I brought from Perak. His listlessness had left him and he had added several ounces of weight. If there was any doubt in my mind as to whether he was now well, it was removed by the perpetual inquisitiveness he displayed over every little event and happening in the world around him.

Most of the humor connected with the antics of a honey-bear cub has its roots in an insatiable curiosity. He pokes his nose everywhere, investigates everything. In this respect he is different from other animal clowns. The humor of the monkey, for instance, is due to the fact that he is the greatest of mimics. His fun-making is largely confined to his habit of imitating humans. The honey bear's antics are not imitative, but his own, and there is no limit to the amount of mischief that his quenchless curiosity gets him into. Whatever is going on around him is something for him to investigate. He is as tireless as a senatorial committee.

(Continued on page 55)



In the center of everything was Toto, still scurrying about, creating miniature whirlwinds of paper amidst the devastation he had wrought

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"Stand aside!" the General shouted, and with a quick movement he drew his automatic from its holster

Illustrated by Harry Townsend

Patient Number Thirteen

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Dana Burnet

MY FRIEND Dr. Belardi told me this story. Dr. Belardi is a physician of standing, with a large Italian-American practice. He served with honor in the Italian medical corps during the war.

He has also another distinction—namely, that of being the chief patron of a certain speakeasy, known as Mario's, in West Fifty-third Street, New York. In fact, it was the good doctor who established his compatriot Mario in business; an act of charity for which the latter was duly grateful. So also, I may add, were others of us who enjoyed the hospitality of this excellent speakeasy. But, for Dr. Belardi Mario reserved always an especial greeting, a smile that came from his heart, and an imported gin that came from a secret compartment under the bar.

One night I dined with the doctor, who had just come from a hard day's work at the hospital. He seemed tired and depressed.

"It is to be regretted," he said, tasting his second martini, "that the physician has not the legal right to put a hopeless sufferer out of his misery. Today I must stand by and observe the agony of one to whom death would be a blessing. Yet I could do nothing. I had not the authority to dismiss my patient from this world."

"No," I said. "And even if you had the authority, you'd probably not use it. It would take a superman to exercise the power of life and death over his fellow humans."

The doctor looked at me inquiringly.

"A superman, you say? I'll tell you of a case which was disposed of by a sort of superman. A Surgeon-General of the Italian army, no less. A man who not only possessed great power, but the intelligence to use it.

"It happened during the last year of the war. I was attached to a hospital near the front—a converted hotel. The facilities were those of necessity rather than convenience. We did the best we could.

"There was one patient I remember particularly, not only because of his desperate condition, but also because of the fact that he occupied Room No. 13. Room No. 13 was on the third floor, at the rear, and by some irony of circumstance, perhaps of fate, the most hopeless cases constantly were going into—and shortly coming out of it. It was a horrible room, which we all regarded with a superstitious loathing, though I cannot remember that it was different in any respect from the other rooms.

"THE patient of whom I speak, a soldier of the Alpini, was one of those hopeless cases. During an advance an Austrian, whose great size he remembered as one remembers a figure seen in a nightmare, had torn his rifle out of his grasp and smashed his head in. We operated and put a silver plate in his skull. But the unfortunate fellow was completely paralyzed from his neck to his heels.

"He was conscious. His mind was clear. He could talk, though he preferred not to. His eyes were those of a dog that has been ill-treated by a cruel master. Yet he did not die. We marveled at his stubbornness, and spoke of him always as 'No. 13.'

"Then one day we received a visit of inspection from the Surgeon-General of whom I have spoken. The Surgeon-General, whose name I need not mention, was a huge man, over six feet tall, with a grim, coppery face covered by a thick growth of black beard. He was a fearsome-looking figure; and as he strode from room to room, asking questions and barking out orders, the staff doctors trembled and the patients shrank under their blankets, as though in apology for their wounds.

"He was particularly interested in the case of No. 13, whose face paled and whose eyes opened wide with terror at the sight of him. I knew that our patient was thinking of that other big man, the Austrian who had cracked his skull.

"Half an hour later, by the great man's orders, No. 13 was carried downstairs to the operating-room. Then, to our astonishment, the Surgeon-General ordered everyone from the room except me. Even the anæsthetist was dismissed. 'Close the door,' said the General, looking sternly at me.

"I obeyed, feeling a queer prickling sensation along my spine. There was a cold determination in the General's eyes that lifted the hair on my scalp.

"He stood at the foot of the patient's stretcher, with his huge arms folded across his chest. The patient lay utterly motionless, helpless, his paralyzed body as incapable of movement as if it had been made of wood. Only his frightened eyes moved and were alive. Pathetic and desperate, they followed the General's slightest gesture.

"'Doctor Belardi!' said my superior, suddenly.

"'Yes, sir?'

"'It is your opinion, is it not, that this man is hopelessly paralyzed?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'That, also,' said the General, 'is my opinion. Therefore, I have decided that he is to be put out of his misery.'

"I was so shocked I could not speak. I could only stare at the individual who dared utter such words.

"'Have you any objections to offer, Dr. Belardi!' the General roared.

"'Objections!' I exclaimed. 'Objections! Good God, sir! You can't do a thing like this! It would be sheer murder.'

"I was conscious all the time of the fact that No. 13 was listening to every word we spoke. I dared not look at him. But I could feel the emotion of awful horror that clutched his heart. He made no sound, but I knew he was suffering the tortures of the damned.

"The General looked fiercely at me for a moment.

"'Stand aside!' he shouted, and with a quick movement he drew his automatic from its holster.

"My immediate instinct was to spring at him, to knock the gun from his hand. But I could not, I am ashamed to say, move a muscle. I could not. I was as helpless under the spell of that implacable will as the doomed creature lying there paralyzed.

"As one in a frightful dream I watched the Surgeon-General slowly raise his automatic, point it at No. 13—and pull the trigger.

"There was a flash and a roar.

"At the same moment No. 13 let out a yell such as I have never heard from a human throat. It was not a sick man's cry. It was a lusty, living yell. And simultaneously, to my unspeakable amazement, I saw our hopeless cripple fling off the sheet that covered him, leap from the stretcher and dash like a bounding deer out of the operating-room.

"I STOOD with my mouth open, gazing stupidly at the Surgeon-General. That great man, returning his automatic to its holster, looked at me and smiled.

"'A pure case of hysterical paralysis, Dr. Belardi,' he said. 'I think that you will find your patient permanently cured—by a blank cartridge!'"

Dr. Belardi stopped at this point and, lifting his cocktail glass, drank the last of his martini. "Two more of the same, Mario!" he called to the proprietor behind the bar.

Mario nodded, and at once began to mix the drinks.

"But was it true?" I asked. "Was your patient, No. 13, permanently cured?"

"Yes," answered Dr. Belardi. "He was cured. But oddly enough, he never forgave the Surgeon-General for frightening him back to health. On the other hand, he insisted upon regarding me as his savior. So when he turned up in my office in New York, one day two years ago, and asked me for financial assistance, I felt I must give it to him to justify his faith in me. And so," added the doctor, smiling, "our famous patient No. 13 is now serving his adopted country, if not with honor, at least with a certain genius of his own."

And Dr. Belardi pointed to Mario vigorously shaking cocktails behind the bar.

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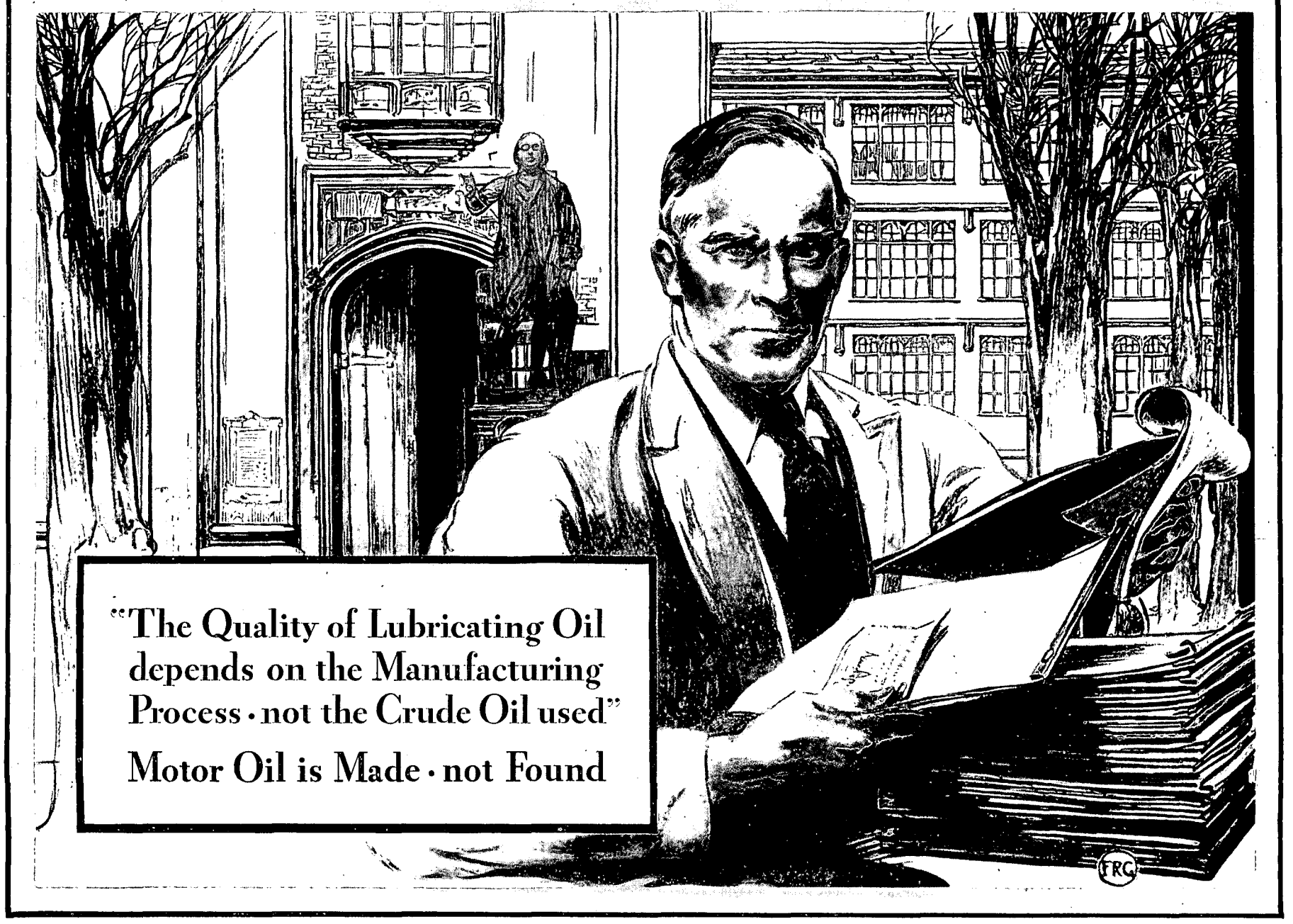
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You knew it would come some day. With motor cars giving you better performance and greater beauty at lower prices year after year, you expected that some manufacturer would put *Rare Riding Comfort* within the reach of all. Now Hudson and Essex have done it!

For years, high production costs limited easy-riding to only the most expensive cars. Heavier frames, deeper seats, generous head-room and leg-room, wider doors and smoother motors cost more to build. So do bodies that are insulated to prevent drumming and drafts. But Owner-Management effects economies in manufacturing and marketing that enable Hudson and Essex to give you these features at prices amazingly low.

You would naturally expect Hudson and Essex to lead the way in building comfort into low-priced cars. Time and again these cars have invaded new fields—in 1914 with the first inside-drive closed car ever offered by an American motor car builder, the "sedan" as we know it today—in 1916 with the famous Super-Six principle of increasing horsepower and motor smoothness without any other change in engine design, a revolutionary development that others have followed—in 1921 with the "coach", the first closed car ever to sell at open car prices.

These are but a few of the important contributions Hudson and Essex have made that gave you better cars at lower prices.

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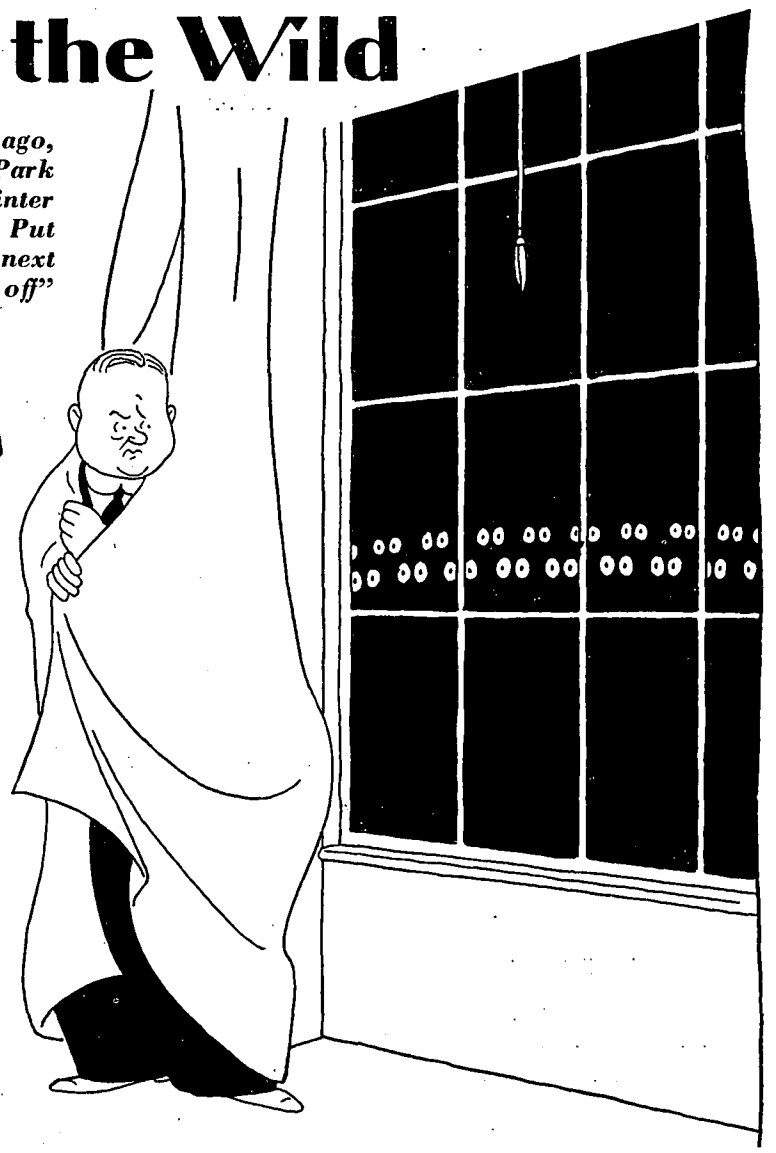
Roll Call of the Wild

"I visited Washington a few weeks ago, an', honest, it's like Yellowstone Park when the animals rouse from their winter sleep an' pour down from the hills. Put a pair of shoes out in the hall, an' next mornin' finds the uppers all chewed off"

Uncle Henry



"Even so, the ring of green, phosphorescent eyes keeps drawin' closer"

EVEN if the buffalo, the beaver an' the prong-horned antelope have disappeared from our prairies an' streams, there's still plenty of wild life left," declared Uncle Henry. "All we can use an' a whole lot more. If you don't believe it, jes' make a trip to Washington some day an' take a look at the Senate.

"Where on earth could you find anything wilder than Saber Tooth Brookhart an' Catamount Norris? Or Lone Wolf Borah from the Bad Lands of Idaho? Or Hyena Hi Johnson? Or Raw Meat Shipstead, the Minnesota Mangler? As the night wind carries the sound of their savage howlin' to the outlyin' districts of Maryland an' Virginia, children cower in their beds an' lonely settlers make haste to leap up an' throw more wood on the fire.

"President Hoover, of course, is not a big-game hunter. He goes in for fish entirely, as proved by his appointments. All the same, I bet you that Herb would be a proud an' happy man if he could bring down a La Follette or a Walsh, an' have the head mounted to hang over the mantelpiece in the White House.

"An' if the present crop isn't wild enough for you, 'Lonzo, cast an eye over some of the new senators. The railroad companies have actually refused to transport 'em unless caged an' crated, an' American publishers are already wirin' Rudyard Kiplin' to come over an' do another Jungle Book.

"There's Huey Long, for instance. Why, they tell me he thinks nothin' of killin' a whole herd of standpatters in a single night, an' that he can break the back of a full-grown reactionary with one blow of his paw. The conservatives of Louisiana hunted him with hounds an' fairly covered the landscape with poisoned meat, but Huey was too cunnin' for 'em, an' they had to put him in the Senate to get rid of him.

Cougars, Grizzly Bears and Panthers

"Cougar McGill of Kansas is another who's goin' to hit Washington with teeth bared an' hackles erect. Accordin' to reports from the devastated area, he pulled Henry Allen off his high horse in broad daylight, an' even had the darin' to attack William Allen White as he drove from the office to his home. McGill would have got him too if White hadn't had the presence of mind to throw over an Old Guard Republican who happened to be ridin' with him.

"As for Grizzly Bear Costigan of Colorado, he's reached a stage of savagery where he wears a muzzle to protect him from himself. Durin' his ten years on the Tariff Commission he must have made a hundred reports recommendin' the reduction of duties on articles necessary to human life. An' all he ever got was a slight decrease in the tariff on paint-brush handles an' on bobwhite quail unless improved in value by chippin' an' grindin'.

"Cal Coolidge, his New England blood boilin' to a point where it was almost tepid, put a raise on everything else. Maddened by his experience with civilization, Costigan loped back to Colorado an' denned up in the topmost crags of the Rockies. Ever since then he's been sharpenin' his teeth on Pikes Peak.

"An' make no mistake about J. Ham Lewis. For all his soft, sleek ways, 'Lonzo, there's panther blood in the man. Alice Roosevelt certainly can't be accused of lackin' courage, an' yet you'll remember that she kept out of Illinois, absolutely ignorin' Miz' Ruth McCormick's screams for help. Six years of private life in the Chicago jungle has taught Ham a lot, an' my correspondents state that he's cuttin' off his whiskers so as to give his teeth more elbow-room.

"Carter Glass is another who only needs a little encouragement to throw off domestication an' run with the pack. Why, ever since Joe Robinson pledged the Democrats to work in harmony with the Republicans the Virginia senator has been in such a state of fury that even members of his own party have to carry permanganate of potash. Yessir! If Long an' Costigan make a kill, lettin' Carter get a taste of blood, he's liable to be worse than the rest.

"Of course, 'Lonzo, we've had wild senators before. For instance, there was Jeff Davis of Arkansas, who promised his people he'd walk down the Senate aisle in his bare feet. An' Pfeffer of Kansas, who swore he'd shoot the minute he saw the white of a collar. An' Cole Blease, that great champion of the white race, who pulled a gun on anybody darker than an albino. An' Moses Clapp, the Black Eagle of Fergus Falls, who kept his talons buried in the Money Power.

"I visited Washington a few weeks ago, an', honest, it's like Yellowstone Park when the animals rouse from their winter sleep an' pour down from the hills. I was kept awake all night by senators snufflin' around the door an' paddin' back an' forth across the roof. Put a pair of shoes out in the hall, an' next mornin' finds the uppers all chewed off. Every housekeeper complained that it wasn't safe to leave meat outside.

"A regular reign of terror has the Capital in its grip. The chaplain of the Senate refuses to say mornin' prayers unless accompanied by keepers armed with red-hot irons. The American Zoölogical Society is bein' urged to take charge of the Congressional Commissary, an' it's figured that the added expense will be more than taken care of by the number of people who'll pay fifty cents to enter the Senate at feedin' time.

"Bingham of Connecticut wants all Senate debates to be turned over to some good mail-order house, an' Reed Smoot has gone to the police an' got a permit to carry a machine gun. Jim Watson has traded in his pleasure car for a tank, an' Fess of Ohio is growin' a long beard an' means to hang from a chandelier all through the session, hopin' they'll think he's Spanish moss.

"Poor Herb Hoover! He's havin' a ghastly time of it these days. The whole White House lawn is dug up into deep pits, with sharp stakes at the bottom, an' the secret service men keep bonfires goin' all night, but even so, the ring of green, phosphorescent eyes keeps drawin' closer an' closer.

"Yessir, my heart actually aches for Herb. Up to date he's been able to find some measure of safety in the wooded recesses of the Rapidan, but what protection are the forests of Virginia against killers from the canebrakes of Louisiana an' the crags of Colorado?

The Good Old Days

"Times have certainly changed, my dear 'Lonzo. Back in the good old days, a man only went to the Senate when he was too old to find pleasure in anything else. Nobody ran for the office. They *walked* it, their feeble steps guided by some member of the Manufacturers' Association. No sound ever broke the solemn hush, for the floor was a foot deep in whiskers, mufflin' every footfall. The silence was so intense that senators couldn't even hear themselves think.

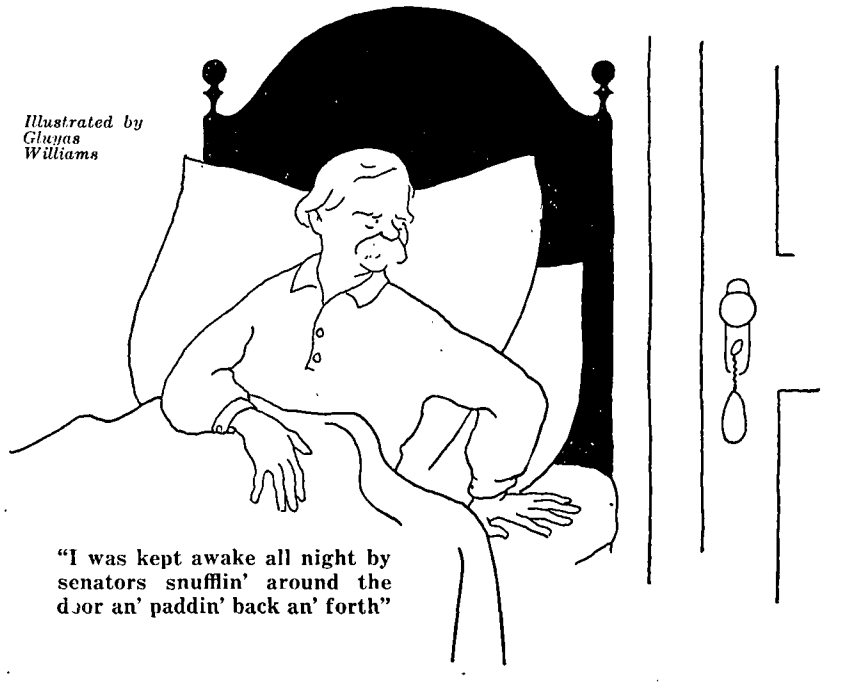
"But I'm not one of those who thinks the country's hoverin' on the brink of an abscess jes' because the Senate's gone native. Frankly, I *like* the change. At least we know what they're doin' to us, which was more than we ever knew before. An' while the constant bellowin' may get on our nerves, it's nice to hear what they're sayin'. In the time of Quay, Platt an' Murray Crane, you could put your ear against a senator's vocal cords an' still not hear him.

"Yessir, I'd feel pretty happy about the new Senate if it wasn't for the President. Before the year's out, he'll have to have about three hundred teeth extracted."

"Nobody's got that many teeth," growled Mr. Stubbs.

"Herb will have," said Uncle Henry significantly. "All in his legs."

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams



"I was kept awake all night by senators snufflin' around the door an' paddin' back an' forth"

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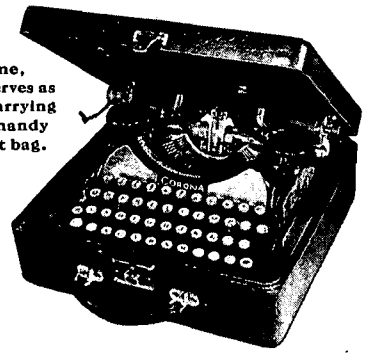

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A Money Lender Confesses

Continued from page 11

two dollars and fifty cents a month for that money for thirteen years, because he couldn't get together twenty-five dollars in one lump sum to pay his debt without his wife hearing of his disgrace. His wife didn't miss the thirty dollars a year, which went out in driblets, but she would have missed a jot of twenty-five.

"There are money lenders who get in touch with bookkeepers or paymasters or foremen in large concerns and make these men their agents in lending money. Of course such officials know all about the wages of the borrowers and can force them to make payments to avoid disgrace.

"I know many an office, and so do all money lenders, where some one man, seemingly unimportant and inconsequential, has dozens of his fellow employees in downright fear of him and paying him heavy interest for loans he has made to them. Sometimes he loans his own money. One of the most successful lenders in the country today began as a railroad workman who lent money to his fellow employees and later went into the business openly on his own. At other times he lends the money of lenders, who pay him a commission on loans and collections."

Interesting Interest

"What's the highest rate of interest you've ever heard of?" I asked this expert.

"It's funny about interest," he said. "I don't think you ought always to count it, in every individual case. Here's a man who must have one hundred dollars abruptly and instantly to stave off a landlord or perhaps buy fuel or keep his family together. If he can get it, he will succeed; if he can't, it means disaster. Now suppose he pays someone three dollars and fifty cents or even four dollars for the use of that one hundred dollars for a month. That service was worth three dollars and fifty cents or four dollars, wasn't it?

"But here's the wicked part about interest: A man with five thousand dollars to lend rents himself a dingy little office, puts up a money-lender's sign and a wicket window—always a wicket window for the money to pass through—and, within the space of one year, earns a *profit* of five thousand dollars. There's something wrong about a business that brings in a profit equal to the capital invested, all in one year; one hundred per cent a year. It requires frightfulness, deceit and all sorts of chicanery to run a business like that.

"And now there's a fourth thing that has to be squeezed out of this money-lending business," continued this experienced man. "I've told you about secrecy, about disgrace and about the frightfulness that is used in making collections. The fourth thing is the ignorance of the borrower.

"Not one borrower in a thousand understands the terms under which the man behind the wicket window lends him money. Talk about arithmetic! Why, some of the lenders I know beat Einstein himself. And I'm not joking, either. They don't think in thousands, alone. They think in fractions of per cents of interest for fractions of weeks. And they can figure things out in tenths of seconds without lead pencils. When one of them sits down, say for two or three days with a pencil, to work out some new trick in the arithmetic of lending, he'll work out something *good!*"

Cases of what may happen when a borrower does not know the terms under which the loan is made are amazing. The Russell Sage Foundation has checked up instances which were known to the lender I have mentioned.

"One railroad man in Chicago didn't know what he had gotten into," said the lender. "He had paid $1,080 in interest on one loan of thirty dollars, and the lender was threatening him if he didn't pay the thirty dollars, also. A man in Georgia borrowed four dollars and paid $1.60 monthly, in interest, for twenty-five months. A post-office employee in Peoria, Illinois, discovered that he had promised to pay $130 in six months for a loan of fifty dollars. Major Boyd, of the Atlanta Legal Aid Society, found one man who had paid $1,550 to settle a loan of seventy-six dollars.

"One thing borrowers frequently do not realize is that they are very likely to pay interest on more money than they actually borrow. Suppose, for instance, you go to a place and ask for one hundred dollars. You don't get the entire one hundred dollars. They take out of it the sum of six or eight dollars as interest for a year. Now, all through the year, you may be making monthly payments, reducing your debt, so that, say, during the last half of the year you owe only fifty dollars and gradually cut that down to nothing. Nevertheless, you have been paying at the rate of six or eight per cent; just as if you had been using the entire one hundred dollars during an entire year.

"Fees for investigation, petty lawyer's fees and charges which are frequently made for collection purposes add to what you must pay for your money.

"Now when they get these four evils I've been talking about squeezed out of the money-lending business we'll have it on a decent basis."

"How can they be squeezed out?" I asked.

"Well, some by law and some by the use of common sense. Let me ask you something: "Who, do you suppose, is the best friend of the money lender? Who helps him most to collect unjust debts? Who helps him to use his frightfulness? There's only one answer. That is *employers.* 'I'll tell your boss,' is the threat of the money lender. That's the threat that weakens the best of us, especially when we're already in financial difficulties.

Helping the Help

"Now, why should employers consider it a disgrace for an employee to borrow money, if it's borrowed for decent purposes?

"Look at the employers of Atlanta, Georgia," went on my informant. "There was a young man there named J. L. R. Boyd, who, as representative of the Legal Aid Society, started to fight loan sharks. He had a terrific fight, too. The lenders almost flattened him out. He was kicked out of office room in the city hall. But luckily the Junior Chamber of Commerce took his side, gave him an office to work in and he began to fight in earnest.

"He's winning out, too. And his first gain was to get employers of labor in Atlanta to join an anti-moral-usury society and promise they wouldn't fire anybody just because he had fallen into the clutches of salary-buying loan sharks. Look at the employers who have taken this stand." I did, and here are some of the firms or offices of national firms in Atlanta that refuse to help the money lender by firing an employee whose salary or wages seem to be owed to loan sharks:

Chevrolet Motor Company, Woolworth, Postal Telegraph, Western Union, Southern Railway, Sears-Roebuck, Georgia Power Company, Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph, Pullman Company, Central of Georgia Railway, Atlantic Steel Company, Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta Constitution, Federal Reserve Bank, Cluett-Peabody (factory), Seaboard Air Line Railway, American Can Company, National Biscuit Company, Atlanta Woolen Mills, Georgian-American, United States Post Office, Nunnally Candy Company—the entire list is too long to give here.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad and all of the Western trunk lines have decided to ignore the claims of so-called "salary buyers." So have the Chicago elevated railway companies. The movement is spreading rapidly.

"The first thing for employers and all the rest of us to understand," continued my informant, "is that we have come to a time in our country when borrowing for personal reasons is not disgraceful or indecent but is a necessity to which perhaps some twenty million persons resort annually. Lending money to homes has come to stay. The home got credit from the installment or space-payment system. We've found out that the average American home has credit and that it has as good a right to use it as has any business man."

And now, for the moment, do not let us take this expert's word for the amazing turn that so-called "personal borrowing" is taking. It is being made decent and sound and safe, and every step that is being taken is being controlled and directed by such agencies as the Russell Sage Foundation.

Better Loans Are Coming

"The changes," says Evans Clark, in his new book, Financing the Consumer, a study of loan sharks, their methods and the need of the general public for occasional loans, "are spectacular."

"The masses, like other business concerns, need credit. . . . Today, it is admitted, even in the most conventional circles, that the individual in the business of running a family must and should be able to borrow on occasion, just like the manager of any other business. . . .

"Ten years hence," he says, in writing of the rapid growth of a brand-new idea in money lending, "it will seem unbelievable, but it is now true, none the less, that nine out of ten of the adult population of the United States have been, until the last few years, entirely unable to obtain credit on a business basis."

It has been because of this, through past generations, that the heartless loan shark, with his cruel tools, has thrived.

The quick change that is coming about has been made possible by the fact that young men in the lending business within the past few years turned on the old-time lenders not only for the sake of making the business decent but for the more powerful reason of making more profit for themselves out of a decent, legal profession.

Our lender, himself, is a "converted" member of his profession, after he had made a long, desperate fight against "reformers and dreamers," as he called them.

His story of how he became convinced that social welfare workers were right and that money lenders, to make a profit, must stop fighting society and must turn about and help it will be told in next week's Collier's.

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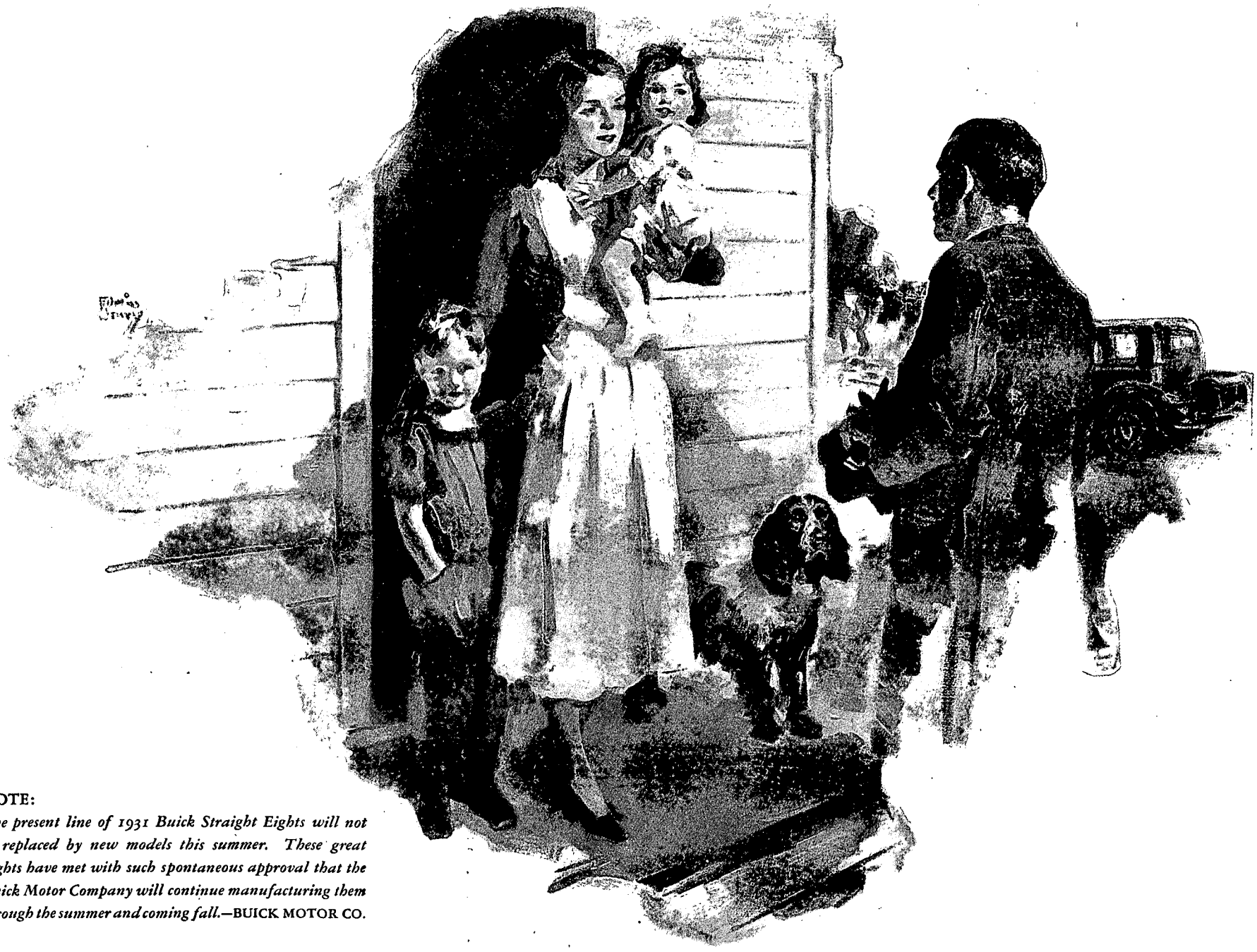
ON THE FARMS . . . *ALONG MAIN STREET* . . IN THE BIG CITIES . . .



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The present line of 1931 Buick Straight Eights will not be replaced by new models this summer. These great Eights have met with such spontaneous approval that the Buick Motor Company will continue manufacturing them through the summer and coming fall.—BUICK MOTOR CO.

We hear much in America today of "merchandising" and "high-pressure selling"; but *honest quality* is still the all-important thought in the minds of the builders of Buick motor cars.

Men and women still seek out the worthy man and the worthy product—still bestow their favor gladly and voluntarily when convinced it is deserved.

They are giving unexampled friendship to Buick. For, in the field of automobiles priced between $1000 and $2000, *more than fifty out of every one hundred buyers of eights purchase Buicks.* This despite the fact that they have fifteen different eights from which to choose.

Buick always has endeavored to build true to America's highest desires. And America long ago made the Buick car a national institution, on the farms, along Main Street, in the big cities.

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OLD Briar has one quality that is rarely found in smoking tobaccos. While its fragrance and mildness appeal to the taste of even the comparative novice in the ranks of pipe smokers, it has a relishing sparkle that brings a deep sense of satisfaction to veterans of the briar. This singular character distinguishes it as an exceptional blend and wins friendships that grow more steadfast with every new pipeful.

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Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster

Moscow's "Union of Militant Godless," an organization financed by the Soviet government to end every kind of Russian religious activity, closed 4,000 churches in 1930 and plans to shut all other churches throughout that country by 1934.

The quantity of usable meat on hogs is 75% of the live weight, on calves 57%, on beef cattle 54% and on sheep and lambs 47%.

New Year's is the given birthday of all horses, for irrespective of their foaling date, their ages are counted from the first day of the year.

Textile warmth and fruit maturity can be measured now by two new testing devices.

In 1930 the Dead Letter Office received 23,000,000 letters and packages which were incorrectly addressed and carried no external clue of the sender, and which, incidentally, contained $5,391,000 worth of currency, checks and money orders.

Speaking of carelessness, the little old U. S. A. has more accidental deaths, per 100,000 population, than any other country, due to our extensive use of motor cars, railways, industrial machinery, bathing beaches, bathtubs, and staircases.

On a new Great Circle projection map Fairbanks, Alaska, is approximately the geographic center of such key cities as New York, London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Moscow, Manila, Shanghai, Tokyo and Honolulu, which makes it one of America's strategic points and a potential U. S. air squadron headquarters.

Signs over retail shops in China seldom carry the name of the owner, but often contain symbols which express the spirit or desired potentiality of the enterprise such as "Harmony and Coöperation" or "Prosperity and Growth."

A machine in the U. S. Naval Observatory records to one one-thousandth of a second any deviation from accuracy between the time of its master clock in Washington and the emission of the signal from the naval radio station in Arlington.

The indefinable fascination of golf, which swept the miniature-course craze around the world in 1930, was discovered apparently hundreds of years ago when golf was introduced in Scotland, where it attained such popularity and interfered so much with other activities that a law, which lasted more than a century, was passed prohibiting it.

In 1915 our annual per capita consumption of cigarettes was 181, while in 1930 it had risen to 977, which shows what women and advertising can do for an industry.

Imperfect ears, eyes, teeth, hearts and other physical impairments are more common among skilled workmen than among farmers, professional men, business executives, salesmen, clerks and merchants.

There are 960 private sea-going yachts in the United States, with crews numbering up to 56 men; the most powerful one is J. P. Morgan's second Corsair with 6,000 h. p. and the largest is Carl J. Forstmann's Orion weighing 3,015 gross tons.

The most profitable businesses in the United States today are banking, insurance, real estate, stock and bond brokerage and the manufacturing of chemicals.

The world's busiest "telephone street corner"—the spot where the largest number of underground cables cross one another—is 36th Street and 7th Avenue, New York City.

Kerbela, Holy City of Grief of the Shiah Mohammedans in Iraq, is one of the world's strangest places; thousands journey there annually to bury the bones of their dead in its sacred soil; no Jews or Christians are allowed, and once a year it holds a religious ceremony called "The Return of the Dead" during which the weird lamentations and breast-beating of the populace proclaim anew a grief that has tortured it for twelve centuries.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual, brief facts accepted for this column. Give source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELEVEN TUBES

NEW, MIRACULOUS RADIO RECEPTION

PHILCO SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS

You will scarcely believe your ears when you hear the magic realism of Philco's new and revolutionary radio ➤➤➤ It combines, for the first time in any set, three principles and many features *never before brought together in any radio at any price* ➤➤➤ Here you have Philco's exclusive balanced units, PLUS 11 tubes, screen grid power and sensitivity, PLUS superheterodyne selectivity ➤➤➤ Traffic jams of the air disappear. The one, big program you want, among crowded city stations or out in the country, is picked out accurately, easily, without overlapping. And the Glowing Arrow Indicator makes Philco the surest, most accurate and quickest tuning set in the world. You log your favorite stations on the Station Recording Dial and ever afterward tune these stations by simply bringing the call letters exactly under the glowing arrow ➤➤➤ Regardless of the set you now own or are thinking of buying, this new marvelous Philco is the greatest radio value of all time. You have never heard such gorgeous tone, such life-like reproduction ➤➤➤ Be sure to hear this 11-tube Philco Superheterodyne-PLUS before you buy any radio ➤➤➤ Let your nearest Philco dealer demonstrate this new Philco. He has the most complete line of radios in the world from Baby Grands at $49.50 to Screen Grid at $110; Superheterodyne-PLUS Radios at $129.50 and $155; Radio-Phonographs, $99.50 to $272, less tubes; Philco Balanced Tubes for balanced performance. And enjoy radio as you ride with a Philco-Transitone Automobile Radio, $65, including tubes. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West ➤➤➤ Hear the Philco Symphony Orchestra, on the air every week over more than 100 stations ➤➤➤ PHILCO, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING AND MOST COMPLETE RADIO LINE

Never before such radio reception as this—at the left you see pictured the distorted tone that comes from a set whose units are but partially balanced. At the right is pictured the true, clear, undistorted tone produced by Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set

MORE THAN A SUPERHETERODYNE SET BECAUSE IT IS PLUS THESE FEATURES:

ELEVEN-TUBE POWER AND DISTANCE — Far beyond average need, but wonderful to bring YOU programs never heard before.

AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL—Making this power USEFUL by holding programs at constant level WITHOUT FADING.

TONE-CONTROL—4 qualities of tone, "Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow," "Deep"—whichever YOU like at a touch of the finger.

SUPERHETERODYNE SELECTIVITY—Combined with the power and sensitivity of Screen Grid tubes, giving sharp tuning such as you have never experienced.

ILLUMINATED STATION RECORDING DIAL—With glowing arrow indicator and permanent log of favorite stations. Surest and most accurate tuning ever devised.

PHILCO BALANCED TUBES — Combined with Philco Balanced Units which eliminate radio distortion. An important contribution to Philco's superb tone, power and selectivity.

ELEVEN-TUBE LOWBOY

The Philco 11-tube Superheterodyne-Plus chassis in a beautiful walnut cabinet with Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, Tone-Control, built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker and Balanced Units (less tubes) $129.50

Or in an exquisite Highboy with doors (less tubes) $155.00

All sets are sold with Philco Balanced Tubes

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

♠ Double and redouble

the ♥ pleasure of playing by serving

both of these famous honor ♦ scorers —

White Rock and White Rock Ginger Ale. ♣

White Rock

The leading mineral water

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 21

to lead up to the one entry—the one to which the Greek drew my attention."

"You mean the sale, some time after poor Norwich and I were there, of a set of opals to a mythical customer?"

Dawson Haig nodded.

"For the considerable sum of two thousand pounds in cash," he added, savagely. "Which cash, when I challenged him, the Greek produced from the safe. Infernally clever. Damnably, poisonously clever. I'm skirting the edge of this case, Kearney. I'm a thousand miles from the heart of it."

"Personally," Kearney confessed, "I'm very uneasy about those entries in the memo-book."

"Not half so uneasy as I am," said Dawson Haig. "Something you have told me tonight—but which you didn't mention in the note you left—has given me a clue . . . perhaps too late!"

"What did I tell you?"

"About that squealing laughter. It was the Big Chief you heard—King Rat! Any doubt I ever had about his real identity *you* have settled! I know now whom I have to deal with."

"I'm afraid I don't follow."

"I'll try to make it plain. I can tell you, at last, because I know I am right. You remember I went to Singapore a year back? . . . I was following a clue which I hoped would lead to the break-up of a big drug ring—and I knew (note this point) that Jo Lung was one of the group. They dealt in stolen property and other merchandise.

"Guess where that clue led?"

Kearney shook his head; he was listening intently.

"To the villa, or rather palace, at Johore Bahru, of the Marquis Yu'an Hee See—ex-admiral of China!"

"But you don't mean that he—"

"I mean," Haig went on quickly, "that he declined to see me. A highly burnished secretary informed me that his excellency had left Singapore two days before. He was full of regrets. Of course, I had no alternative but to pretend to believe the liar and come away. I was skating on thin ice, and I knew it. Yet I was sure, Matt—I was *sure*.

"And as I left the place I heard someone laughing! Yes! I couldn't credit it at first any more than you could! Then I remembered something. . . .

"THE marquis had been shot in the throat just prior to the break-up of that old régime under which he held his commission as admiral of the fleet! His vocal cords were affected. The incredible laughter I heard was the laughter of Yu'an Hee See!"

Matt Kearney sprang up.

"You mean that—"

"I mean that Yu'an Hee See is Big Chief—King Rat! And he was at Jo Lung's tonight. It was *his* memo-book that you picked up. You have heard how it was recovered!"

"But, what happened—in Singapore?"

Dawson Haig finished his drink and shrugged his shoulders.

"On my way back from Johore Bahru," he replied, "I was ingeniously lured into a Chinese bath of feathers—that's all!"

"Bath of feathers?"

"Exactly. Kearney! It's too late to go into details. Incidentally, though, I got out again . . . and there was no possible connection between this dastardly attempt and my call on the marquis!

"I failed, old man—failed miserably. My name with the chief was Mud. Yet, you see, I was on the right track. Yu'an Hee See was in Limehouse tonight. Yu'an Hee See directed the murder of poor Norwich! I *know*, now—because you heard him laughing. . . ."

"Good God! Haig! an idea . . . he may be sailing in the Wallaroo!"

Dawson Haig nodded—and grinned.

"I hadn't overlooked that possibility. Detective-Sergeant Durham sails in the Wallaroo as far as Marseilles. . . ."

"I'm glad of that," said Kearney.

Haig stared at him very hard, and:

"Most blandly," he said, "the Greek gentleman I've mentioned referred to their establishment in Stamboul tonight. He was safe. There's about as much chance of getting justice in Stamboul as of finding a gold mine in Shoreditch. But the Stamboul branch, as well as that in Limehouse, doesn't deal exclusively in stolen goods, or even drugs. The marquis is interested in a third industry—possibly based upon Stamboul but probably not."

"What do you mean?" Kearney asked excitedly.

"*Slaves!*" Haig replied. "Yu'an Hee See is the biggest slave trader in the East!"

EILEEN, a light sleeper, was awakened by the revolutions of the screw of the Wallaroo. She sat up with a start.

Dim, gray light was shining through the slatted shutter closed over her stateroom window. There was a muffled tumult. The ship vibrated. Dim shouting. For a few brief moments panic swept over her. What had happened? Where was she? Then the truth dawned. Of course!

She jumped out of bed, pulled the shutter aside and peeped out across a deserted deck.

That dreary panorama of the Lower Thames was slipping by, a drab and desolate picture. Factory chimneys, eerie against a leaden sky. Nondescript buildings. Mud. Areas which appeared to consist of vast scrap heaps. No sign of human life.

She watched for a while. Faint drizzle was falling. A deck hand wearing thigh boots tramped past her window trailing a hose pipe. A loud and steady bumping sound again began on the deck above her. Really, it was all too depressing! She closed the shutter with a bang and turned the light up.

The expensive-looking box of cigarettes which Dawson Haig had brought lay in a net rack above her head. Eileen reached up, took out a cigarette and lighted it.

And so she sat there smoking and reflecting upon a hundred and one things, but chiefly upon the problem of whether she should write to Dawson Haig as she had said she would do or whether she should wait to see if there was a letter from him at Marseilles . . .

Someone—someone who had a regular, heavy tread—was pacing the deck on which her stateroom opened. As this promenader passed and re-passed she experienced a rising curiosity respecting his identity. No doubt a fellow passenger, unseasonably awakened, as she had been, and who, despairing of further sleep, had gone out for a walk.

Presently she heard his returning footsteps approaching from the after end. Her cigarette was finished and she extinguished it against the side of the washbowl. She turned off the light and, crossing the cabin, pushed the shutter aside and peeped out.

She saw the promenader—a big man in a double-breasted blue overcoat; a man who wore a bowler hat and who

(Continued on page 36)

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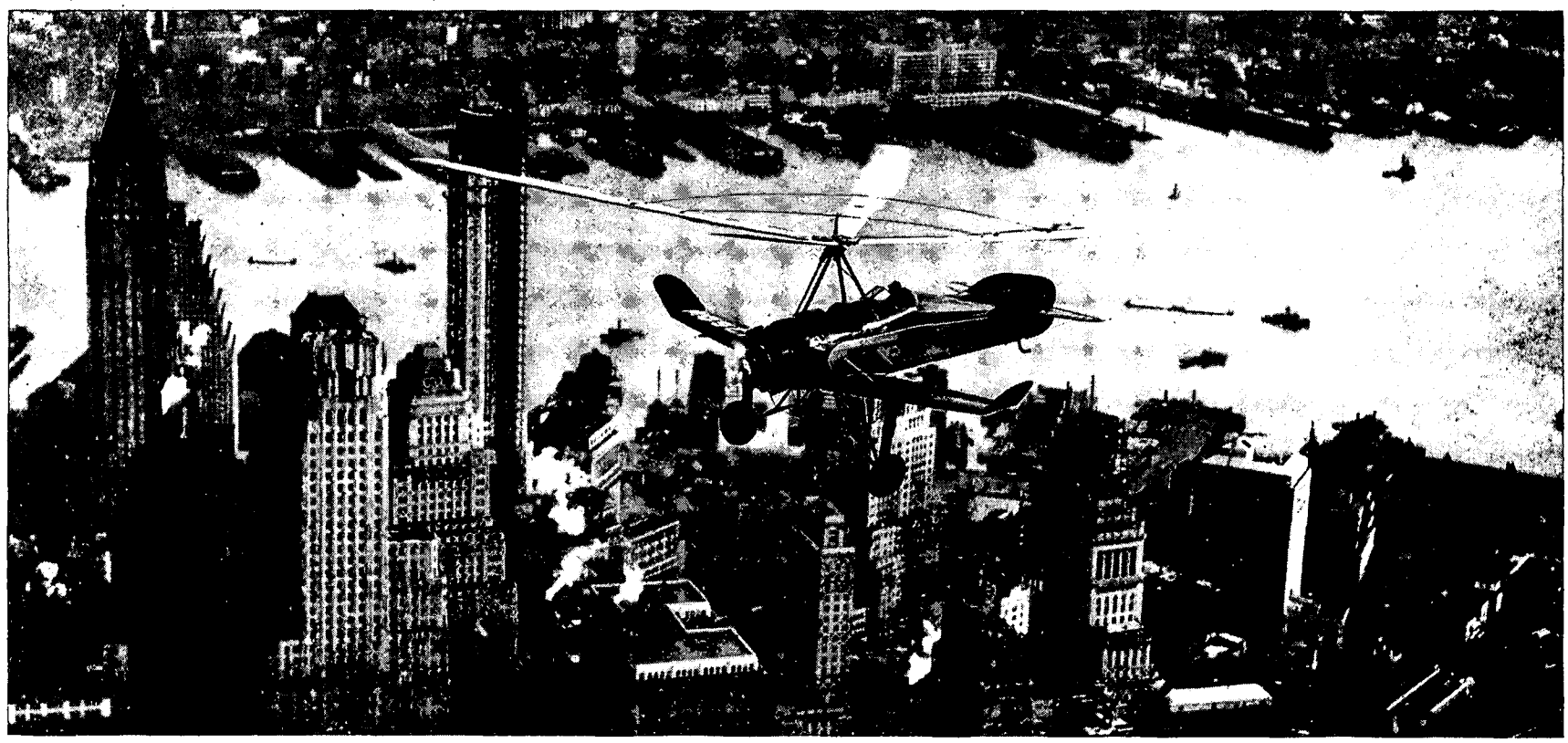


AUTOGIROS ARE NOW A FAMILIAR SIGHT FLYING OVER NEW YORK AND OTHER EASTERN CITIES

The First Public Announcement of the AUTOGIRO

© 1931, Autogiro Co. of America

It is with pride that we can make the statement, officially and publicly, that the Autogiro is proved and demonstrated, beyond question, as a practical, greatly advanced type of aircraft.

Nearly ten years of intensive laboratory and experimental work with 70 different models; over one hundred and twenty-five thousand miles of actual test flight here and abroad, have so developed and proved the Cierva theory that it is possible for the design and production of Autogiros to be undertaken with foreknowledge of the results to be obtained.

The tremendous national attention aroused by the Autogiro, especially during the last two years since its further development was undertaken in this country, has caused great pressure to be brought to bear upon its sponsors for a public statement. We have been unwilling to make such an official announcement until it could be stated without qualification that the Autogiro was ready for commercial development.

The soundness of the theory of the Autogiro was actually proved by its first successful flights in Spain in 1923.

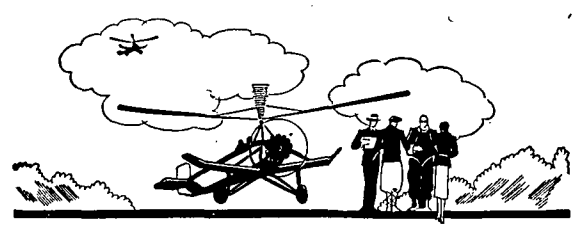
Rapid progress in the practical application of the theory was marked by increasingly sensational flights throughout each succeeding year — including its first cross-channel flight and a 3,000 mile trip around Europe in 1928.

Since 1928 Autogiros have flown almost daily in this country. They have repeatedly shown their unique flying characteristics at the leading airports of the East and before many private groups of civil and government aviation officials.

CHARACTERISTICS

The Autogiro differs basically from all other heavier-than-air craft in the source of its lifting capacity. This lift is given primarily by four rotating blades which take the place of the familiar wings of an airplane. There is no time when this supporting rotation of the blades can be stopped while the machine is in the air, as their motion is produced solely by wind pressure caused by the movement of the Autogiro in any direction, climbing, level flight, gliding or descending vertically. The supporting rotation of the blades is entirely independent of the engine, whose sole function is to propel the Autogiro.

The Autogiro presents flying characteristics hitherto impossible. It can take off at low speed after a very short run, and immediately assume a steep-climbing angle. It can fly well over 100 miles per hour or as slowly as 20 miles per hour. It can be brought momentarily to a standstill and hover. It can bank and turn slowly without fear of loss of forward speed. It can glide or descend vertically at a speed less than that of a man descending in a parachute, and with virtually no forward speed even with a dead engine. Above all, it can not fall off into a spin from a stall. As a result, little operating skill is required.



Cierva himself flew an Autogiro in its first important public demonstrations in America at the 1929 National Air Races at Cleveland. Tremendous impetus was added to public interest by the three Autogiros which were a regular daily feature of the 1930 National Air Race Program at Chicago.

With public enthusiasm growing in proportion to the more and more commonplace sight of Autogiros in the air, its sponsors have been increasingly urged to release the Autogiro for commercial production.

Possessing ample resources, however, they have been able to carry the development forward without undue haste and with a view to the best interests of aviation as a whole. No element of financial promotion has been involved.

We can now launch the Autogiro, fully satisfied with the solution of the major engineering problems that have been encountered. We are confident that the average person can contemplate operating the Autogiro with assurance comparable to that experienced with the automobile.

The Autogiro Company of America is not a manufacturing or selling company. It is solely an engineering and licensing organization. It owns and controls, exclusively, all Autogiro patent rights in the United States. Manufacturing companies of high standing will be licensed to build Autogiros with the full co-operation of our engineering staff.

AUTOGIRO COMPANY OF AMERICA · · · · LAND TITLE BUILDING · · · · PHILADELPHIA

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Overlooking the Blue Pacific at San Pedro, California

Largest Fleet of Daily Trains to California led by the Los Angeles Limited and the famous Overland Limited. Observation and dining cars all the way on all trains. Smoothest roadbed on earth. Convenient departures from Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Denver.

All the West Is Yours via Union Pacific

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM — THE OVERLAND ROUTE

The carefree economical way to vacationland. Comfortable trains all the way. You arrive fresh and fit, have extra days for extra pleasures, come home rested. Union Pacific serves 15 National Parks and more of the scenic West than any other railroad, including

Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon
Yellowstone-Grand Teton
Rocky Mountain National Parks
Colorado
California and Hawaii
Pacific Northwest and Alaska

This summer, at little more than half the usual fares, via Union Pacific, you can visit any of the above named vacationlands. Convenient stopovers possible at all points en route.

Let us also tell you about our escorted all-expense tours. You save money, know the cost before you start.

Write today for free illustrated booklets about any of our Western vacation wonderlands.

J. P. Cummins, General Passenger Agent, Room 3
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me complete information and booklets about.....

.....

Name ..... Street.....

City ..... State.....

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

UNION PACIFIC

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 34

glanced aside with what seemed like definite curiosity as he passed her door. He was fresh-complexioned and had blue eyes—very friendly-looking blue eyes.

There was nothing in the least degree alarming about him, except that he seemed to be interested in her cabin. Also, she had not noticed him among the passengers who had come aboard at the King George Dock.

Eileen reclosed the shutter, and turned in. Dreaming of crossing the dance floor of Mount Lavinia Hotel and meeting Jack Rattray with a friend—an odd-looking friend who wrinkled up his eyes when he smiled—she presently fell asleep. And Detective-Sergeant Durham, noting that her light had gone out again, made a mental note of the fact and passed along B deck to another cabin which interested him. He stood near the porthole filling his pipe, and then moved on.

Opening a heavy door, he stepped into a cross-alleyway. A wooden rail surrounded a stair well. Below was a dining-room. He turned left, into an alleyway running forward and aft. An illuminated sign notified him that there were bathrooms on his right, and he pressed on. Peering curiously at the door of one stateroom, which was only slightly open, he proceeded farther to another. . . .

Presently, he came out on deck again, and stared reflectively across those dreary flats which announce to the traveler the fact that he is nearing the mouth of the Thames.

SOME passengers on the night cross-Channel steamer from Boulogne noticed a gray motor cruiser which passed them in a dead calm sea about halfway across. Her extraordinary turn of speed excited their curiosity.

They must have been even more intrigued could they have witnessed the arrival of this mysterious craft off the French coast.

Stealing through the haze of a gray and cheerless dawn, the mystery boat edged in, point by point, to where a lazy swell played idly upon a shelving beach, beyond which lay desolate sand dunes stretching in the direction of Boulogne.

Stern on to the flat beach it lay, showing no lights, with propellers turning lazily. Presently a boat came out from a shadowy inlet, the entrance to which was invisible in that half light. Two rowers labored at the oars, and very shortly drew alongside.

Those small, square cases which had come from Limehouse were transferred from the motor cruiser to the boat. Orange Blossom then stepped gingerly into the little craft, supported by Yu'an Hee See, who followed her. Finally came Jo Lung. As the boat swung away:

"You will receive your orders tomorrow," said Yu'an Hee See rapidly in Chinese.

A yellow face surmounted by a woolen cap peered down from the deck of the cruiser, and:

"I hear, my lord," the man replied, and disappeared.

There came a whirr of powerful engines, a deep forceful churning, and the gray streak shot away to the southwest, swiftly to be swallowed up in morning mist. The two rowers bent to their oars.

Some distance up the little creek, flanked by coarse sea grass, a landing-stage projected, and beyond might be seen the roof of a wooden hut. At this landing-stage the party disembarked, passing along rotting timbers of a narrow causeway to the hut. This contained shrimping nets, spare oars; and upon a little runway which opened out of it lay another boat.

There were two rough bunks in the hut, and a fire was burning in a stove. The woman, resting her elbow upon a shelf which contained a number of tins and bottles, warmed slender, arched feet before the fire. Yu'an Hee See, his arms locked behind him, stood staring out through the open doorway until the men had carried in all the boxes. Then:

"They must stay here for the present," he said, pointing to the floor.

A board was quickly pried up by one of the two and then removed bodily. Its removal enabled a larger section of the floor—a concealed trap—to be lifted. Rough wooden steps led down into darkness. The Chinaman watched the boxes being stowed in this hidden cellar. When the work was completed and all traces of this hiding place concealed again:

"Come," he said to the woman, "we have no time to delay."

Pursuing a path which led around the seaward side of the hut, they came out upon the sand dunes. Perhaps half a mile away, guarded by a clump of funereal trees, a small farm building might be seen.

No sound greeted them when at last they reached the first of the outbuildings. In fact, on closer inspection, the farm appeared to be deserted. They crossed a weed-grown courtyard and skirted one side of the main farm building. Jo Lung unlocked the door of a broken-down barn.

There, a vision of blue enamel and gleaming silver plate, appeared a large French touring car. Jo Lung disappeared into the gloomy shadows of the barn, whilst the others made themselves comfortable in the car, the Chinaman solicitously spreading a fur rug over his companion's knees.

When Jo Lung returned, he wore a blue-and-white uniform with a smart, peaked cap.

"Paris," said Yu'an Hee See—"straight to headquarters."

"THE fact remains," said Dawson Haig, "there isn't a scrap of evidence to connect the establishment of our friend Jo Lung with the murder! Even if we had found the opals there, and definitely identified them as having once been the property of Lady Dakenham, that wouldn't have helped. They might have come ashore with other wreckage—or been picked up by Arab fishermen—and so come into Jo Lung's possession. But even that possibility was foreseen and dealt with.

"The case of the notebook was different, of course. If we could have produced *that*—it might have proved to be a hanging matter for somebody. But legally it's valueless as evidence. You understand what I mean?"

Kearney nodded. They had just finished lunch in a Strand grillroom. He sipped his coffee thoughtfully. Two days had elapsed, and little or nothing had been done.

"From the point of view of the law," he said slowly, "that book has no existence. I fully appreciate the fact."

"Exactly." Dawson Haig lighted another cigarette. "That it contained valuable clues is proved by the steps taken to recover it. But these clues, or what you and I can remember of them, frankly convey very little. In

(*Continued on page 41*)

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Open Hearts To Spring

All Nature signals its inspiring, colorful reawakening. No heart too old, no heart too young to escape its happy influence, or resist the corresponding allure of Mi Choice with its promise of toothsome delights. For in this smart package are luscious creams, rare fruits, crispy nut fillings, jellies, nougats, chewy pieces and hard centers of indescribable goodness. Twenty-seven distinctive varieties of America's finest chocolates. Your dealer has Mi Choice Chocolates in 1, 2, 3 and 5 pound packages. Or you can order direct—$1.50 per pound or 25c for a miniature trial package, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Simply address—3301 Franklin Boulevard, Chicago.

Bunte Mi Choice CHOCOLATES

BUNTE BROTHERS *(Established 1876)*

Makers of Fine Candies For Every Occasion

CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

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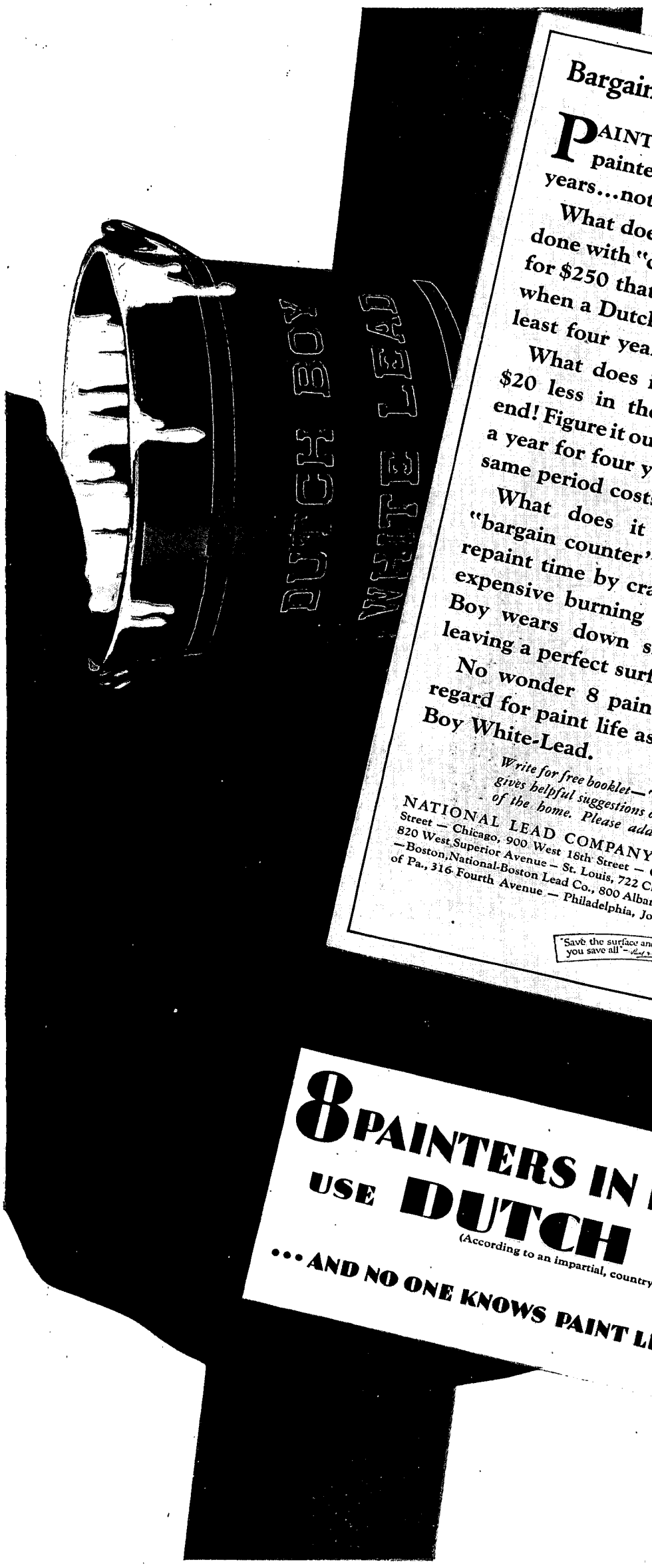

Bargain Counter Paints Are No Bargains

PAINTERS who know paint best . . . *master painters* . . . work on the common-sense basis that years . . . not dollars . . . determine what a paint job costs.

What does it profit you, for example, to get a job done with "cheap" paint—"bargain counter" paint—for $250 that lasts perhaps two years at $125 a year, when a Dutch Boy job costs, say, $270 and lasts at least four years at $67.50 a year?

What does it profit you if your paint job costs $20 less in the beginning but $230 more in the end! Figure it out for yourself. "Cheap" paint at $125 a year for four years costs $500. Dutch Boy for the same period costs $270—a 4-year saving of $230!

What does it profit you if, in addition, the "bargain counter" paint *doubles* your costs at next repaint time by cracking and scaling, which means expensive burning and scraping . . . while Dutch Boy wears down smoothly by gradual chalking, leaving a perfect surface for repainting.

No wonder 8 painters in every 10, with a due regard for paint life as well as paint cost, use Dutch Boy White-Lead.

Write for free booklet—"The House We Live In"—which gives helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of the home. Please address the nearest branch office.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY—New York, 111 Broadway—Buffalo, 116 Oak Street—Chicago, 900 West 18th Street—Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue—Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue—St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street—San Francisco, 2240 24th Street—Boston, National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany Street—Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co., of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue—Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Building.

"Save the surface and you save all"—

8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10 USE DUTCH BOY

(According to an impartial, country-wide survey)

... AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

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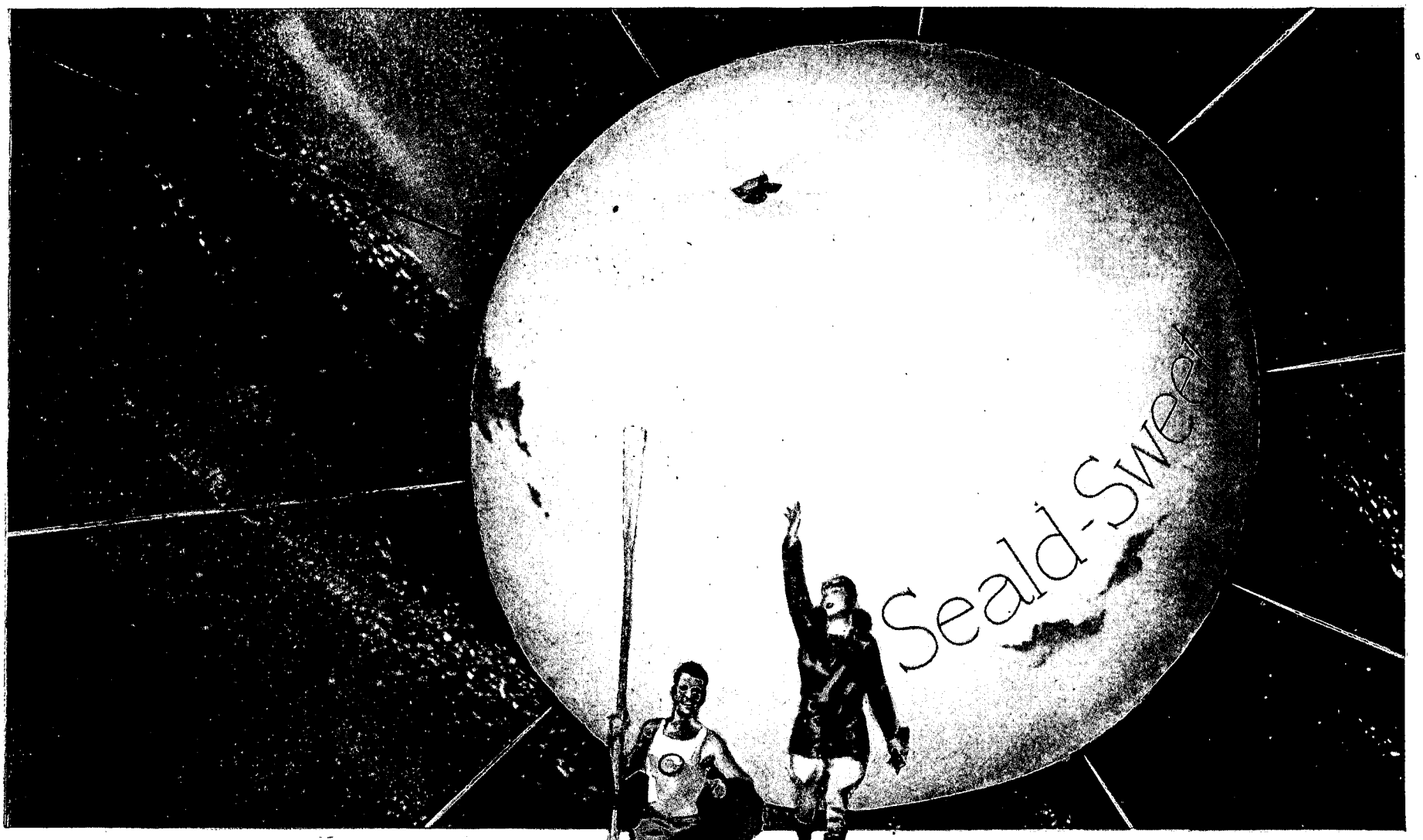
Shake off the ills of raw March days *with* the summer-time health of grapefruit

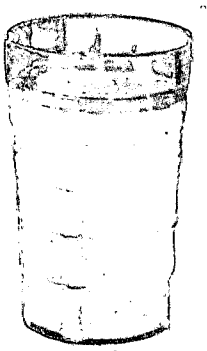


Seald-Sweet

FLORIDA'S • FINEST • GRAPEFRUIT

ACIDOSIS is the cause of many a March ailment. It's just another name for that "run down" feeling which means you haven't had enough garden vegetables and fruit during the winter when they're scarce. Don't wait for summer to bring your system back to par—back to the point where it can fight off colds. These are the very days to eat plenty of luscious grapefruit because they *banish* acidosis.

Grapefruit are crammed with the "freshness" vitamin and mineral salts almost everybody needs in spring. And one word will get you the plumpest, juiciest, sweetest grapefruit grown. That word is Seald-Sweet. It is only used on the finest fruit that grows in Florida groves. Out of all the fruit, Seald-Sweets are carefully chosen — and when you buy this fruit by name, you get the superb flavor, the extra weight and extra juice found in the pick of the crop.

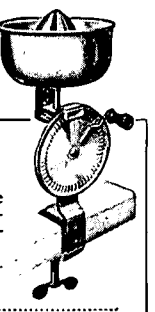


Drink a glass of "Seald-Sweet" every day

Eat Seald-Sweets for breakfast to give the new day a delightful beginning. Then try a glass of the clear, tangy juice, right out of the bulging golden fruit. And, to complete a March day's rule of health, use the tender meat for the most tempting salads you ever ate. Seald-Sweets, two or three times a day, are really a necessity to guard against acidity and the common run of spring ills.

REDUCE WITH GRAPEFRUIT

Women particularly need Seald-Sweet protection in their diet. Acidity is one of the perils of reducing — and grapefruit counteracts acidity, in the natural way. It supplies needed bulk and nourishing minerals with a minimum of fat-producing calories. Send coupon now.



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Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 36

the next place, I certainly had a glimpse —a horrifying glimpse—in your rooms, of the murderer of Norwich. But, as you have pointed out, my description might be that of anything from a ghost to a wild animal!"

Kearney laughed.

"In short, the establishment of Jo Lung, with valuable property stolen from all over the world, with its so-called burglar alarms, and other novel features, must carry on as usual entirely undisturbed by Scotland Yard!"

He looked up, his keen blue eyes gleaming savagely across the little table.

"IN SPITE of the fact that one of the most dangerous criminals in the world uses the place as his London base, and that some hired killer of his murdered one of the best men in my department only two nights ago! Not to add that a consignment of drugs, which may have been worth several thousand pounds, was lying about there under our very noses—but, you may take my word for it, is there no longer!"

"That horrible laughter which I heard would certainly point to the fact that Yu'an Hee See in person was at Jo Lung's on Friday night."

"I'm almost certain," Haig snapped, "he was on the dock when the crates were removed from the Wallaroo! He was the fur-coated man who slipped through the gates just before I spoke to you! That was his car ahead of us —but we failed to overtake him in the fog. He drove straight to Jo Lung's!"

He sighed, knocking ash from his cigarette.

"The remote possibility that he may himself be joining the ship at Marseilles I have dealt with, as you know. Durham is on board. But his first message was admittedly not encouraging. It merely consisted of the words 'nothing to report.' I take this to mean that there is nothing suspicious about the occupants of the cabins mentioned in those mysterious notes—"

"One of which is Eileen's!"

"I know," Haig groaned, "and I can't get that fact out of my mind. I have checked the curious entry relating to 'Suleiman Bey's.' Paris notified us this morning that there is a certain restaurant of that name near the Moulin Galette. It's never come under police notice, however. All the same I'm going across this afternoon. The inquiry is at a standstill here. . . ."

A SHADOW fell suddenly over the table and Kearney looked up with a start. He found himself looking into the unfathomable dark eyes of Mr. Polodos!

"Really, gentlemen," said the smiling Greek, "it was purely by accident that I noticed you as I was going out."

"Very odd," said Dawson Haig shortly. "Were you sitting near us?"

"No! A considerable distance away. But I have, of course, been reading the accounts of this shocking and mysterious affair in Limehouse."

"No doubt!" said Haig.

"I was of course unaware," Polodos continued, "that *Mr. Bronsen*" (he emphasized the pseudonym, staring hard at Kearney) "was a member of the force."

Neither answered; but:

"My natural regret is no less," Polodos continued, "by reason of the fact that the unhappy man was a police spy, sent to Limehouse—I suppose by you, inspector—under some mistaken apprehension or another. I was deeply shocked when I heard the truth—deeply shocked."

"You would be, of course," Dawson Haig agreed.

"Your fellows have given me a lot of trouble; but I must admit they have acted with as much consideration as was compatible with their duty. In the circumstances I quite understand how this unfortunate misapprehension has arisen. But I gather that there is absolutely no clue to the nature of the creature which caused the man's death?"

"Nothing in London," said Dawson Haig, his keen blue eyes fixed intently on the dark eyes of the speaker. "By the way, has Mr. Jo Lung returned from Paris?"

For the first time during this brief conversation the hypnotically steady eyes of Polodos flickered slightly, as both clearly detected; and:

"Paris!" he echoed sharply. "Who suggested that he was in Paris?"

"You are very forgetful," Dawson Haig lied coldly. "You told me so yourself."

"I am afraid you are mistaken," Polodos declared hastily. "I must have referred to someone else."

"Possibly." Haig spoke lightly. "He is not back, however?"

"No, not back. The best of luck, Inspector, in your inquiry."

Polodos bowed slightly and went out.

Dawson Haig watched him from the tail of one eye; then:

"An arrow into the air, Kearney," he said, "but it found its billet. Jo Lung *is* in Paris! Probably the murderer is with him. They have slipped away until the trouble blows over. I shall cut across at once."

THE Restaurant Suleiman Bey, adjoining the Place Pigalle, was not included in the tours of those night guides who conduct parties of innocent tourists around the French capital. In contrast to its apparently more prosperous neighbors, it seemed to be a quiet little place, with sleepy, curtained windows and a glimpse, when the door was opened, of a narrow counter where Turkish coffee might be purchased by weight in small or large quantities.

Beyond was a curtained door. A very savory smell of roasting coffee characterized the establishment.

The night was wet and patrons were few, but presently two men came along, pushed the door open and entered. The one who led, a gaunt, pale-faced fellow, had something of the appearance of the traditional artist, notably a shock of graying dark hair, a small mustache and a straggly beard.

Since real painters have long since fled that district, his appearance was no doubt illusory.

He was accompanied by a man who might have passed for an American tourist. When, on entering, he removed his soft black hat, he revealed a closely cropped head of dark brown hair crowning a clean-shaven, truculent face. He was buttoned up in a waterproof and keen blue eyes were visible through the lenses of tortoise-shell spectacles.

Apparently the artistic gentleman knew the place well, for he nodded to a stout lady who stood behind the counter, raised the curtain in the opening beyond, and the two entered a long, rectangular room.

Faded plush seats lined one wall broken by a buffet and a draped opening. A number of tables were covered with check cloths, badly holed where cigarettes had been laid upon them;

(*Continued on page 44*)

The 2 coolest barbers are the INGRAM twins

[TERRY TUBE AND JERRY JAR]

I'M A MOOSE and I don't mean a Senator from Pennsylvania. I live up here in Labrador. I thought I knew what COOL meant. But I was wrong!

These two Ingram boys put me on the spot—I mean in the chair, and the shave they gave me, though it warmed the cockles of my heart, left the old chin

COOL and COMFORTABLE

I competed in the Ingram contest and I didn't win a prize! But I like these two Ingram barbers (Terry Tube and Jerry Jar) for they both have the same kind of interiors—that is to say, they are the only 2 shaving creams in the world with real insides (guts, sir, if you prefer the word).

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We feel so certain that Ingram's (tube or jar) is what you want, that we aren't making the slightest effort to sell you anything. Instead, we offer to give you 10 cool shaves free. We lose money if you don't like them (fine chance, that) but we make a dime a year if you do!

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How can you be sure of Safe Miles? Kelly-Springfield Tires now offer you printed proof you can actually *see*—Kelly Safetygraphs, made by a tire picked at random from stock. Note the sharp-edge contact of the brand new Kelly tread scientifically designed to give you safe mileage. 24-hour-a-day driving made the test abnormally severe, far more gruelling

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A test car, driving continuously night and day for thousands of miles, over mountain roads, was driven over strips of carbon paper at regular stages. The tires, like huge rubber stamps, printed these "carbon copies" of Safe Miles—the Kelly Safetygraphs. The sharp-edge contacts of the Kelly tread, still clearly defined after thousands of miles of hard road wear, give printed proof that Safe Miles are delivered by Kellys during their notably long life.

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Note the sharp-edge contact that gives safety.
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Still clear and sharp—safety perfectly evident.
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Slight wear—safety still well defined.
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Tire worn—but you can still see safety.
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THEN YOU NEED

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A Daily Skin Treatment While You Shave. Mennen lather penetrates into the pores. There it softens the embedded dirt and oil deposits which are the cause of most men's skin ailments—pimples, blackheads, muddy skin. After your shave, wash away the lather—and you flush away those dirt deposits. You leave your face really clear and clean... Thus the daily Mennen shave is a daily skin health treatment as well!

P. S. To finish off a good shave in a good way—use Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tint—doesn't show. Removes face shine. Protects the skin... Great after a bath too.

To introduce

THE NEW 35¢ TUBE

This Sensational Money-Saving Offer:

35¢ TUBE MENNEN SHAVING CREAM (ORIGINAL OR MENTHOL-ICED)

25¢ TIN MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN

BOTH FOR 47¢

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 41

and a little stair at the farther end led up to a curtained doorway.

Only six customers were present; four of these around a table near the staircase, two upon the settee. The new arrivals seated themselves at a discreet distance from these two, and ordered coffee.

Their order was taken by an Arab waiter, very dirtily dressed. As he departed to execute it, both stared without apparent signs of interest about the room. The group of four by the staircase, three men and a woman, might readily be classified, in view of the reputation of the Restaurant Suleiman Bey as a meeting place of advanced Communists. One of the men was speaking in a low voice, with great earnestness. His audience of three hung upon his words.

THE two men seated on the settee were of a different type. One, a slight, dark-faced fellow, might have been Portuguese. He constantly glanced with uneasy curiosity in the direction of the stairway. The other, one table removed, was a thick-set, debauched-looking man of fifty-odd, smoking a dirty old briar pipe and leaning back, his hands thrust in his shabby overcoat, staring straight before him at the opposite wall.

He had sandy hair and watery blue eyes. He might have been Dutch—or German; although as a matter of fact he was Scotch. He badly needed a shave; and except that he constantly ordered more brandy, his presence in such a spot seemed unaccountable.

"Nothing seems to be happening," said Dawson Haig.

"Nothing ever does happen here," replied M. Ballon of the Sûreté. "Plots are made and perhaps carried out, but as they are never carried out in Paris"—he shrugged—"what do we care?"

The big Scot drew one gnarled hand out of his pocket and banged it on the table before him. The Arab waiter shuffled across from some hiding place which he occupied.

"Brandy!"

The Arab retired; but almost immediately returned. And as he set more cognac before the customer he dropped a green slip, not unlike a cloakroom check or bus ticket, upon the table.

Instantly the big man grabbed it, drank his brandy at a gulp and, standing up, crossed to the stairs. He mounted, unsteadily, drew the curtain aside and disappeared. . . .

"Hello!" said Dawson Haig. "Something *has* happened. Did you notice?"

"Yes." His companion nodded. "But it is, I think, as I have said. There are other rooms here; no doubt some company of fools is meeting in one of them, to discuss the overthrow of the present Russian misgovernment, or something of that kind. Our brandy-swilling friend has been summoned to join them."

"Possibly," the other murmured. "But I should have liked a glimpse of that green slip, all the same."

Even as he spoke the words in a low voice the Portuguese clapped his hands, ordering the waiter to bring cigarettes.

And when this order was executed—a green slip accompanied the little blue-wrapped packet!

The customer visibly started at sight of it and was apparently about to address the waiter. But that indifferent character had already turned and disappeared into his lair on the opposite side of the room.

Putting the cigarettes into his pocket, the dark-faced man stood up, a small, lithe figure, and started up the stairs as the other had done.

"H'm!" said Dawson Haig. "A second chance missed. Little as you think of this matter, I would give a year's pay, M. Ballon, to be present at this meeting you speak of!"

(To be continued next week)

"Tell me candidly are there any vitamins in lettuce?"
"Lady, as I tell my own missus, you'll never know the difference if you soak it overnight."

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

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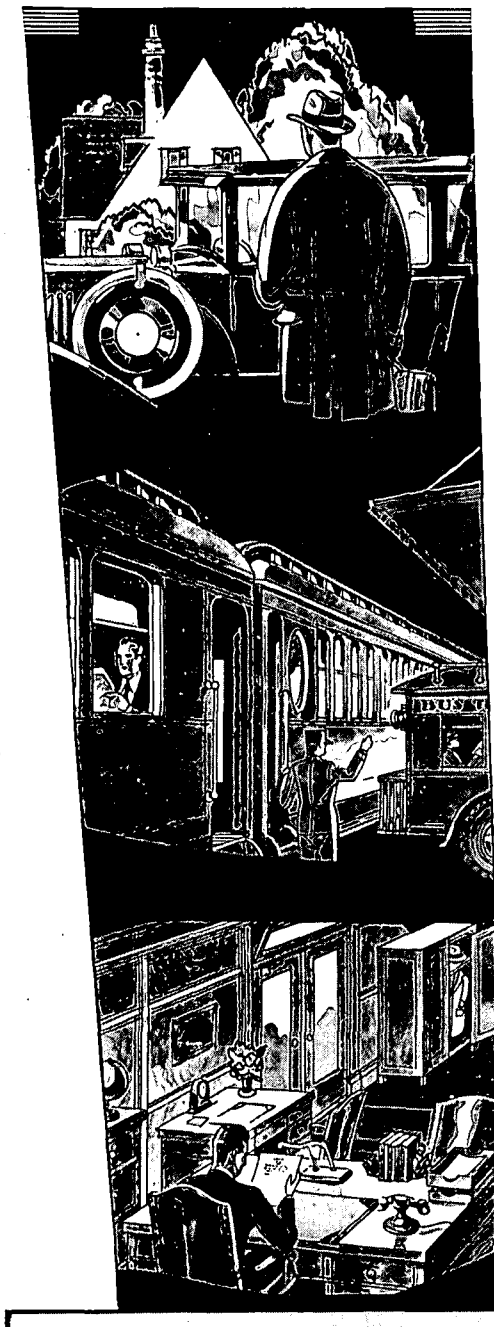

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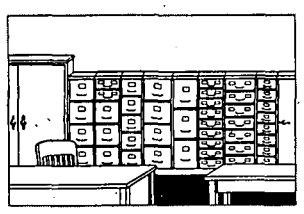
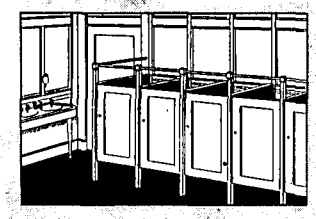
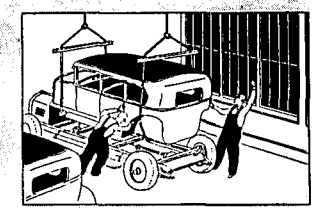


Steel desks, files, lockers, doors, trim and partitions, cut down fire risk—save lives.



Steel toilet and shower partitions are absolutely sanitary, pleasing in appearance and inexpensive.



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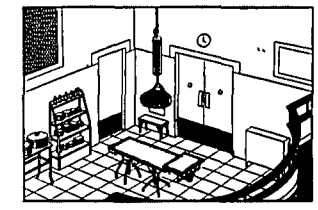

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Your favorite hardware dealer carries Nicholson or Black Diamond Files. Mill supply dealers also carry them for every industrial need.

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G. & H. BARNETT CO.

A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Paddy Flaps his Wings

Continued from page 13

Irishman rejoined from his very comfortable seat. "Myself, I think the whole place is fine. Marvelous country! The perfume from those peach trees we passed down in the valley reminded me of the smell of my late uncle's distillery, and as for the roses on that last slope, next time you stop this old bus of yours I'm for helping myself to a handful."

Peter Hames drew slowly to a standstill. There was a precipice on his left, some six or seven hundred feet high, and with barely a tree on its stony surface to break one's fall. On the right, the barren hill stretched still higher, and seemed to become bleaker, save for one small stretch of cultivated land some distance ahead of them. The track along which they had been proceeding —roads had disappeared long ago—left them a bare six inches upon each side. Peter Hames, notwithstanding the fact that he was a skillful driver, began to feel that he had had enough of it. He pointed forward.

"IF YOUR Château d'Amaris is hidden on the other side of that gate, well and good. If not, I warn you that if, as seems possible from here, there is room to perform the operation, I am going to turn round and creep stealthily back to safety."

"Well spoken, my lad," Paddy Collins applauded, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "You're learning the gift of the gab from me. Proceed, and I will be a consenting party to your bargain. If no signs of the château of my respected relatives should be visible when we have passed that gate, we will steal slowly back to the land of cafés and civilization."

They moved slowly onward. A few yards from the gate Peter Hames brought the car once more to a standstill. The gate itself presented difficulty. It had apparently been withdrawn from its hinges and it was leaning in dissolute abandon, one end against a battered post and the other against a fragment of stone wall. Paddy Collins dealt with the matter in logical fashion. He removed the obstacle bodily and leaned it up against the stones. Then he waved his companion on.

"Here," he remarked, "we have space —parklike space. Something tells me that we are near the end of our quest."

Peter Hames drove between the gateposts, bore to the right toward a clear space in the rock-strewn stretch of turf and, safe from the precipice on one side and the mountain on the other, lit a cigarette with a sigh of relief.

"Farther than this, Paddy my friend," he announced, "I do not risk my car. Below, behind the orange trees there, sheltered by that row of cypresses, there is something which may be a cow barn, or may be your relatives' château. I propose that you complete your investigations on foot."

"Come out of it!" Paddy Collins begged. "I'm a shy man, and I've left my card case at home. It's not for me to go butting in on those who may have forgotten their own native language."

His friend slipped from his place.

"Under those circumstances," he assented, "I will accompany you on foot."

They marched off together, finding themselves on a sort of plateau of short, green turf, studded everywhere with boulders of ancient gray rock. The wind from the snow-capped mountains by which they were encircled stung their faces. The place had almost an Alpine aspect and atmosphere.

"What a site for a golf course!" Peter Hames mused, looking around him.

"Good feeding for goats," his companion observed.

They drew nearer to what was evidently a human habitation. With every yard their astonishment grew. It was an ancient-enough building of Provençal type, but from basement to its dilapidated roof it betrayed every sign of neglect and decay. It stood in the midst of the uncultivated land, with no possible pretense at an avenue or a garden. A gate, also hingeless and without fastening, led into a vineyard, in which no living thing was visible.

Yet the situation itself was almost incredibly beautiful. As they passed down to the front they had a glorious view of the long green slope, falling into a bottomless valley—a slope commencing with olive trees, starred farther down with yellow gorse, late-blossoming peach trees, great bushes of wild roses, a long, irregular tangle of orange trees grown wild, yielding to the mountain winds a medley of faint and unanalyzable perfume. To the right there was an amply planted but neglected apple orchard, the fluttering petals of which added further sweetness to the air. Farther away still, desperate efforts had been made to cultivate a small plot of arable land. Higher up, at the rear of the house, was another miserable-looking vineyard, the vines, unpruned and neglected crawling upon the ground.

"If this is the Château anything," Peter Hames exclaimed, as they turned the corner, "I shall be inclined to eat my hat!"

"One can but inquire," his friend suggested with unabated cheerfulness. "Whatever it may be, we're here, and there's a door anyway, swinging on its own hinges."

They knocked upon it—a firmly closed, oaken structure, worn and wormeaten with time. There was no reply. Out of a shed behind them a man came with a great roll of binding material under his arm and a pitchfork over his shoulder. He was a huge fellow, gaunt and bent from stooping, with a black beard streaked with gray and a sunburnt complexion, yet somehow utterly unlike the natives of the place. Peter Hames raised his hat.

"*Monsieur*," he began, "*c'est ici le Château d'Amaris?*"

THE man's eyes were fixed upon Paddy Collins. For a moment he made no reply. When he did, he spoke English with a pronounced Irish accent.

"This is the Château d'Amaris," he assented. "What about it?"

Peter Hames glanced toward his friend, who came beamingly forward.

"Are you Dennis Collins from Limerick, who married a Miss Levine from these parts?" he demanded.

"What if I am?" the man rejoined ungraciously. "Explain your business. I have learned to be suspicious of all strangers."

This was the style of conversation which suited Paddy Collins. Too much politeness, as he often maintained, got on his nerves.

"I shouldn't think you'd find many strangers would want to come to such a God-forsaken spot," he remarked. "I, being your nephew, and nephew also of old Henry Collins of Limerick, have nearly smashed up my friend's beautiful car and broken my own neck, to come and find you out. Are you mad, man, to live amidst a mass of precipices like this?"

(*Continued on page 49*)

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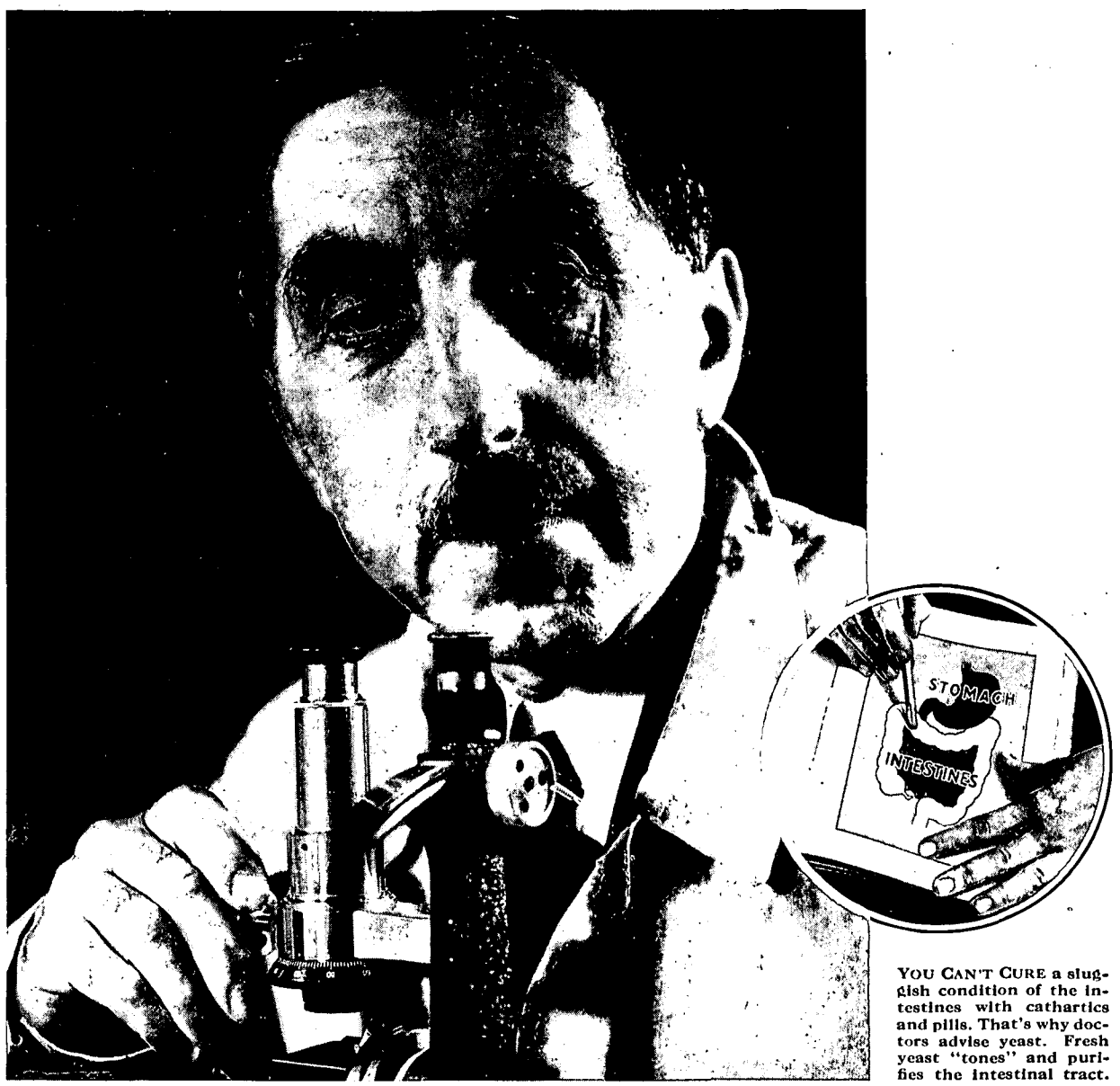
DR. HENRI LABBÉ

Specialist in metabolism, biology and nutrition. Dr. Labbé is Professeur Agrégé (full professor) in the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Paris and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France. He is frequently called upon as a consultant by other physicians in difficult cases.



YOU CAN'T CURE a sluggish condition of the intestines with cathartics and pills. That's why doctors advise yeast. Fresh yeast "tones" and purifies the intestinal tract.

This famous French physician *says*, "Yeast is *entirely different* from ordinary laxatives.."

THE statement above is from a lecture on the properties of yeast by one of the greatest medical authorities in Europe . . . Dr. Henri Labbé, of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris.

What Dr. Labbé says concerns the very vital matter of your health. It concerns a simple way to correct an unpleasant trouble that afflicts nearly every one from time to time.

"Being a food," Dr. Labbé explains, "the action of fresh yeast is entirely different from that of weakening laxatives or cathartics.

"Fresh yeast tones up the stomach and intestines—helps them to function easily and regularly. It prevents the formation of poisons in the intestinal tract . . . increases the appetite . . . helps the system resist lighter forms of infection."

Isn't it clear, from this, why so many thousands have adopted the sensible Fleischmann's Yeast method of keeping in top-notch physical trim?

"Sitting at a desk all day," *writes* Miss Adele Buffington, *Hollywood, Calif.*, "I got to feeling sluggish, run-down. My mother advised eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I haven't any health troubles now!"

(LEFT)

"I found myself tiring very easily," *writes* E. D. Elliott *of Boston*, "possibly as a result of auto-intoxication. As friends had been eating yeast, I decided to try it. It seemed to speed up the sluggish system and restore the vitality I lacked."

Add fresh yeast to your diet!

EAT THREE CAKES of Fleischmann's Yeast a day, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold).

For fresh yeast keeps bodily elimination regular *by natural means*. It strengthens sluggish intestinal muscles—softens accumulated wastes. Your whole system is gently cleansed and purified. Digestion improves. The skin clears. You are less susceptible to headaches and colds.

Why not try it? Just eat Fleischmann's Yeast every day. Eat it any way you like. Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N.Y.C.

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DR. FRONZ, physician to Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, explains: "I know nothing better than fresh yeast to regulate the intestines." DR. KROMAYER, Berlin sanitarium head, declares: "Fresh yeast purifies the whole intestinal tract."

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Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast—the kind famous doctors recommend. Eat three cakes every day!

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WIVES

IT PUTS UP A STRONG FIGHT against wear and sun and tub, and wins . . . the Commercial Shirt Company's Nofade Pepperell Shirt. "Fabric by Pepperell" . . . a sturdy fabric that does not fade and does not shrink . . . is one of the reasons. You'll find it on the label of these famous shirts . . . in well-cut, smartly tailored, collar attached or neckband styles . . . at your favorite store.

HAD A GREAT DEAL TO DO WITH IT!

WIVES know their fabrics—know real fabric value. They first gave men the tip-off about colored shirts. "Don't let them sell you shirts that fade," they said.

For wives have a yardstick with which to measure value—in Pepperell. They, and their mothers and grandmothers before them, have purchased Pepperell quality sheets.

So wives' endorsement is one of the reasons why important shirt makers turn to Pepperell Prints . . . . that WILL NOT FADE and WILL NOT SHRINK . . . for shirts-in-colors—and why they put the Pepperell name on their labels.

"Fabric by Pepperell!" You'll find it in the neckband of the famous Nofade Pepperell Shirt, made by the Commercial Shirt Company, 1239 Broadway, New York City, and sold by them to more than 4,000 retail stores throughout America.

And "Fabric by Pepperell" is well worth looking for when you want to be doubly assured of wearing quality and color-fastness in shirts—of a lot for your money in shirts . . . and in other products made of cotton!

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PEPPERELL
PRINTS IN SHIRTS

THERE ARE 412 GOOD COTTON FABRICS MADE BY PEPPERELL—THEIR NAME MEANS EXTRA WEAR

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Paddy Flaps his Wings

Continued from page 46

"Are you my brother's son, Paddy, who went off to America fifteen years ago?"

"Sure, don't you recognize me?"

A black thundercloud seemed to have darkened the man's face. He grabbed his pitchfork short.

"Well, if that's who you are, clear out," he ordered, "before I spit you with this."

" 'Tis true Irish hospitality, although on foreign soil," Paddy Collins declared, with unabated cheerfulness, but keeping his eye carefully upon the pitchfork. "This is the château right enough, Peter. It is me uncle who's speaking to us so eloquently. Things have apparently gone wrong with him the day. Still, before I leave, having risked my life and the life of my friend, in coming, could I have a word with my own cousin Eileen?"

The man was shaking with fury. What the next move might have been none of them knew, but suddenly the oaken door was dragged creakingly back and a girl stepped out. She was strangely clad, like a peasant working in the fields. Her complexion was roughened with stinging winds from snow-covered hills and hours of midday sunshine, but nothing spoilt her beauty. Straight and firm she stood, so slender that her figure seemed like the figure of a boy. Her voice was soft and liquid, but there was pride in its tone, in the poise of her daintily shaped chin and in the subdued flash of her dark blue eyes.

"I fear that my father is receiving you gentlemen unkindly," she said. "Will you forgive him? He has just had a great disappointment. Please let me know who you are and what you want. Our abode and manner of living do not, unfortunately, permit me to offer you anything in the shape of hospitality."

Paddy Collins' bow was the gesture of a courtier.

"It's little Eileen," he exclaimed, "and she's all in the clouds and not knowing her cousin Paddy."

"I know too much of you," she answered coldly. "I know that you managed to present yourself at the funeral at exactly the right moment and take the whole of Uncle Henry's money. A cousinly action that!"

"I was always a bright lad," Paddy Collins murmured.

"We don't want you here—you or your friend," his uncle shouted. "When I threatened you I meant it. Get off these premises."

"You're hasty, Uncle Dennis," his nephew remonstrated. "If you knew the trouble we've had to get here you'd be welcoming us a little more politely. Since we are here make up your mind to listen to what I have to say. It's likely enough the last time I shall ever make the expedition. My friend here values his car and his life too highly to attempt it again, and I am of the opinion that any hired vehicle would have been lying by now at the foot of the precipice. I'm a diffident speaker, and the sun is too hot on me. I'd do better sitting down, if it's only on your stone floor inside."

"A diffident speaker," his uncle muttered fiercely. "You talk like a mechanical doll."

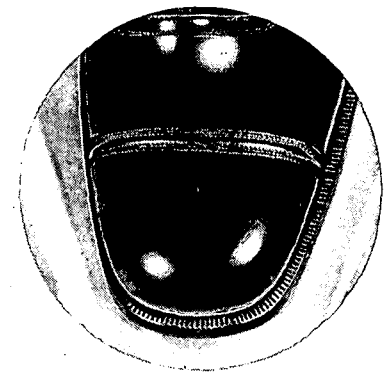
THE girl pointed to the door, which she pushed a little farther open.

"If you are not man enough to stand the sunshine," she scoffed, "pray accept the shelter of our roof. We offer no apologies. We can afford to pay none, even of the natives, to help us. The factory at Grasse is paying less for our blossoms because our pruning is bad. Our vines have failed; we cannot borrow a horse to plow our land. Our herbage would feed no animal worth keeping. Therefore," she added, as the two men passed before her into a huge

(*Continued on page 50*)

"Your *skis*, Mr. Donks—your *skis!*"

This is the year when *everything counts*



Put your best foot forward in a Walk-Over

Everybody's going forward this year. How far each man gets will depend a lot on his taking advantage of every opportunity. A good personal appearance is always good business. It inspires confidence in yourself and respect from your associates.

You can count on Walk-Over shoes to make the right impression when you put your best foot forward. And because Walk-Overs descend directly from the hide to your foot... made by Walk-Over shoemakers and sold under the Walk-Over name... you can be sure of getting the utmost in quality, comfort and service for your money.

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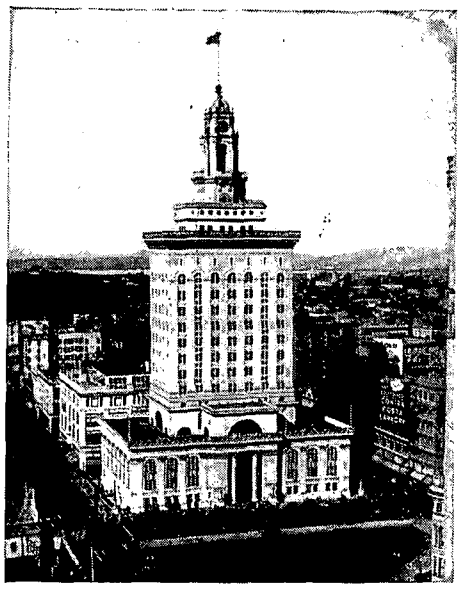

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The progressive, pioneering and empire-building spirit that made Bank of Italy one of the outstanding banks of the world...and the sound banking practices, initiative and enterprise which made Bank of America of California so successful...have joined forces to carry a *greater* institution on to *greater* records of service. ★ Both institutions were identical in ownership previous to the consolidation. ★ Policies, methods, facilities and management remain the same as in the past.

Bank of America National Trust & Savings Association...a National Bank...and Bank of America...a California State Bank...are identical in ownership and management...438 offices in 243 California cities.

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LAKE TAHOE, IN THE HIGH SIERRAS (KEYSTONE PHOTO)

BEAUTIFUL VERNAL FALLS IN YOSEMITE VALLEY (OAKLAND C. OF C. PHOTO)

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Write Bank of America, Department of California Information...Spring at Seventh St., LOS ANGELES ...or No. 1 Powell St., SAN FRANCISCO

(*Continued from page 49*)

but bleak sitting-room, "we have no carpet upon our stone floor, and most of our furniture has been carted away upon the vans of antique dealers. If you can find anywhere to sit, sit; if you can find anything to say, say it. Then go."

"Going would be best," the man muttered.

"'Tis borne in upon me," Paddy Collins declared, seating himself with the utmost care upon the corner of a chair, one leg of which was bound up in straw matting, "that in the minds of you two I am not a popular person."

"Popular!" the black-bearded man groaned, handling his pitchfork lovingly. "The only way you'd ever be popular with me, young man, is never to have been born."

"And you, Cousin Eileen?" Paddy asked. "Are you as bitter against me, too?"

She stood with her hand resting upon the huge chimneypiece, a miracle of suggestive grace.

"You appear to be a full-grown man," she observed scornfully. "It seems a pity you couldn't have made some sort of a place for yourself in the world without sneaking round waiting for old men to die."

"That's how you're thinking of me, is it?" Paddy Collins sighed, and there was a little hurt tremor in his tone, which his friend had never heard there before.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You have told us who you are," she said, "and my father, I can see, is becoming impatient. He is a man of violent temper, and up here amongst the mountains, he has time to brood. It irks him, too, that to you, who are his kith and kin, he has no hospitality to offer. It would be well, I think, for your safety, and my comfort, if you departed."

"My business is not yet finished," Paddy Collins insisted stubbornly, and there was in his eyes a light which flashed back into hers.

"Finish it then quickly," she enjoined. "It is not that I have any care for the safety of either of you, but if the sun sets in that bank of clouds, or before it reaches the snow-capped mountains, you'll be lucky if you find the valleys again."

"You are skilled in the weather portents," Paddy Collins remarked.

"Your visit of courtesy," she said, "has lasted fully long enough. My father and I would be glad to be relieved of your presence."

PETER HAMES was already eager to depart. His companion, however, was slow in rising to his feet, and made no movement toward the door.

"It is myself who is a little stupid with the words this morning," he acknowledged. "This is a visit of business, though I was willing to make it one of courtesy as well, being happy," he added, looking straight into the girl's eyes, "to discover a relative so gracious and so charming as you, Cousin Eileen. However, it is surely not my lucky day. I'll get to the business. There was a codicil to my uncle's will which required a legatee or heir—that being me—to visit those members of the family who could be discovered, which it seems are only you two, and ascertain whether there was any real reason why they did not attend the funeral. I have to make a report to the lawyer, and if his idea is that the excuse, if any, is a good one, some redistribution of the estate has to be effected."

"Say that again," the old man gasped.

"I'll get out of those legal words which fit me tongue badly," Paddy Collins acquiesced. "What I've got to write to the lawyer is that, misfortune having overtaken you, you hadn't the money for the passages to Ireland, and when I tell him that you'll get a slice of the estate. I'm not saying how much, because I don't know, but it would be somewhere about forty thousand pounds, I daresay, or something like that."

The man was shaking. It was not a pleasant sight to see his face twitch and his body quiver. He made no attempt at words. The girl's voice trembled, but the fire in her eyes was undimmed.

"You're mocking us, Cousin Paddy," she challenged, with a sob in her throat. "May you be damned into hell if you are!"

"By the soul of the old man himself I swear that I am not," Paddy declared fervently. "It is my honest belief—my conviction—that on my report there'll be some forty thousand pounds coming to you both. In fact, I'll guarantee it."

"Five million francs!" Dennis Collins muttered. "Five millions!"

HE LOOKED at his hands, hard as leather, and the pitchfork slipped from his grasp and fell clattering onto the stone floor. Peter Hames, and perhaps his companion too, were suddenly aware of a queer tremor of shame because of the clothes they wore, and the lives they had lived in ease and comfort. The drama of the little scene imposed itself painfully upon them—the old man's bones, the skin tightly drawn across his cheeks and withered at the throat; the girl's leanness, interwoven with the splendor of her youth, the lines of suffering about her proud mouth. These were the marks of no ordinary poverty, but of that poverty which makes a torment of the days, a tantalizing hell of that sweet cavalcade of beauty amongst which the grim struggle was fought. . . .

Suddenly the old man called out. His head fell into his hands. The girl left her place by the mantelpiece and rushed to his side. Her arms were wound around his neck. She pressed her cheek to his. Peter Hames and his companion tiptoed their way out of the place, sped over the rough ground and never spoke until they were in the car and on their homeward way.

"It's a queer codicil, that, Paddy," Peter Hames observed.

"Aye, it is that," Paddy assented.

"Did it ever exist?" his friend inquired.

"Be asking no questions," Paddy Collins enjoined, as he pointed to the telegraph office down in the valley, for which they had been searching. "Can't you see they're eaten up with pride, those two, and money from me would burn in their gizzards. They are going to get it through the lawyer, put in proper shape. I'll just send them a word of confirmation too, so that they'll know we were no bogy men."

Peter Hames watched his friend scurry into the telegraph office, and out in the sunshine heard his strident inquiries as to how soon a telegram could be delivered at the Château d'Amaris with a fee of ten times the original charge. Presently he emerged, his business satisfactorily concluded, a huge grin upon his face. Peter Hames suddenly leaned forward and shook his friend by the hand.

"You're a damned good fellow, Paddy," he said with a little catch in his tone.

"You're another, Peter," was the hearty response. "What do we do about that?"

He pointed down the village street. Swinging in the light breeze was the sign of a café:

LE CAFÉ DES BONS AMIS

Another of Peter Hames' exciting experiences will follow in an early issue

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Seemingly—a Perfect Athlete
but he has one Vital Weakness

It's called "AMERICAN STOMACH"

THE strength and the muscle of youth, perhaps, but the stomach of "middle age"!

Thousands of robust American men—men who look and *act* like athletes—are handicapped today by this common complaint.

Over in Switzerland, where thousands go every year for the rest cure, this condition was noticed so frequently among American patients that it was finally called "American Stomach".

"American Stomach" can mean many things. It may mean a "bridge party" stomach, or a "rich food" stomach, or a "prohibition" stomach, or a "quick lunch" stomach. It may be the result of highly seasoned foods; concocted foods which the stomach was never meant to handle! Luxury foods in which we can indulge because America is rich and prosperous. Giving the stomach a burden it was never meant to carry.

Again, it may be the result of fatigue, overwork or nervousness. The condition may not be serious at first, but if neglected may eventually lead to chronic ailments.

In Switzerland

In Europe they confirm that "American Stomach" is due to our national habits of life; the hustle and bustle; rush eating, irregular eating. After all, they say, "American Stomach" is a "tired" stomach—a stomach that wants a rest.

And our stomachs never get a rest. Because, they say, we seem to know nothing about one very important type of food—namely, a *"rest" food.*

A "rest" food is one which usually has 3 properties:

(a) *concentrated nourishment;* (b) *digests quickly without effort;* (c) *has the power to digest other foods you eat.*

These properties enable a "rest" food to lift a great burden from the digestive organs and give your stomach a rest.

Over in Switzerland they put "American Stomach" patients on a diet. They give them a "rest" food called Ovaltine. They eat nothing else and they stay in bed. But this is drastic treatment.

So we offer you here a simpler way that anyone can follow. Take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine. (Use the coupon below for a trial supply.) Mix it in a half glass of warm milk, and drink it at the end of each meal. You will be surprised at the results it brings; the way in which it helps your stomach; *rests* your stomach. For Ovaltine has unusual powers.

What It Is

Ovaltine is *not* a drug. It is a food concentrate developed by a Swiss scientist many years ago. Originally it was used to build up sick and convalescent people. For it digests almost without effort, even when digestion is impaired.

Ovaltine also has another unique property. It contains in high percentage a substance known as "diastase"—a food property which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. A glass of warm Ovaltine taken at the end of a meal will digest practically all the starch content of the other foods you have eaten. In this way it takes a tremendous burden from your stomach. (Doctors will tell you that a high proportion of indigestion is caused by undigested starchy foods.) Ovaltine speeds up digestion, and thus not only relieves distress, but actually helps the cause of the trouble.

It also contains a substance taken from eggs called "lecithin", which directly feeds the nerves. This element, plus a high content of Vitamin B, curbs nervousness very noticeably. During the World War Ovaltine was prescribed as a standard ration for shell-shocked soldiers.

If you are troubled with any of the symptoms known as "American Stomach" try Ovaltine at once. We will be glad to send you a sample tin. Note the good that it does you. If you are particularly distressed, eliminate other foods *entirely* and drink Ovaltine for a meal or two. This will give your stomach a *real* rest. You will notice immediate beneficial effects. Ovaltine will give you all the nourishment you need. Drink it at bedtime, too, for it helps to give you sound, natural sleep.

Please note that if Ovaltine doesn't relieve your condition in a day or two, then indeed you should see a doctor.

Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a package today. Or, if you like, clip the coupon. We will send a test sample. You can prove for yourself the things claimed for Ovaltine.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely recommended by physicians for sleeplessness, nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

Famous Ovaltine Oatmeal Test

Put 3 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine into a full glass or cereal dish of warm, cooked oatmeal. Stir a few times to mix. Then watch and you will see the oatmeal liquefy before your eyes. You will see how a small amount of Ovaltine digests the entire starch content of the oatmeal in the same way that your own digestive organs should. It is a perfect demonstration of how Ovaltine, if taken with a meal, digests the starch content of other foods in your stomach.

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180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

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(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(One package to a person) 809

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The Swiss Food-Drink
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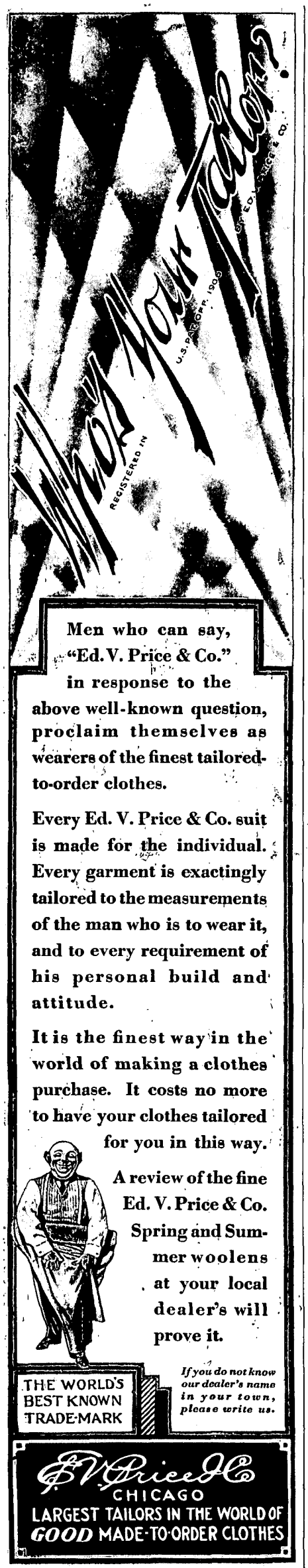
Men Know Your Tailor?
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Men who can say, "Ed. V. Price & Co." in response to the above well-known question, proclaim themselves as wearers of the finest tailored-to-order clothes.
Every Ed. V. Price & Co. suit is made for the individual. Every garment is exactingly tailored to the measurements of the man who is to wear it, and to every requirement of his personal build and attitude.
It is the finest way in the world of making a clothes purchase. It costs no more to have your clothes tailored for you in this way.
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CHICAGO
LARGEST TAILORS IN THE WORLD OF GOOD MADE-TO-ORDER CLOTHES

Looking Your Best

Continued from page 22

materials, not fastened at all in some of those that hang crisply. We find them in boleros, in short lengths that stop a little below the waist and in three-quarter lengths for figures that can't stand the higher cut to advantage. Some of them go over a skirt and blouse, others over a dress. In some cases the jacket and its complement match in tone and material, though many of the newer versions show contrast either in fabric or color or both. Some jackets have long sleeves, but the three-quarter length is calling more attention to itself. A few of those in wool have fur at the collar, generally put on in detachable fashion. Most of them are furless, some collarless, others with small collars or those that turn into scarfs. Taking the mode by and large, a costume that hasn't a jacket is going to look as naked as an apple pie without a crust.

Napoleon or "Dressmaker"

The first jacket costume that most of us buy will come from the suit department—a jaunty little coat-and-skirt or coat-skirt-and-blouse affair in soft woolen, quite likely blue, though we can have gray, beige, green, black, or one of the new checked woolens. One of the most popular types suggests Napoleon with its wide revers, double-breasted and high-buttoned front, but the soft "dressmaker" suit with diagonal closing will prove a keen competitor. The blouse goes over more often than under, but—note the breadth of choice once more—it may be straight and belted, or it may have a peplum, or it may cross and tie surplice-fashion, or it may look like a man's waistcoat gone frivolously feminine. It may be silk, but don't let us jump to the conclusion that the silk has to be plain, for it's just as apt to turn out plaided, striped, checked or indefinitely printed to suggest any of these. Yet the chances are that it won't be silk at all, since the lingerie blouse is in for a run to rival the one it had in the Nineties.

But some of us couldn't be suited with suits no matter how smart. We don't think they're becoming to our particular architectural elevations—which may be merely a notion, but we stick to it all the same. We may buy one of the new light wool coat-dresses and wear it with a separate fur or a scarf—very smart but none too practical, because it won't look warm enough for really early wearing, and it won't feel cool enough for later on. The coat-dress is an exceedingly chic fashion for those who have clothes to echo every vagary of the thermometer, but it isn't so economical as the separate coat and silk dresses. If we detour here, we must remember that this year's coat is apt to be straighter and less fitted than those of last year. If tailored, it has larger revers. In any case, it's best when furless or with a detachable fur scarf. Whatever happens it probably will have a belt, unless it chances to be the big loose swagger topcoat for travel and motoring.

But we needn't follow either of these subsidiary vogues. We can join the rest of the line-up who plump for the jacket mode, finding ours paired with a dress rather than a skirt and a blouse.

So much for spring, but not half enough for the jacket. No sooner do we doff one in wool than we don one in silk. Summer will see printed designs in floral effects, for a summer without flowers is as unthinkable in the shops as it is in the gardens. But the plaid-stripe-check influence will carry over —especially stripes. We'll find them as trimming, even as whole dresses—Roman stripes that go defiantly; stripes whispered rather than shouted, in delicate broken effects. Practically every dress, of whatever printed type, has its own matching or contrasting jacket —which will be just as well, because most of the sleeves underneath are short and Fashion doesn't like to see these on the street. Such jackets are likely to have short sleeves themselves, not ending between shoulder and elbow like the frocks, but between elbow and wrist to permit the glove manufacturers to rub their hands with glee and cover ours a dollar farther up the arm.

On into the tub-days goes the jacket —in linen and cotton. Up the clock goes the jacket—into the chiffons of afternoon and informal evening. Sometimes these are mere wisps of the figured material, then again they turn into plain silk.

But, in the main, the formal evening mode is closed season for the jacket and open for the jacket's cousin once removed and twice stepped up—the evening coat. It may be as short as a jacket but made in a more ambitious material. It may be as long as Lanvin's wrap that would cover a daytime costume. It may be in velvet, satin, silk crêpe, but it's sure to have striking and effectual color-contrast with the dress below, often such as would have made us stare and whisper about the lady's sanity a few seasons ago. When it comes to such new and exotic entrants as old rose, purple sapphire, corn yellow—the coats might well be in midnight blue, Pompeian red and deep Chinese pink in the order named.

Evening dresses themselves have a lot of new tricks. Diagonal wrapping adds softness to length of line, in important frocks for formal wearing. Horizontal ruffles, four or five inches wide, sometimes as many as ten rows of them, turn plain or printed chiffon, lace, net and organdie dance dresses into confections light enough to float away to Paris like so many puffs of thistledown. What is known to the initiated as the "asymmetrical broken silhouette" is kinder to the less-than-perfect face and figure—drapery from one shoulder and not from the other, a flounce that trails down one side leaving the other plain, all sorts of ingeniousness applied to the idea that we needn't be the same from all angles of vision, or consistent even from one. Slashes in skirts, too, give added motion.

Wear a Halo

The new light-topped dresses are attention-arresters not to be neglected by any woman who can afford to make sensational entrances—tailored versions like Lanvin's Hirondelle that puts a stiffly flared white satin tunic over a black satin skirt; youthful phantasies like Goupy's long, molded white taffeta bodice that ends in a circular black taffeta skirt with a huge bow behind combining both colors.

Those of us who can't afford the originals or even the copies of such successes may seize on the two-colored evening dress as a heaven-sent opportunity for making last year's problem over into this year's killing. If we can't trust ourselves so far, we'll be glad to know that flowers are staging a revival—one smashing big one or a cleverly chosen long spray in a contrasting color on the front of an old dress, a group of prize-winning beauties at the bottom of the back V, or a graduated garland outlining the curve of an oval décolletage may re-date the whole dress and add fabulous dollars to its value. But don't economize on such floral embellishments, and don't go baby-ish in their shade—that way lies the grave of chic.

As for the regulation accessories of which we always want news, we find that the live-and-let-live policy that began with the silhouette and put it all over the color card has invaded the millinery mode. Little, tight hats of the knitted family—in straw, silk, wool and even cotton—will adorn the youthful brows that loved the beret and didn't care how much face it showed. Here is a 1931 substitute with the old jaunty look given a new twist, not only in the total effect but also in the "halo" that frequently clips the crown. The rest of us who appreciate a less than head-on collision with our audiences will be delighted with the new brimmed sailors in felt, rough straw, panama or linen. Some of them have wired edges to give them the drooped-but-not-floppy line that joins a crisp youthful look with the becoming shadows of a two- or three-inch graduated brim. Crowns on these hats are shallow. Hats often carry out the two-color theme, or the two-material idea, combining fabrics or fabric and straw.

A Scarf for Contrast

Another bit of Fashion's kindness is revealed at the opposite end of the smart new figure—lower heels. Fewer spikes are seen even for dress occasions, because women have come to realize that while really high heels look well when their wearer sits, they rarely do when she walks. Also they usually lead to thickened ankles and a pained expression. In the sports world striped linens and colored pipings echo other accessories and bring the two-colored mode before us once more. Evening slippers make a pleasant or a daring contrast with their dresses.

It is smarter than ever to be dull when it comes to hose.

As for trifles, coral is one of the latest additions to the costume jewelry show-window—newer than turquoise, but with the same dash and combinableness. Gloves for sport are white or the palest natural chamois, those for street are white and beige, those for the evening white, with a rumor in the distance of colors. Practically all gloves are longer, just as nearly all sleeves leave off before those of a year ago would have thought of saying good-by.

Scarfs are something everyone needs for the country and for little informal woolen town suits. Striped jersey, plain jersey in luscious colors, checked or plaid or striped silk, plain silk in anything from burnt orange to dead white, two silks together, one of which echoes while the other contrasts with our main theme—the choice is infinite, the result infinitely smart if we do our mating with just the right touch of unexpectedness, and no more. We may walk up to the counter and buy our scarfs ready-made. Or, since the new length is just long enough to cravat, we may prowl around the remnant counter and dig up diamonds—a bit of leafy green to light fires of spring for a brown coat, a flash of yellow to put sunshine into gray, a yellow and black plaid, a red and black stripe to make a neat black suit into something worth turning one's head to examine. . . . Decidedly Fashion has been good to us. If we don't look our best this year, we have no best to look.

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MOTOR AND EQUIPMENT ASSOCIATION · M·E·A

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

AND CARE IS NEEDED NOW!

After the long wear and tear of winter driving, "*Care will save your car.*" Care means regular inspection and servicing. Inspection tells you what to do. Servicing does it. This will pay you handsomely in many ways.

It will improve your car's performance.

It will make your car safer and more dependable for you and your family.

It will give you greater pride in your car, more motoring satisfaction.

It will pay for itself by reducing cost of operation, sustaining trade-in value, lowering the long-haul cost of upkeep.

Once a month or oftener, take your car in to be inspected. Pick a reliable shop or service station, one known to do good work at reasonable cost.

There are many such establishments, doubtless one not far from your home. Put your car in good hands and start today. *Look for this sign.*

MOTOR AND EQUIPMENT ASSOCIATION

NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT

M·E·A CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

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When 7 CANDLES are bravely lit

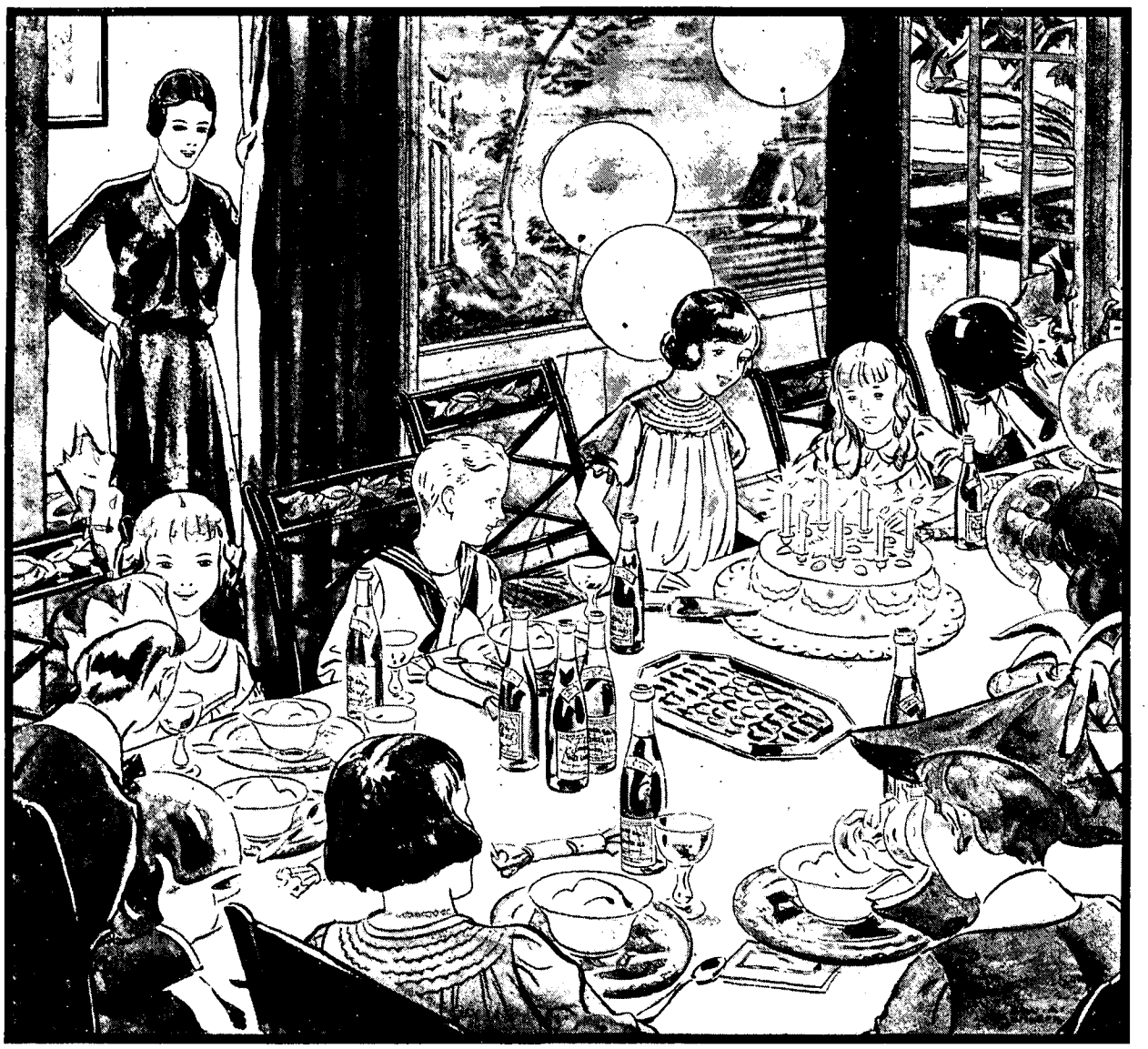
let the gay sparkle of the finest of ginger ales lend brilliance to the happy birthday party

THERE in the middle of the table—for all the world like a castle in a sea of colored streamers and gay favors—sits the birthday cake with all its candles glowing.

Around the table, the faces of the children are bright and happy. And probably your own face is the happiest as you watch them, reliving in memory the gay parties of your childhood. Certainly you feel rewarded for the many hours of careful planning you have given to this affair.

Everything there, you have made sure, is of the finest—from the frosted cake to the sparkling ginger ale. Only one beverage can be worthy of this occasion. That is The Champagne of Ginger Ales.

See this fine old ginger ale dance with delight to be in such good company! How cool and dewy it looks! To young and old, it brings good cheer. For, in flavor, it is as piquant as an old wine and it picks you up and exhilarates you.



Singularly pure

No other ginger ale is so fine and healthful for children. For Canada Dry is made by an exclusive process. All the natural flavor of the real Jamaica ginger root is retained. And particular care is taken to insure absolute purity. For many years, Canada Dry has used the ultra-violet ray to irradiate all the water used in its making. You'll notice, too, that it keeps its life and sparkle long after the bottle is opened.

For the convenience of housewives, Canada Dry is packed in a special Hostess Package of twelve bottles. With this handy carton in the pantry, you will be prepared for every occasion from the children's party to your own formal entertainments.

CANADA DRY'S

SPARKLING LIME — GOLDEN GINGER ALE — SPARKLING ORANGE

These three delicious beverages are also made under the Canada Dry seal. Try them soon. They are all delightful.

CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

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A Bear in Time

Continued from page 25

Toto was so tame and so completely attached to me that I saw no need to keep him confined all the time. An animal is always better off when allowed to roam the grounds at will. Then he can get all the sunshine and exercise he needs. But of course freedom can be given only to very tame specimens. Toto had five or six companions in freedom, among them a baby orang-utan and a cassowary, a big ostrichlike bird. These "trusties," of course, were put back in their cages at night.

Toto proved a never-failing source of entertainment, amusement and interest from the very day he arrived at Katong, where I lived in a big sprawling bungalow built on concrete pillars rising three feet from the ground.

Why Servants Quit

Every morning, as soon as he was out of his cage, he would make a tour of inspection of the house, inside and outside. Having satisfied himself as to everything within, he would go down underneath, first looking over the pillars carefully, tapping them with his paws, as if to see that they still had the proper solidity. Then he would run around each pillar, perhaps suspicious that some foe might be lurking there. Eventually he would become fascinated by the cracks of light coming through the floor above him. The bungalow had the characteristic native floors, laid so that there is a space between boards about three eighths of an inch wide. This provides ventilation and facilitates sweeping.

One morning I noticed him down there at sweeping time. In the room above, Ah Kee, the *tukenia* (boy of all jobs), was wielding a broom, as attested by the dust that came flying down, filling Toto's eyes and nose and furry coat. Impatiently he pawed it out of his eyes and sneezed it from his nose. But he stood his ground, looking up with a questioning frown as he studied the situation.

I went on back to the compound and returned a half-hour later. There was Toto, in the center of the living-room, shaking himself and distributing a cloud of the dust which he had collected down below. Angrily Ah Kee picked up the little mischief-maker and administered a spanking, which only resulted in sending new clouds of dust flying in all directions. The more he walloped the dusty offender the more work he made for himself. Finally the outraged *tukenia* took the little rogue by the scruff of the neck and sent him flying onto the lawn.

I had an errand down by the road, so I merely grinned appreciatively at Ah Kee's anger and went my way across the lawn to my destination. Toto righted himself and came running toward me, seeking sympathy. He had a comical, galloping gait, moving over the ground in a series of ungainly bounces and lopes. This was typical of his species, but I've never seen a honey bear travel with quite the mirth-provoking awkwardness that characterized Toto's movements. When he got into a real hurry, he would usually place his weight wrongly and go over head-first, heels over teapot, in a furry heap. Frequently he would convulse visitors by running toward me so eagerly when I waved a milk-filled nursing bottle at him that he not only went tumbling head over heels, but turned a series of complete, uncalculated somersaults in the process.

He used to climb up on me whenever I sat down anywhere, investigating the contents of the pockets of my khaki coat. Usually they contained a pair or two of pliers and a monkey wrench or some similar treasure. Toto always gave them a thorough study. Unable to dislodge them, he would lick them with his long tongue to see what they tasted like.

If he had nothing else to do, he would follow me down to the animal sheds. He had brains enough to keep a safe distance away from any of the cages where he might encounter any personal danger. He made many friends among the animals, particularly among the birds. The Shama thrushes always attracted him, and he soon discovered ways of stealing little morsels of food from the cages occupied by some of the larger birds. His little thefts were done so whimsically and good-naturedly that even the victims didn't seem to mind a bit.

One afternoon I saw him go galloping across the lawn. An hour later he was discovered in a hammock under a tree, where the *caboon* (our native gardener) and his wife kept their eighteen-months-old baby. Toto had climbed up into the hammock, made friends with the baby, and finally both of them had gone to sleep, the child's arm around Toto's neck. Bear and baby had plainly hit it off. But the scandalized caboon didn't think much of the friendship, and when he discovered what had happened he sent Toto bouncing out of the hammock on his furry little bottom.

I learned a few days later, however, that the caboon's wife took an entirely different view of the matter. The baby had taken a shine to Toto and spent the next day or two crying for its playmate. The mother thought the baby was right, and behind her husband's back she continued on numerous occasions to bring Toto over to the baby's hammock.

With visitors, Toto was the most popular animal on the premises, even though he played many pranks on them. With the servants he grew more and more unpopular. To placate the irate domestics I had Toto tied up for two solid days, but the cub languished so visibly under this punishment that I didn't have the heart to keep it up.

Facing a Wild Bore

His first act on regaining his freedom was to get into my room, pull back the covers of my bed and get underneath. Ah Kee walloped the suspicious-looking mound with a slipper, the resultant squeals confirming his worst suspicions. Again the tukenia gave Toto the bum's rush. That evening, when the humorless Chinaman voiced his bitter complaint over the occurrence, I began to wonder how much of an asset the little rogue was. After all, it was essential to keep the servants happy.

But one day Toto removed all doubts from my mind.

It all came about this way: I was in the Raffles Hotel in Singapore one evening when I was greeted by an acquaintance, a solemn young man who worked as an assistant in the American consul's office. I have so many friends in the consular service that it is impossible for me to think of this branch of the government except in the kindliest light; but I could never bring myself to like this particular chap (who ought to have a name, so let's call him Kinkley).

I did not relish the meeting, for Kinkley was the club bore. If he once caught your ear, he would talk interminably and monotonously on his favorite sub-

(Continued on page 56)

BANANAS *broiled with bacon*

GUARANTEED *to start conversation . . .*

IT always happens. Bring on this dish, and everybody wonders why somebody hadn't thought of it before. It's so simple and so *logical.* The tang of the bacon mingles with the mellow goodness of the banana and makes every bite an added pleasure.

Bacon isn't the only meat that bananas turn into something exciting. Ham, chops, sausages, steak—bananas make new and different dishes of every one of these.

And have you learned the place bananas have in the diet? How they build energy? How they supply minerals? How they furnish *three* of the most important vitamins? Our booklet gives twenty-four pages of the thrilling news that is making bananas a staple food.

Write for new booklet . . . Now, how about our *free* recipe and menu booklet, "The New Banana"? Every page is alive with new suggestions. Send no money—just the coupon.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY BANANAS

Distributed by Fruit Dispatch Company

BANANAS WITH BACON

Roll half lengths of peeled banana in strips of bacon. Broil under flame, or bake in hot oven about fifteen minutes until bananas are tender. Allow two sections for each portion . . . Bananas dipped in egg and bread crumbs and pan fried are delicious with ham, steak and other meats.

FRUIT DISPATCH COMPANY C-3-14-31
17 Battery Place, New York City
Please send free your latest booklet of recipes and menu suggestions, "The New Banana."

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Are you sure you've found your RIGHT SMOKE?

HOW could you be sure, until you've tried good tobacco in a pipe?

"I had never smoked a pipe," writes L. B. P., of Charlotte, N. C. "Was detailed in command of a guard, stopped over in Harbin, Manchuria, bought a pipe in a shop run by an East Indian, asked him to recommend a tobacco, and he handed me Edgeworth. Have been smoking a pipe ever since. Have tried other brands, but always revert to Edgeworth."

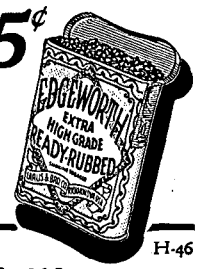
Perhaps *you* have never smoked a pipe. Get a good pipe and fill it with Edgeworth.

Edgeworth has a savor all its own. And Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process guarantees a cool, slow-burning smoke. Fifteen cents at the nearest shop will buy a tin of this good old tobacco, or the coupon below will bring a special packet, free.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. *Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*

15¢



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—CLIP COUPON—

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample. I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

(Continued from page 55)

ject—himself. I had no desire to hear again about the memoirs he was writing. In fact it had never seemed right to me that a young man, whose only experience had been a few years' pounding consular invoices with a rubber stamp, should annoy the world by writing a volume about it.

I wouldn't deny anyone the right to pen his memoirs. It's one of the world's greatest pastimes. But I take violent exception to the fiend who produces a sheaf of his dull reminiscences and starts reading 'em aloud, uninvited. That was one of Kinkley's failings.

After we had swapped greetings, the diplomat-author remarked, "I hear you've moved to Katong, Buck. You've got the right idea. I'd like to get away from Singapore myself."

"Why don't you?" I said, not knowing what I was letting myself in for.

"That's just what I'm getting at. Your new place in Katong is too big for you. I'd like to have a look at it. If it's the right sort, I might be willing to share it with you."

He Couldn't Say "No"

I groaned inwardly. My first impulse was to protest that I needed every inch of room in the house. But that wouldn't do, for it was generally known that I was looking for someone to share my place with me. Although Kinkley would be about the last man in Singapore I would want for a tenant, I mustn't be rude with him, for after all he had always been very helpful to me in making out my consular invoices on shipments to America and in assisting me to get passports for my native attendants.

The diplomat-author pressed his point, and before I knew it I had promised to show him the house in Katong.

One Saturday afternoon, after I had received many reminders of my indiscreet promise, I consented to meet Kinkley and take him out to Katong to show him the house. That much I would do. But once there, I would find some way to set him against the place.

Shortly after we arrived, Kinkley looked over the house and grounds, ecstatically announcing that my home was ideal for him. Just the place to finish his book, he observed as he deposited on the front porch a bulky brief case containing the first few hundred pages of his manuscript, which he planned to read to me later in the day.

I plugged away at my job of discouraging this tiresome enthusiast. As a starter, I pictured the danger of living near a compound full of wild animals. I mentioned that I frequently kept tigers and leopards in cages under the house. I was sure that the noises which the animals made at night would wreck his sleep. He waved these objections aside without difficulty. He craved the "experience" of life so close to these animals—it would make an interesting chapter for his book. As for sleeping, he was a heavy sleeper and would not be bothered at all by any noises the animals might make.

I tried another tack. Did he realize that it was practically impossible to get satisfactory servants in Katong? Mine were terrible, I warned him, barely keeping a straight face in the process. That was nothing, he assured me. He would bring his own servant.

Wasn't there some other means of dampening his enthusiasm? Surely there must be some way. Another idea came to me. Did he know that I was in the habit of coming and going at the weirdest hours, that this unfortunate habit was part and parcel of the business I was in?

That was perfectly all right, he declared blandly. He was sure I would not disturb him.

Darn the idiot! Didn't he know when cold water was being tossed all over him?

We made our way off the porch onto the spacious lawn. He was jaunty, I depressed. As we stood there, Kinkley, facing the animal sheds, piped up buoyantly, "I suppose that's where you keep your animals."

I nodded. As he spoke, I could see Toto shuffling up the front steps of the house. I watched him as he reached the porch and began scrutinizing Kinkley's brief case. A sudden hope sprang up in my breast as Toto moved over to investigate this new plaything he had found. Kinkley's back was toward the porch as he made some patronizing remarks about my animals.

I watched Toto poke at the diplomat's brief case with one paw and then the other. If I could get Kinkley away for half an hour, Toto might do something to annoy him out of wanting to live here!

I suggested that we look over the animals, and he assented. As we passed out of sight, I noted that Toto had dealt the brief case a couple of extra wallops with his paw, and then, convinced that it was now dead, started lugging it off toward the porch stairs.

Feeling that Toto could be depended upon now to do something which would seriously annoy the boresome Mr. Kinkley, I spent a leisurely half-hour showing him all the animals in the compound, elaborately explaining the antecedents and eccentricities of each. All the time I was praying silently that the roguish little Toto would not be deflected from the plaything he had found, but would stick to it until he had done enough damage to that brief case to make the diplomat-author feel that my home at Katong was no place for him to live. I was sure that Toto was in good form, for only a short time before Ah Kee had caught him rummaging through the linen closet, where he had already pulled from the shelves dozens of sheets, pillowcases and napkins.

Toto did not disappoint me. In fact he so far outdid my wildest expectations that I could only gasp as Kinkley and I returned, arm in arm, from our half-hour in the compound. As we rounded the corner of the house, the broad front lawn caught my eye. It looked as if a sudden snowstorm had visited it. The entire length and breadth of it, between the wire fences on either side, was white with sheets of paper which the gentle afternoon breezes were blowing hither and yon with gleeful abandon. Flower beds and bushes were decorated with paper. And in the center of everything was Toto, still scurrying about, chasing little bits of fluttering foolscap, or creating miniature whirlwinds of paper as he somersaulted gayly here and there amidst the devastation he had wrought. The remains of the brief case lay in the gravel path, its leather flap showing an irregular design where Toto's white teeth had tested its desirability as food.

Spreading the Story

Kinkley paused in the middle of a long sentence about the pleasure which was in store for me when he began reading me the recently completed chapters of his memoirs, dealing with the climate and natural history of Aden and Addis-Ababa.

His mouth suddenly flew open as if he were preparing to swallow a football. Blood rushed to his head until his face went through all the gradations of color from his normal pink to a flaming red and a violent purple. His hands flew up over his head like those of a drowning man clutching spasmodically at the air for support.

"My book! My book!" he finally gasped, still too stunned to move from the place where he stood.

There was a long pause while Kinkley choked, seeking for breath.

"Somebody's going to answer for this!" he said fiercely, as he began picking up the nearest sheets of his life work.

I routed out Ah Kee and sent him to fetch all the servants, including the caboon and Ali, my Number One animal boy. Soon we were all busy gathering up the pages of Kinkley's masterpiece. I had contrived to smuggle Toto into the arms of the caboon's wife, with instructions to let him play with the baby in some out-of-the-way place for a while.

I can still hear Kinkley's agonized falsetto as he directed the rescue of his masterpiece.

Incoherent sentences reached my ears in which I caught threats of reprisal . . . hints that the United States Government would hear of the outrage . . . bitter references to my carelessness in permitting vandalistic creatures to roam at large . . . all the indications that Mr. Kinkley was nettled.

It was a shame, I replied. I always felt badly when a strange brief case got itself all chewed up on my premises—especially one full of memoirs. But visitors to an animal collector's headquarters should take care not to leave valuables lying around. The owner always did so at his own risk.

Kinkley thought that over for a time, while we all continued to pick up the scribbled foolscap pages from bush and shrub.

"Well," he said finally, with a splendid repression, "this settles any chance you ever had, Buck, of getting me to live with you out here."

Toto's Service to Humanity

I glanced up at him with all the sorrow I could muster in my expression. "I'm sorry," I said. "But of course I understand, and I won't insist."

Silently I went on with the manuscript hunt, learning as I picked up one precious page that "the East is truly a place of wonderful things," and again that "it is full of surprises, both pleasant and unpleasant."

To seem properly indignant about what had taken place, I cussed out the unknown animal who had done this deed—Kinkley apparently had not seen Toto—and I pretended to be in a rage as I commanded the uncomprehending caboon in English (of which he understood not a word) to find and punish the fiendish brute.

Kinkley collected every sheet and fragment of paper, thrusting them into the tattered remains of his brief case. Then he excused himself from staying to dinner, explaining that he must return to his rooms at once and spend the evening and night in arranging his manuscript and ascertaining whether any of it was missing.

Toto had saved the day. He sat in Kinkley's chair at dinner that night, and had a special meal of sweet biscuits and bonbons. He had not only saved the day, but also the night. For I had had gloomy forebodings of spending the hours after dinner listening to Kinkley, manuscript in hand, reading his precious memoirs to me until the wee small hours.

Toto's place of honor in the household was preserved until I left on my next trip to America. Then I gave him to an old friend of mine in Manila, an American who had a particular hate for Kinkley.

He had developed a great fondness for the little bear the first time he heard the story of Toto's service to humanity in the matter of Kinkley's memoirs, and the gay little mischief-maker is still a member of his household.

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"Investigation has shown that 96 per cent of the children coming to this country from the southern part of Europe have sound teeth, while it is well known that the teeth of 96 per cent of the American children are defective. Strange to say, too, the vast majority of the foreign children never knew what a toothbrush looked like until they entered American schools."—Cross (1923)

Why is it?

Immigrant children: 24 out of 25 have *good* teeth
American children: 24 out of 25 have *poor* teeth

Such "contradictions" as this have led science to discover the reason why the vast majority of Americans suffer from dental troubles—tooth decay, gum disorders or pyorrhea!

SCIENCE could find only one logical reason why the teeth of American children are *24 times poorer* than those of immigrants from southern Europe.

"Diet!"

In their native countries, these immigrants lived on simple, natural foods including ample fruits and vegetables. Oranges and lemons were plentiful. American children eat refined, "civilized" foods.

It is obvious that our customary foods are lacking in some element needed by the teeth. Science has now found out what this element is.

"Landlubber's Scurvy" Responsible

It is vitamin C. Lack of it caused scurvy in sailing ship days. And authorities now agree that an insufficient supply in our modern, careless diets is causing a "landlubber's scurvy" which results in *gum troubles, tooth decay and pyorrhea!*

Our teeth are living things. They are made from calcium and phosphorus, chiefly. But they are made *by* vitamins. Calcium and phosphorus are the bricks that go into the building. Vitamin C is the worker that puts them in place. If *any* of these elements is lacking in our diet, our teeth, gums and bones suffer.

Why We Need Vitamin C

Expectant and nursing mothers *must* have an ample supply of calcium, phosphorus and vitamin C in their diets. Otherwise the child cannot be normally developed and the mother will be robbed of the soundness of her teeth.

Growing children must be protected with the right foods —*particularly* until their permanent teeth are safely formed.

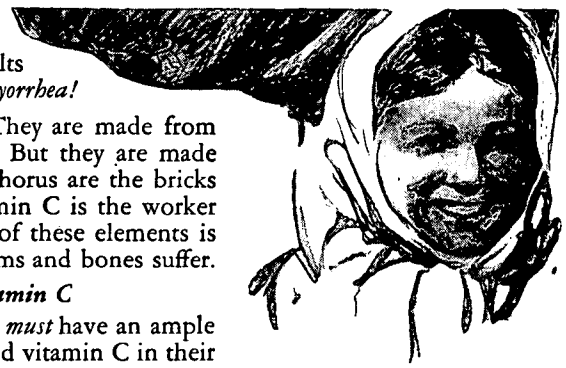
And everyone, every day, should see that he feeds his teeth as well as his appetite.

Vitamin C is found in a number of fresh fruits and vegetables. *Oranges and lemons, plentiful in the southern European diet, contain more than any other foods.* They also supply calcium and phosphorus, as do many common foods.

But vitamin C is peculiar. It cannot be stored in the body for any length of time. So you must have it *every day* and you must have a *sufficient quantity.**

Science's Recommendation

So science says the average person needs *every day* the amount of vitamin C contained in two full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of *fresh* orange juice to each of which the juice of half a lemon has been added. The lemon increases the vitamin C potency. It also gives a refreshing new tang and zest.



Thus to protect yourself amply against "landlubber's scurvy"—to build healthy teeth, gums and bones, and to prevent other ailments now traced to a lack of vitamin C, be sure you have the two daily glasses of lemon-orange juice science recommends.

By so doing, you gain also the valuable *alkaline reaction* of citrus fruits which helps to prevent and correct Acidosis.

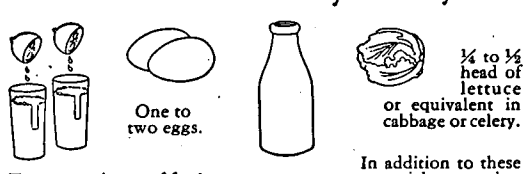
Send Now for New Vitamin-Health Booklet

Send for *free* booklet, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," explaining all the health uses of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons, with normal diet and safe reducing menus. We will also send *important new supplement*, containing latest findings on the part vitamins play in building sound teeth and healthy bodies. Just mail the coupon.

© 1931 C.F.G.E.

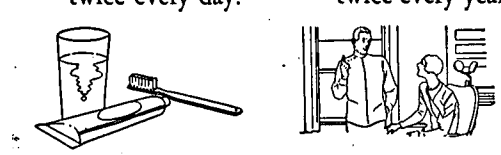
Good Rules for Good Teeth

1. Have these foods in your daily diet:


One to two eggs.
¼ to ½ head of lettuce or equivalent in cabbage or celery.
Two 8 oz. glasses of fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each.
One to two pints milk.
In addition to these essentials, eat other fresh fruits and vegetables, meats and cereals as desired.

2. Brush your teeth twice every day.

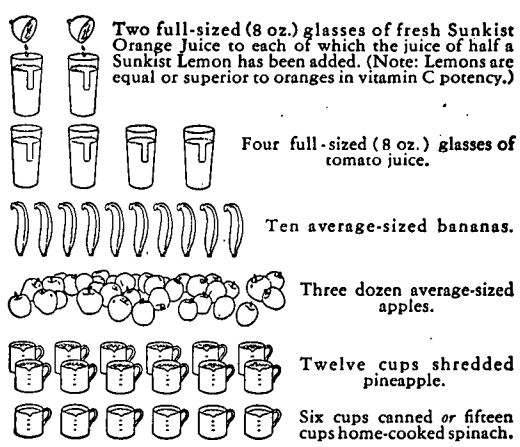
3. See your dentist twice every year.



Sunkist Oranges have the "richest juice and finest flavor." Sunkist Lemons have bright, wax-like skins and fullest juiciness. Both are fresh in your market all the year. Look for "Sunkist" on the skin and tissue wrapper of oranges and on the wrapper of lemons.

**How Much Vitamin C You Need*

Everyone receives *some* vitamin C every day, but few people receive an amount adequate to protect teeth and general health. Authorities now say *you need every day* the amount contained in the indicated quantity of one of these foods:


Two full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of fresh Sunkist Orange Juice to each of which the juice of half a Sunkist Lemon has been added. (Note: Lemons are equal or superior to oranges in vitamin C potency.)
Four full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of tomato juice.
Ten average-sized bananas.
Three dozen average-sized apples.
Twelve cups shredded pineapple.
Six cups canned *or* fifteen cups home-cooked spinach.

More complete table of vitamin C foods in free booklet. See coupon.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1603, Box 530, Station C,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send your free booklet, *Telling Fortunes with Foods*, with important new supplement on vitamins.

*Name*_____

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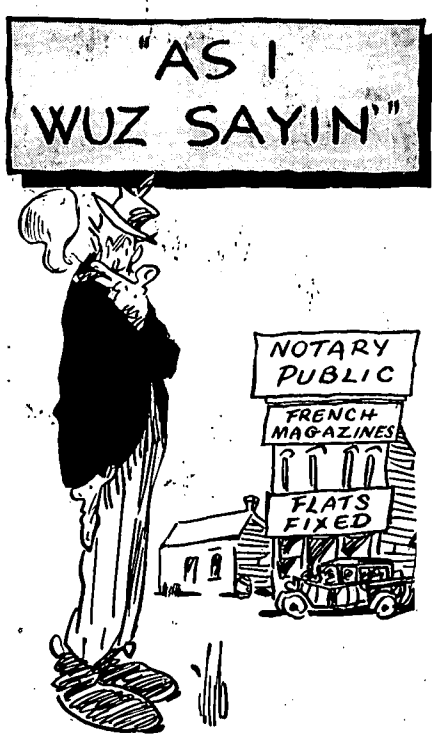

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Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 19

brief scuffling tramples of hoofs that forever keep the night awake wherever many head of saddle stock are held.

Tom Ireland stirred uneasily, his big bald head dully reflecting the gleam of the overhead lamp. His eyes were still on his hands as he spoke. "You've took this mighty well, Hughes, I think," he said. "You got plenty right to holler, you being locked up and your guns rustled, and then shot at from outside. I ain't saying I would have tooken it so quiet as you've done." His words sounded idle, as if his mind were really hunting for a clue as to what he ought to do next.

"THE old man," he went on, "isn't going to take it so quiet, I'm afraid. What you fellers don't realize is that we've come pretty close to being made damn' fools of around here. When it gets so that anybody can come pounding into the layout and pretty near kill a man and high-tail again without anybody hardly knowing the difference—that's a hell of a note, that's all I've got to say. I only wish—"

Whatever he was about to say was interrupted as Harry Canfield came in.

"It beats me," he said grumpily, sitting down on the edge of the table.

"Nothing out there, Harry?"

"Hell, I was a fool even to look," said Canfield. "Everybody and his damn' brother has boot tracks over every foot of this place, and their horses too."

"If once we get Grasshopper Tanner and his lion dogs—" began Rowdy Lee.

"Yeah, that'll fix everything," said Canfield. "Them hounds will jump that trail and foller it twice around the barn and three times into the kitchen and out again, and down a well and up a tree, and end up by biting the old man."

Chris Gustafson, the man who had been no special place when the shot was fired, now offered a suggestion. "I been figgerin'," he said in his slow, deep voice. "If you want to know exactly where that shot come from, we can narrer it down by lookin' at the place the bullet went in the wall."

"It came from right in the window," said Hughes.

"Maybe you just thought that."

"I'll go take a line on that bullet hole now, if you want," said Canfield, getting to his feet.

"No hurry, Harry," Ireland answered disconsolately. "We can just as easy wait for daylight."

"Well, it won't take but a minute to get a general idee," Canfield insisted. He moved toward the door.

"Wait a minute, Harry," said Ireland again. "You can't get in there, anyway."

"Can't get in?"

"I padlocked the door again," Ireland explained, "after Hughes come out."

Some turned their eyes to Ireland, mildly curious over what seemed a reasonless act. But to Hughes the information had the stunning effect of a thunderbolt. If this was true, it meant that Sally Major was still imprisoned in the room in which she had so astonishingly waited for him!

"You locked it up?" Harry Canfield repeated. His long horse face was pitying as he stared at Ireland. "Well, for the—love of—"

Ireland did not reply. He was studiously marking slow, laborious squares upon the table with a burnt match. "I've read too many detective stories, I guess," he mumbled sheepishly, without looking up. "It seemed like a good idee at the time."

"He was scared somebody would get in there and move the bullet hole," Dusty suggested.

"'Never raise hell with the scene of no crime until the coroner blows in,'" quoted Harry Canfield, facetiously. "Oh, good Lord, Tom!"

"It'll be all right," Hughes assured them. "I reckon when you come down to it, I'm the scene of the crime myself. Say—I guess it's all right if I go and get some tobacco out of my bed-roll, isn't it?"

"I don't see no objection," Ireland mumbled. He dug a key out of his pocket and tossed it to Harry Canfield. "Let him get into his things, Harry."

Hughes rose slowly. Canfield was waiting for him at the door. Hughes knew that somehow he must get rid of Canfield—once the door was unlocked. Then, as Hughes moved leisurely around the end of the long table, the voice of Rowdy Lee was raised again.

"What's that coming?" he wanted to know.

"Horses," said Harry Canfield, helpfully. "You know—horses? They make that noise putting their feet down."

"Wait a minute, Harry," said Tom Ireland. "That'll be the old man coming back. There's no call to do anything more until he gets in."

"Give me your key," said Hughes, "and I'll get my tobacco."

"To hell with your tobacco!" said Tom Ireland, looking at him square and hard for the first time that night. "It can wait."

The silence that followed seemed to last for a long time, while Clay Hughes and Tom Ireland held each other's eyes; yet long as it was, it seemed longer to Hughes. The particular and immediate object of the game seemed to have become the opening of a door. If he slipped his chance now he could not tell what further delays might follow.

"I don't know what to make of you people," he drawled at last. "You act a whole lot like a bunch of old women in some ways. What do you think I aim to do with my bed-roll—hit somebody with it? Hide it out on me if you want to, like you've already hid out my guns!"

"No call to jump the fence," mumbled Ireland, dropping his eyes again.

"I'VE ridden the cow country for a long time," Hughes went on, "but I guess maybe I've always ridden on a different kind of range than this. After this sheriff of yours died on my hands I rode on down here, open and aboveboard, and of my own free will. What do you do? You sneak-thieve my guns out of my bed-roll behind my back and you set a Mexican horse-wrangler to watch what I do. Then you show me my bed and when I go to it you padlock the door. Maybe I was wrong in thinking that I'm still in the cow country. Some of your ways of doing business here strike me a whole lot less like cattle than like sheep."

Nobody moved. Only Tom Ireland's hands became suddenly quiet upon the table before him, as if he were listening to something beyond.

"Now," Hughes went on, "I tell you I'm through. From here out I'm taking full charge of myself and my war bags too. Those that don't like it, speak up! Because that's the law according to Hughes. To begin with," he said to Harry Canfield, "I'll take that key!"

Canfield turned alert, faintly entertained eyes to Tom Ireland and waited.

"You talk pretty big," said Ireland; "but I wouldn't jump into no trouble

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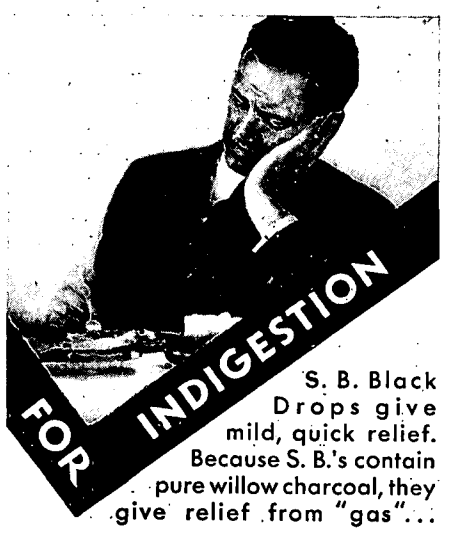

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if I was you. In the first place, you got nothing to jump with."

"Haven't I?" said Hughes.

Ireland's head came up with a curious widening of his eyes, as if he were just coming awake. "Have you?" he said.

Hughes showed his teeth in a peculiarly personal, humorless grin. "That," he said, "puts a different light on it, does it?"

He saw Tom Ireland anger; but it was the curbed anger of a man old in the saddle, old in the man-killing work of the range. It was the uncertainty of his own position that was troubling Ireland now. He was a man who found himself under sudden responsibilities without knowing where he stood, or much about the undercurrents of his situation. It was the uncertainty of Ireland's position that Hughes had counted on, sure that the straw boss would concede a minor point, in order to delay a definite breach until he could turn the whole thing into the hands of Oliver Major himself.

But now the dusty drum of hoofs was very close. Hughes saw Tom Ireland hesitate; then rise and shoulder his way toward the door. "Just a minute," he said. "I got to see the old man."

Without exception the others got up to follow him; but at the door Ireland turned on them savagely: "Stay there, will you! All of you! This is going to be one time you fellers can be found when you're wanted. Come on, Harry." He went out, a huge lurching figure on his high heels, accompanied by Harry Canfield.

Hughes, uninvited, followed them out.

THE three from Crazy Mule Canyon and the Gunsight Trail were already swinging down from the saddle as Hughes and Canfield followed Tom Ireland outside.

"Have someone corral these horses," Oliver Major told Ireland. The old man looked very grim. "Is that you, Hughes?" he asked, peering against the light from the doorway. "I want to talk to you."

"Mr. Major," said Ireland, "a funny thing happened here a little while ago."

The old man waited, watching him sharply.

"This feller, Hughes, had just gone into that room we give him, and we'd locked him up like you told us to and somebody throwed down on him through the window."

A faint smile, very weary but very hard, crossed the old man's face as he slowly turned his eyes to Clay Hughes. The two exchanged a slow glance; to Hughes it almost seemed as if the old man's brief stare were saying, "Yes, you were right. I thought you were a fool, and I was wrong." Then Major turned hard eyes upon Tom Ireland again.

"Well, what did you do?"

"We let him out," said Ireland nervously.

"Naturally, man!" Oliver Major exploded. "What then?"

"We got all of the hands into the mess hall and asked them where they was, but seems like nobody knowed anything. All the boys back up one another, except two of 'em that was alone."

"Who were they?"

"Chris Gustafson and Walk Ross."

"Uh huh." Oliver Major seemed to be puzzled.

"After that," Tom Ireland went on, "Harry looked over the ground, but he didn't find nothing; and we was just talking it over when you come up. I told all the fellers to stay in the mess hall, where they'd be handy if you should want 'em."

"Keep 'em there," said Major, stalking into the house. "You go on to the mess hall, Bob, and see they set tight. Me and Bart Holt is going to talk to Hughes."

Hughes and the man called Bart Holt followed old Major into the room in which Hughes had first met the boss of the Lazy M. Major's big-boned frame was relaxed, as if he might be weary; but in the light of the kerosene lamp which lit the room his eyes were glowing coals.

"Hughes," he said, "Bart Holt wants to ask you a few questions."

Holt turned his deep-set eyes upon Clay Hughes. "You own a forty-five six-gun?" he began, his voice bleak and lifeless as winter rock.

"I did own a forty-five six-gun," Hughes challenged him. "Where it is now you people know better than I do, I expect."

"When you load that gun, do you load it with six shells or five?"

"I carry my hammer on an empty cylinder, same as anybody else," Hughes said, his voice unpropitiatory.

"After a shot: do you reload that cylinder right off; or do you maybe leave it go?"

"Sometimes one way is handier, and sometimes the other," said Hughes, "as anybody who puts his mind to it ought to be able to figure out for himself."

Bart Holt bit his mustache, but his voice was still quiet as he continued. "Did you throw down on anything this morning or last night?" he asked.

"No. I haven't used my gun for a week."

Bart Holt leaned forward, and for the first time his voice took on an edge. "And yet you carried an empty shell in your gun all that time, and didn't reload until you bedded down in Crazy Mule?"

"I made no reload in Crazy Mule and I fired no shot," said Hughes definitely. "The six-gun wasn't out of its leather."

"Then, just how," Bart Holt said slowly, "does it come there was an empty shell, forty-five caliber, in the ashes of your fire?"

He tossed the empty shell of a forty-five cartridge onto the table. "There it is, just like I took it out of your ashes," he declared, his voice rising a little. "The ash dust still sticks to its grease. You claim you never chucked it there?"

Hughes also leaned forward as he answered: "If that cartridge was in the ashes of my fire, someone else put it there."

BART HOLT'S voice turned abrupt and gruff, as if he were eager to be done with words. "I don't claim to be no long tracker," he said, "but I guess I can read plain sign. I'd say by the ground it was a month, anyway, since any man come into Crazy Mule from the Gunsight side except you, as you say, last night. And only one man come into that part of Crazy Mule from up above—and that man was Hugo Donnan. You and Sheriff Donnan were the only ones there last night—and the only ones since!"

"You sure you want to lay that down flat?" said Hughes.

"It's one of them things that can't be got around," said Bart Holt. "No halfway tracker could have read that canyon any other way, not in a hundred years!"

Hughes considered. When he spoke again it was directly to Holt. "Then," he said, "if you back-trailed Donnan to where he was shot, you know that I wasn't there."

"No," said Holt, "but you went up on the rim rock! Hugo Donnan was shot from the rock of the rim!"

"If you mean to—" began Hughes hotly.

"I can read plain sign as good as any man," said Holt angrily; "and when

(*Continued on page 60*)

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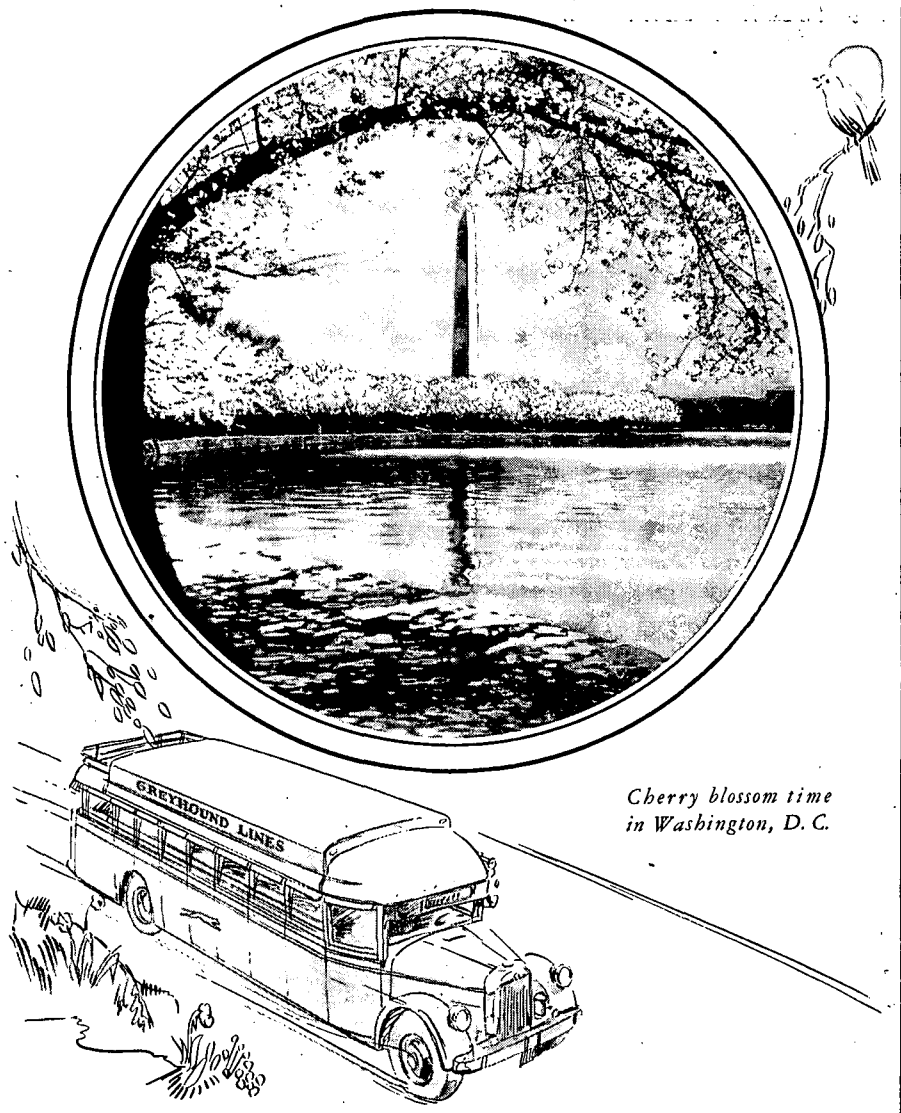

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(Continued from page 59)

I've read it, I'm generally right."

That he had climbed the long flank of naked rock which these men called the rim, Hughes could not deny. A blind instinct had made him do that; an instinct perhaps inherited from men before him, who had penetrated these far places in a day when the man who hunted beaver and the man who searched for gold forever had to think about keeping his scalp on, if he wasn't going to be rubbed out. Now, in a tamer West, that lonely look-around ritual had become as meaningless as the circling of a dog in lying down—but remained equally automatic. Hughes had gone through it a thousand times without questioning why he did so, or thinking about it at all. But now it seemed to him that he had been drawn up onto that rim by an impelling fate. He knew that he probably might have followed the rock a long way, if he had been careful, without leaving any visible trail.

"I don't dodge that, Holt," he said slowly. "I was up on the rim all right."

"AND there you are," said Holt again, turning to Major.

"There we was an hour ago, Bart," Major said. "But we're no place now. You see that, don't you?"

"I don't see nothing of the sort," Bart answered harshly.

"This morning," said Major, "Hughes stood where he's standing now and stood pat when we asked him what Hugo Donnan spoke before he died. I've told you that. And I've told you I judged he was making a fool play. But now I'm ready to back down on that. Bart, I swear, we'll come to find out that half the Buckhorn already knows about Hughes holding out the word that's going to hang a man. It's a game, gutty play this boy's making: and it's already drawn fire tonight. It's only by the grace o' God he stands there alive right now. Only one man could have wanted to down Hughes out of the dark—and that's the man who wants to keep Hughes from telling what he heard Donnan say before he died. Find that man, and you'll be right close to finding the man that downed Hugo Donnan."

"You can't get around the shell in the ashes, Ol'ver," Bart Holt insisted, stubbornly.

"Hughes," said Major, "don't you reckon you might have chucked that shell in there and forgot about it?"

"No," said Hughes.

Major banged a fist upon the desk beside him. "There you are, Bart. No man would pass up his chance for an out unless he was telling the truth."

"I don't know nothing about that," said Holt. "Donnan had friends that were mighty bitter against us here, as well you know. How do you know it wasn't one of them that took a shot at Hughes, knowing that he was the man who put down Donnan?"

"Nobody would do that, except for some reason a lot more pressing than evening up a killing," said Major.

"Maybe that's hard to swallow," Holt agreed, "but if you're going to take his story you're going to have to believe that somebody stood on the rim and threw that empty shell a hundred and fifty yards through the trees and it lit in the ashes of his fire."

"Until we know more about it," said Major, "we'll have to take our choice between the two impossibilities."

"Well, I've made mine," said Bart Holt.

"And I mine," said Major, "but it's a different one from yours."

As Major met Clay's eyes, Hughes thought that for the present, at least, he could count on the old man of the Lazy M to back his play. Yet, the inexplicable appearance of the cartridge in his camp fire gave him a new sense of hazard, as if he no longer could be sure that the impossible would not rise against him. And the stubborn and virulent Bart Holt was a man whom Clay Hughes would far rather have had on his side. It was too late for that; it had already been too late when Bart Holt, sifting the ashes of the Crazy Mule fire, had made up his mind.

"Bart," said old Major, "I'm going to call the hands in here. I've got a couple of things I want to say to them all. And I want you to hold your cards close to your belly, Bart. Until I get new light, this boy stands on a par with anybody else around here, or maybe a half notch higher. I kind of like the way he stands up and spits in a man's eye. . . . Go sing out for the hands."

"One way or the other," said Holt, moving slowly toward the door, "the harm's done now. We're up against a finish fight this time, Ol'ver. The time for turning back's past."

Old Oliver Major answered him with a slow, hard grin: "I thought the fight was gone out of me. I thought I was too old and tired to care about standing off Adobe Wells any more. But today when I stood on the rim and looked down at the Buckhorn spread out below—something always kind of happens to me when I stand on the rim. And there's a fight in the Lazy M yet! I tell you, Bart, I may be broken down and old, but, by heaven, I'm still boss of the Buckhorn water! I've taught 'em that twice before. This time, so help me God, I aim to teach 'em so they'll never forget!"

Holt said, "I'm glad it's come . . ."

"Call in the boys."

For a moment, as if there had been an Indian medicine in the old man's words, a deep, stirring eagerness came into Hughes to know who "they" were who had come against the Buckhorn water twice before, and had twice been turned back; it was as if for a moment he, like these old men, caught the scent of approaching battle. Over the waiting Lazy M hung a sense of grim fatalism; everyone there seemed moving warily under the threat which hung over the Buckhorn, awaiting the impact.

BUT there was a more immediate necessity pressing upon him now. He was haunted by the face of Sally Major. He was seeing it in profile against stars as she sat, head leaned back against the adobe, in the recessed window of the dark room. There was gallantry in that girl, and stamina; but also something else indefinable that got to him, called out to him, as no one else ever had. And he blamed himself unreasonably for her present condition. Once more he took up his stubborn effort to get possession of the key to the padlocked door.

"And now," he said, "if you'll just ask Canfield to give me the key to my room."

The cowboys of the Lazy M were trailing into the room now, quiet, stiffly unhurried, their hats in their hands. "Give Hughes the key to the old gunroom, Harry," said Oliver Major. "From here out, Hughes is hired on for as long as he wants to stay. And while we're on that, I want to say this: we didn't have call to ride herd on him nor to lift his guns. He gets his guns back, and he's got free run. Give him his key. What's the matter, Harry? Ain't you got it?"

"Yes, but," said Canfield embarrassed, "leave me say something, will you?"

"Well?"

"Something kind of funny come up, just since you've been back and talking in here. We all thought that we'd go and take a look at the bullet hole in

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the wall of that room, to see if we could make out just where the shot come from and—"

"I thought I said you all was to stay in the chuck hall," Major growled at him.

Canfield looked confused. "Why, Mr. Major, we reckoned you just meant you wanted us on hand, in case there was call for us."

"All right."

"So we went and unlocked that door"—Canfield hesitated, and Hughes held his breath—"but—darn it, this sounds funny—"

"WELL, well, come out with it!" Major snapped impatiently.

"Well—we couldn't get in."

"*How* couldn't get in?"

"Mr. Major," said Canfield with conviction, "that door is barred from the inside."

"Fiddlesticks!" grunted Major. "It's jammed—that's all. Go on, take your key, Hughes, and if the door sticks, I hope you'll have the sense to kick it in!"

"I ain't so sure—" began Dusty Rivers.

Major turned his eyes to Dusty sharply. "You too, Dusty? What's eating you, boy?"

"Oh, I don't know, but I thought—it just seemed like to me for a minute while we was letting Hughes out of there— Oh, well—"

"Spit it out, man!"

"Well," said Dusty sheepishly, "I thought I heard talking in there."

"I'm sick of this nonsense," Major exploded. "Are you going to pass over that key? You, Art, go along and get Hughes his guns. We shouldn't never have disarmed him to begin with."

Tom Ireland allowed himself a humorless chuckle. "He kind of fooled us, at that, I guess. Seems like he held a gun out on us after all."

"He sure did," French grinned. With good-natured impudence Art French jerked up the corner of Clay Hughes' vest, so that for a moment all eyes saw the black butt of the gun that Sally Major had given him. It was the first time that Hughes had actually seen the gun himself, and now, glancing downward, he saw that its black butt was marked by a white star the size of a dime, apparently inlaid in bone: the sort of nonsense a cowboy works on sometimes, during the long winter lay-ups.

And now as he looked up he saw that the faces of the men in that room had changed. Art French had drawn back his hand, but some of them still looked at the line of Hughes' belt as if they could not believe that they had seen there, a moment before, the star-marked black butt of the gun; and he read in the eyes of one or two that they found what they had seen impossible to believe.

He shifted his eyes to Oliver Major's face and for a moment he thought that of them all old Oliver Major was the only one who had not seen or, at least, had found no special significance in the white star upon the black butt; but as he watched he saw the old man's face slowly change. The light went out of it, leaving it as harsh and ugly as cold lava slag, with only the eyes, which somehow now seemed deeper set in the rugged old head, burning with the light of a slow, dark fire behind.

Harry Canfield had been moving around behind the other cowboys, bringing the key to Clay Hughes as Major had directed him. He, with two or three others in the background, had failed to glimpse the momentarily revealed mark of the star upon the gun which Hughes wore. Close behind him Hughes heard Canfield whisper, "What's up?" and Walk Ross turned to answer from the corner of his mouth, "Dick Major's gun!"

"Canfield," said Oliver Major, slowly, without seeming to move his eyes from the thing they were seeing far beyond the walls, "I'll take that key myself."

Obediently, Harry Canfield gave the key into the old man's hands, and Oliver Major rose, stiff and slow.

Bart Holt said, "Ollie, what you aim to do?"

And Major answered, "I'm going to open that door."

The room was motionless, silent, while Oliver Major moved slowly across it. Then Bart Holt called out to Major in a queer voice, "You sure you want to do that, Ollie?"

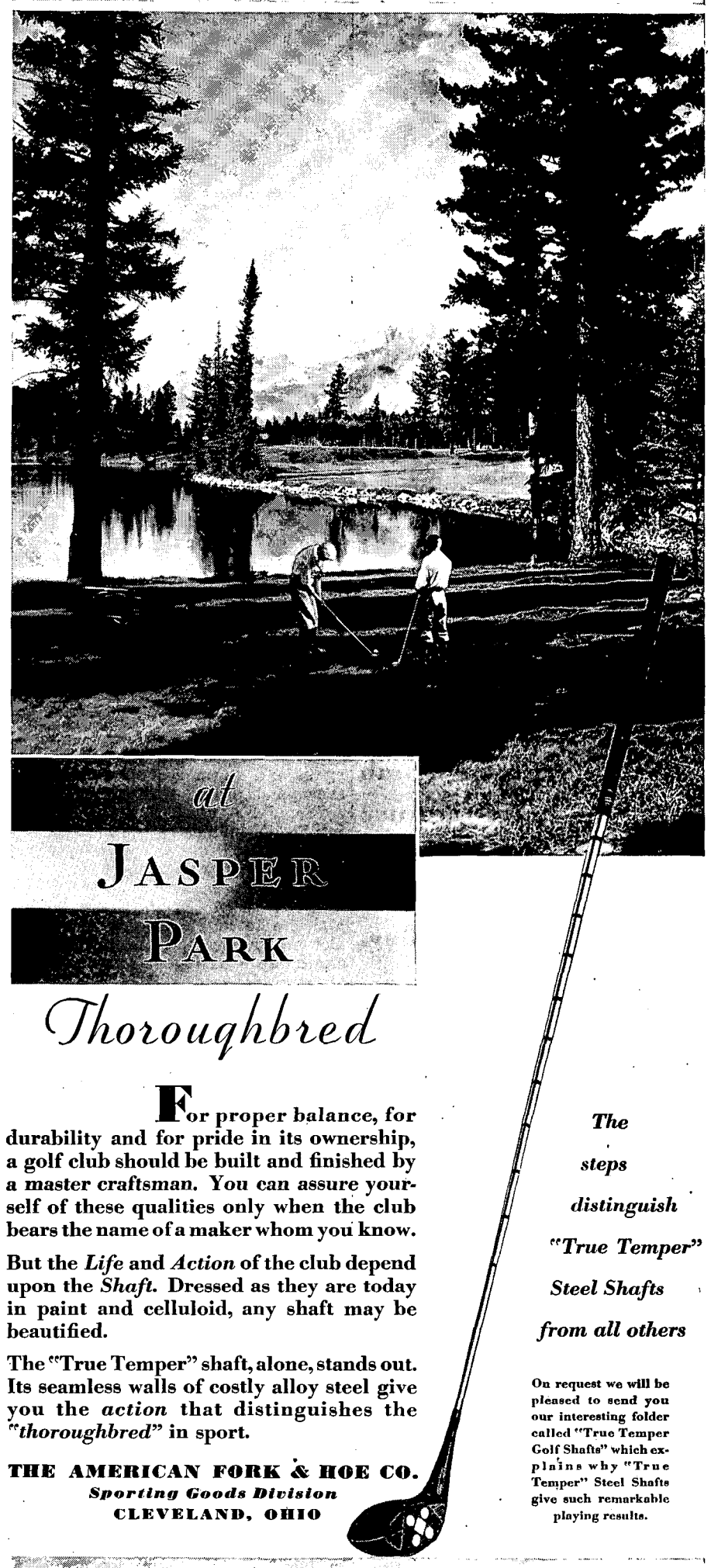
FOR just a moment the lord of the Buckhorn water hesitated. Hughes, looking about him, thought that while all seemed to feel that something extraordinary had happened, something mysterious and strange, only Bart Holt and old Oliver Major seemed to think that they knew both the question and the answer.

"Yes," said Oliver Major at last, in an almost soundless voice; and he moved toward the door. "I've never hid anything yet. I'm too old to start it now." He turned down the hallway toward the courtyard, his slow stride uneven. And half furtively, yet apparently drawn by an irresistible curiosity, the cowboys of the Lazy M began to trail after him and Bart Holt, their boot-heels unaccustomedly quiet upon the tiles.

(To be continued next week)

"Surely you don't mind if I manicure my nails!"

GOLF AT ITS FINEST



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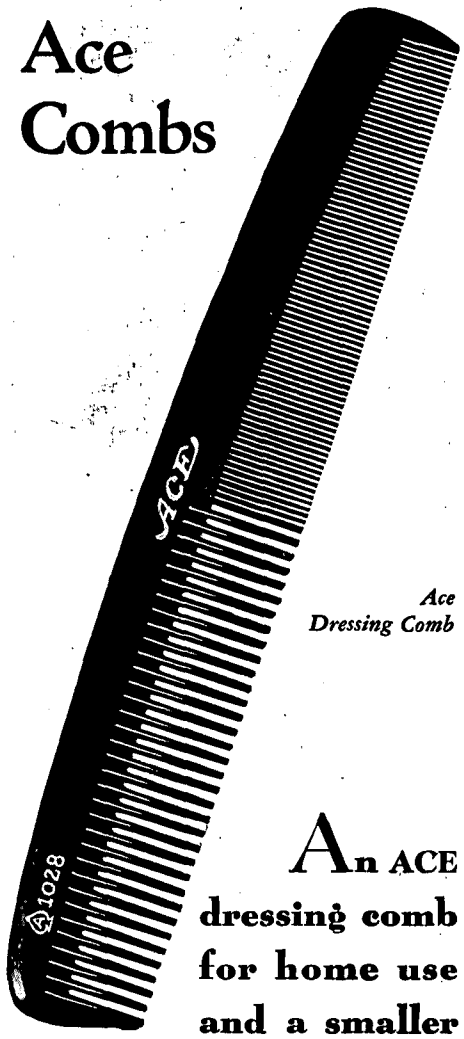

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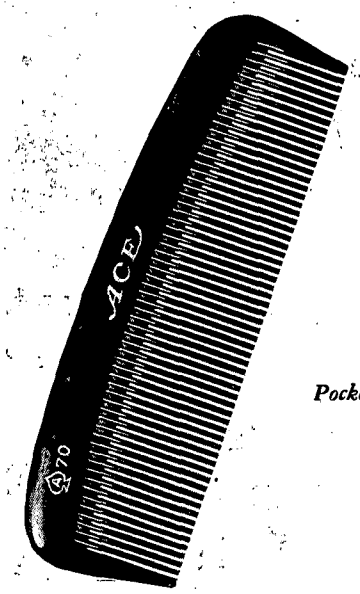

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Whose Shoes?

Continued from page 17

Tarleton waited long in the cheerless lobby for his partner's return. He grunted impatience at last, ran upstairs, came down in coat and cap and tramped hastily toward the post office.

SCOTT obtained the postmark which completed the record of the day's patrol. He climbed back into the car and hesitated an instant. Then he drove, not back to the hotel but toward the station. The postmaster had told him Number 4 was fifteen minutes late.

The snow-plastered boards of the platform sounded so loudly beneath his feet that the man and girl who waited there looked toward him. Constable Ball, his round pale face blotched red by cold, screwed little eyes still smaller and waved a jerky greeting. Scott made no response, but he halted. The chill glance of Mary Flint had made his half-defined errand ridiculous.

A far whistle cut through the stillness. The trooper lingered, unwilling to emphasize inanity by retreat. The girl, with an angry jerk of her head, turned away from the voluble constable.

"Hold on now," he commanded and caught her sleeve. She pulled free. Her angry loveliness bewildered Scott. She looked through him and past him without a sign. Ball, shambling after her, paused with a specious grin.

"On the reception committee, Scott?"

"Eh?" the trooper asked. The constable canted his head toward the girl at the platform's end. The train hooted again and steam spouted against the snow-patched blue of distant hills.

"Sore," Ball confided, little eyes testing Scott's indifferent pose. "Claims I come down to hound George. When you showed up, she was fit to be tied. Too dumned high-sperrited."

"Yeh?" the other parried, suppressing a desire to knock the leer off Ball's blotched face. The rails sang and the station agent emerged from his cubby, buttoning his coat.

"Yeh," Ball returned with derision and clumped off, leaving Scott outwardly impassive, inwardly attuned to the sound and fury of the train's arrival. Upon his truck, the agent exchanged packages and gossip with the baggage man. Both paused to stare down the platform. As the train moved out, Scott's eyes followed theirs.

MARY FLINT kissed, almost against his will, a pale, scowling youngster. Alighting passengers lingered, gaping. The trooper saw Ball approach George Flint and speak. The lad's face darkened as he answered. Scott could not hear the constable's retort but the spectators laughed and Flint, shaking off his sister's hand, lunged forward. Ball caught the upraised arm. The girl gave a sharp little cry.

The trooper knew vaguely that he had collided with and half upset someone in the audience. He was clearly conscious only of the appeal in Mary's eyes, the terror that blanched her mouth. Unceremoniously, he thrust himself between the struggling men.

"What's the idea?" he asked coldly.

Ball's pudgy face shook with anger.

"Idea," he bawled. "I'm arrestin' him."

"And what for?" Scott asked, and at his tone Ball and Mary Flint both stared. "You oversized bully!" the trooper added.

The constable's blotched countenance turned a uniform crimson.

"He assaulted me," Ball snarled. "We don't put up with jailbirds in Ophir, young fella."

"Oh, don't be quite such a darned fool," Scott suggested. The surprise and gratitude in the girl's eyes turned his anger into savage glee. Under his deterring hand, George stood, passive, though breathing hard. "You started it," the trooper told Ball.

"No kid trooper," the constable bellowed, "kin tell me—"

"Now just a minute," Scott begged with an ugly smile. "If you don't let this boy go home, I'll be glad to show you what assault really is."

TARLETON called his name sharply and thrust his way through the crowd. He stood, listening gravely while Ball babbled accusation. "Right, Dave?" he queried at length.

"Part of it," Scott acknowledged, nervous under the corporal's steady regard. "Ball started it and—"

"I just only told him we didn't want no jailbirds in Ophir," the constable fumed.

"I see," said Tarleton. "We'll take this lad out of Ophir, then, and see he goes home. That'll settle everything."

He nodded, as though Ball had acquiesced, and led the way toward the car.

The low sun was a disk of red lacquer that slid behind a cloud bank. Twilight crawled across the pallid land. The cold stung their faces and squeezed fingers and toes. Scott turned as the girl on the rear seat spoke to her brother in a barely audible voice. She clung to George's arm and, meeting the trooper's eyes, smiled timidly. Inner warmth drove the ache from Scott's hands and feet. Tarleton looked up from the road and spoke for the first time:

"More snow coming."

Flint responded: "Pretty cold for snow. I'm—I'm obliged to you."

The corporal nodded. He did not speak again before the car halted at the Flint gate. The tethered police dog raved and then, as Flint alighted, switched from barking to whines and leapings of delight. With an indistinguishable mutter, George hurried forward to be overwhelmed in a flurry of canine greeting.

Mary lingered. She said: "He'll bite anyone but George and Father and me. That's why we keep him tied up. I'm very much—I mean: Thank you."

Her wistful smile left the trooper speechless.

Tarleton replied: "Our job's to stop trouble, not start it."

He nodded and trod on the starter. Flint pushed the dog away and hurried to the car side.

"Thanks," he offered gruffly; and then, in a sudden outburst of grievance: "That damned Jared Ball ain't through with me yet. Because Mary don't like him, he—"

"Oh, please," the girl begged. He turned on her.

"It's true," he cried. "You know it. All the while we been where he put us, he's been devilin' you—"

Mary glanced appealingly at Scott's grim face. Tarleton spoke:

"There'll be no trouble. We're in charge outside the town. If—anyone bothers you, we're at the Mansion House. Room 7," he added with a crinkling of wrinkles in his eye corners. "Have us paged."

"Couldn't you," the girl asked hurriedly, "couldn't you maybe stay to supper?"

The corporal replied before Scott could answer:

"Thanks, but supper's waiting for us now."

"Maybe," Scott hesitated, "I could drive out after—"

"No," Tarleton interrupted calmly. "He couldn't. We've got a miss in the engine to find. Good-by."

Wheels slurred, caught and thrust the car away. Tarleton drove a long minute before he ordered: "Pull in your head, Dave."

Scott abandoned his backward stare and grinned feebly. His partner said:

"We better get this straight now: While you've got that uniform on, you're a cop. The other eight hours you sleep. Get me?"

"No," said Scott in brief defiance.

"Then I'll make it plainer," Tarleton pursued calmly. "This isn't a moving picture. It's the north Chenango County patrol of the New York State Troopers."

"I only—" Scott stammered, but the corporal's sharp voice severed protest:

"You only stir up a fuss all Ophir is talking about by now. You only make the troopers look cheap. You only get the local constable sore at us and you only give this patrol a bad start it'll take a month of work to get over. That's all."

"Ball," the other retorted, "was trying to bully—"

"Ball," Tarleton agreed quickly, "is a heel. Sure. But we've got to work with him."

"I suppose," suggested Scott, "I should have stood by while he bullied that youngster."

"Nope." Tarleton's voice and face were calm. "You ought to have acted like a trooper. I did, and I settled it. Are you a movie hero or a cop?"

"A cop," Scott granted in a surly voice.

"Be one, then," the corporal advised. "So far, you've been no more use than a celluloid stove."

Later he broke the angry silence:

"After supper, I'll see if you're enough of a cop to get the cylinder head off that engine."

GEORGE FLINT choked and set down his coffee cup with a clatter. His alarmed face was hidden from his sister by the lamp in the table's center.

"Torrey?" he repeated in a tight voice.

"Yes," she replied. "A red-headed man with a sort of jerky manner. He came to see you this noon. He said you expected him."

"I told you," he retorted sullenly, "that some mistake in the papers kept me in a day longer."

"I know," said Mary Flint and looked happily around the lamp at his scowling face. Her expression changed.

"He only said," she repeated slowly, "'Tell the kid I'll be leaving town tonight.'"

She carried dishes to the sink. Her brother sat with hands dangling between his knees and slitted eyes staring at the lamp. The zest of his homecoming suddenly had been abolished.

"Gosh," he muttered and his fingers twisted each other. She caught his shoulder tightly.

"Who is this Torrey?" she demanded. He shrugged.

"An ex-convict," he replied with sour bravado. "Like me. Worked beside me in the shoe shop."

After a pause he continued almost unwillingly, as though her steady eyes drove him on:

"I don't owe Ophir anything, I guess."

She reached for a chair, sat down before him and took his hand in hers.

"Tell me," she bade quietly. He forced bluster into his voice:

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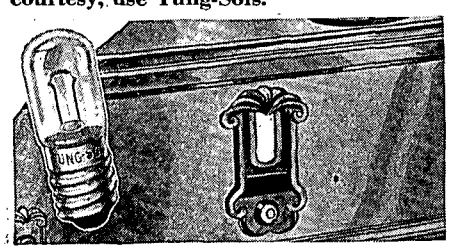

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"Torrey's going to clean out the Ophir National."

She flinched but her voice was steady as she asked: "And what about you, George?"

"I don't want any part of it," he said loudly. "It's none of my business, either way."

"George," she accused, "you and he are in it together."

He flinched like a lashed horse. His eyes implored her.

"Mary, listen. Six months out of your life—does something to you. Torrey and I talked a lot, but that's all. I'm not in on it now. I'm going to stay right here like the troopers said."

"You've got to stop it," she ordered. His laugh was bitterly obstinate. Her eyes ran desperately about the room and settled again on his.

"George," she asked, controlling her voice carefully, "don't you know what Jared Ball will do if the bank is robbed the day you get home?"

"I've an alibi," he retorted.

"No," she insisted. "If you won't do anything, I'm going into town myself and find the troopers."

He wavered. There were tears in his eyes. She pressed her advantage.

"They got you out of trouble today. George, I've stood about all I can. Please, George."

His fingers twitched irresolutely and then tightened on hers. His sagging head came up.

"Yeh," he agreed huskily. "I done enough to you, Mary. I'll—I'll go."

THE police dog, wakened by Flint's approach, snarled and emerged from his kennel with an apologetic whine. The lad paused an instant in the road. As though he drew fortitude from the slim figure, black in the open doorway, he squared his shoulders and tramped away over the frozen slush.

Ophir's sparse lights were the sole stabilities in a cold void. As he passed the first houses of the village, he hurried faster. Somewhere, along this dim thoroughfare or the dark side streets, Torrey lurked. He quaked as he thought that already Torrey might have plundered the bank. Suppose, a panicky, inward voice whispered, Flint should reach the troopers after the robbery had been discovered? Suppose Ball should find him slinking into town at night?

He turned so suddenly that the bulky following figure was almost as startled as he.

"Hi," Constable Ball called, hoarsely. Terror possessed Flint. He ran and heard the heavier pounding of the constable's pursuit.

"Stop," Ball yelped. "I'll shoot."

The black gut of an alley was a refuge into which Flint plunged. He slipped and fell, recovered and brought up against a fence. He could see Ball advancing from the lighted street beyond. Flint gripped the snow-crusted fence top, swung over and landed noiselessly in a drift beyond. Through this he floundered to clearer going and ran on.

Exhaustion halted him. He appreciated he was lost. Housetops, dark against the sky, lights that shone in the distance only confused him further. He fancied he heard sound of pursuit above the loud sobbing of his own breath, groped forward, scaled another fence and dropped into the alley skirting the Mansion House.

He stood a long minute in the deeper gloom of the hotel and then, urged forward by muffled sounds behind, crept upon the porch and peered into the lobby. A wan electric bulb revealed its desertion and the stairway beyond. "Room 7," the corporal had said.

The stairs complained beneath his weight, but no one seemed to hear. He slunk along the dim hall, found the door with the tin "7" tacked awry thereon and turned the knob. A light burned in the empty chamber. The open closet door revealed two dangling sheepskin coats. Scott and his partner must be somewhere in the hotel. Flint sighed with exhaustion and relief and found a chair.

Feet sounded on the stair. He heard Jared Ball rasp: "George Flint. That's who 'twas."

Flint lunged for the door, but the men were coming along the hall. The open closet offered at least a momentary refuge. He flung the sheepskin coats on a bed and shut himself in.

Constable Ball, with one eye puffed and turning blue and a smear of blood across his forehead, collapsed in the nearest chair and panted while David Scott, in grease-stained overalls, poured water on a towel. The constable wiped his forehead gingerly. Scott inspected the abrasion.

"You're not hurt much," he said.

"Is that so?" Ball snorted. "George aimed to kill me."

"How," Scott demanded, "are you so certain it was George?"

"Well, I went over the fence after him. Got sort of lost in the lot back of Havens' and I come out at last behind the bank. I see someone squatting before the back door. I sneaks up on him. 'Got you, George!' says I and grabbed him. Knocked me down he did, and run. I shot."

"Hit him?" the trooper asked quickly.

"Bet I did," the constable boasted. "He hollered but he kept on goin'. And then I come up here and find the Lord A'mighty State Troopers tinkerin' with their car while the crook they wouldn't let me 'rest this afternoon is robbin' the bank. Hah!"

"Who says," Scott demanded, "he was robbing the bank? Who'd stop to rob a bank with a cop after him?"

Tarleton entered. The corporal's heavy brows twitched but his face was expressionless. Ball broke the pause: "What did you find?"

Tarleton fished in a pocket of his overalls.

"This," he replied grimly. "A jimmy. And this. A blackjack."

"Satisfy you, Dave?" Ball asked.

"Doesn't prove it was George," Scott muttered. Tarleton stripped off his overalls and picked up his coat.

"We'll find out," he promised. "I'm driving out to the Flints'."

"He'll have an alibi," Ball grumbled, rising. "Mary'll fix one up."

"If you winged him, as you say, an alibi won't help," Tarleton said. "If you didn't, we'll know if he's been out. It's snowing."

"LET'S go," the constable acclaimed. Scott stared abstractedly into the mirror of the bureau.

"Coming, Dave?" Tarleton queried at last.

"Aren't two of you enough to take a kid?" the trooper asked. Tarleton tossed him his sheepskin.

"I don't dare let you out of my sight," he said bitterly.

"Eddicate him to watch a couple of cops," Ball chuckled and led the way downstairs. Scott joined them in the lobby, where Tarleton checked himself.

"I'll phone George's description to barracks—in case," he decided aloud. His partner, with a muffled excuse, ran upstairs again. The car waited before the hotel when he returned. "Forgot my gloves," he explained, climbing in beside Tarleton. "Where's Ball?"

The constable appeared in the swarming flakes before the headlights and flourished a paper.

"Search warrant," he proclaimed. "Let's go," and Scott hated the zest in his voice.

The snowfall dwindled as they drove.

(Continued on page 64)

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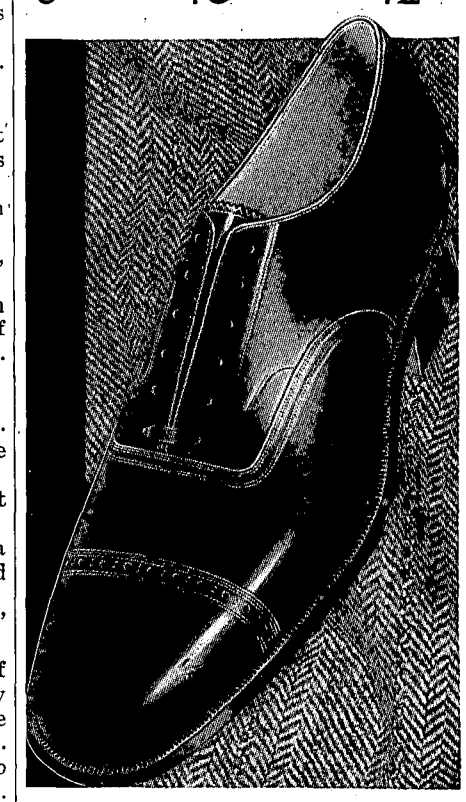

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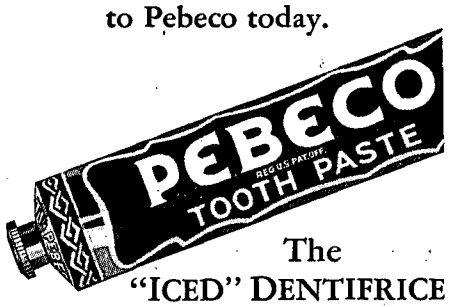

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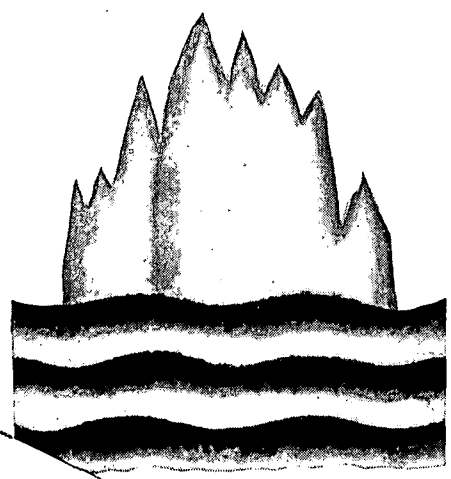

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(Continued from page 63)

When they halted at the Flint gate, only sparse flakes drizzled through the lamps' light. Even the storm was perishing in the black grip of the cold.

The windows of the cottage were bright oblongs on a wall of darkness. The police dog snarled and, as Tarleton's electric torch revealed him, broke into a fury of barking.

"Look," the corporal said sharply.

In the torch's radiance, two sets of footprints were stamped black on the snow. Ball grunted.

"Him and her, by God," he said gleefully. "Came home together. Well, once a Flint, always—"

Scott intervened in a hoarse, desperate voice.

"Listen," he begged. "I know it couldn't have been George because—"

The constable gave a derogatory, throaty sound. Tarleton turned and commanded viciously:

"Back in the car, Dave, and wait for us."

"Hey?" Scott asked stupidly.

"You heard me," Tarleton said. "You're a nuisance."

"All right," the trooper replied at length in a strange voice and obeyed. As the corporal circled about the frantic dog, he paused a long instant and his flashlight swept the snow. At Ball's impatient query, he only shrugged and then went on.

WHEN they had followed her down the brief hall to the kitchen, Mary Flint retreated to the back door and stood against it, her fingers nervously pleating her apron, her eyes dark with fright. Tarleton brushed flakes from his fur cap and asked politely:

"If he isn't here, do you know where we can find him?"

"No," she said with difficulty.

"He is here," Ball blurted. "You and him came in together."

"No," she repeated and one hand crept to her throat. Tarleton asked:

"Where did you go this evening, Miss Flint?"

"For a walk," she answered glibly. "I was—nervous."

"Because you knew," Ball diagnosed, "that George was bustin' into the bank. Ain't that it?"

He advanced with gleeful brutality. She evaded his outstretched hand and placed the table between them.

"Easy," Tarleton advised. Ball, abashed by his glare, fiddled with the doorknob and tried the latch. The corporal unbuttoned his coat and hooked thumbs into the gunbelt that emphasized the lean waist of the gray uniform blouse. Mary Flint pushed a strand of hair from her eyes. He told her quietly:

"We'll have to search the house, Miss Flint. We know—"

"Hold on," Ball exploded, "gimme that light. Look."

The beam played unsteadily through the open back door upon footprints that crossed the new snow in the barnyard. The constable babbled:

"I mistrusted so. Been here and gone. Come on."

The door slammed behind them. The girl clung to the table's edge in utter exhaustion. Her head sagged and then lifted in alarm at the click of a latch. Scott, blinking and hesitant, entered the kitchen.

"I want—" he began hurriedly, stopped as he saw the drooping figure beside the table and said "Hello" in an altered voice. She made no answer but under her scrutiny he felt himself reddden and grow clumsy.

"Where's Tarleton and Ball?" he queried. She told him in a dull voice.

"The dumb clucks," he exclaimed. She asked with a queer vigilance: "What do you mean?"

"I mean," he said slowly, watching her, "that George hasn't been here at all. And I don't believe," he added to dispel the growing fear in her eyes, "he's had a thing to do with this mess."

His loyalty brought her no comfort. Her lashes were wet and she pressed fingers upon her trembling mouth. So small, so lonely, so miserable she seemed that he forgot his shyness.

"Mary," he begged, "tell me what it's all about. I'd rather help you, Mary—than anything."

"You—you better go," she urged. "They'll want you." He caught her hand.

"Want me!" he repeated with amused bitterness. "Mary, let me help you. That's what I'm here for. I—love you, Mary."

SHE rested her head wearily against his shoulder for an instant and then pulled it away.

"Please go away, Dave," she begged.

He caught her again. She averted her face and felt his grasp relax. He asked in an altered, harder voice:

"Who came in with you tonight?"

Jealousy had turned his face bleak. She did not reply. He said at length, slowly:

"I'm staying right here, till I find out."

The fright in her eyes dismayed him. He turned as the kitchen closet door creaked.

"Stay," a thick voice invited, "only stay damned still."

Scott gaped at the man crouched in the doorway, at the stiff white face beneath the stiff red hair, at the blunt automatic.

"Stay," Torrey repeated, scowling more heavily as he limped forward. "Only put them hands up. Higher."

The pistol muzzle, jabbed into Scott's midriff, emphasized his command. He backed slowly away. The trooper stared at the rolled-up trousers leg and the crimson-splotched bandage.

"You'll get that and then some if you budge," Torrey promised, retreating deliberately toward the hall. "I'm taking the car you guys brought me. If you move—"

Scott drew a quick loud breath and dived forward. He barely heard the clap of the shot. A red-hot bodkin stabbed his shoulder and drew behind it an interminable length of flaming yarn. One arm was helpless. He hooked the other about the bandaged leg and wrenched. Torrey yelped and fell beside him. The gun clattered to the floor. While he strove to hold his cursing enemy, Scott floundered until the weapon lay beneath his body.

The movement brought Torrey uppermost. Fingers clawed at the trooper's throat. A fist hammered his wounded shoulder and sent red paralyzing bursts of agony through him. He struck at Torrey's fierce, white face and missed. The hand at his throat caught, held tighter.

It was gone. He drew down whooping breaths of icy air. Before him, as he managed to sit up, Ball, bent over Torrey, and the concerned, stooping figure of Tarleton slowly revolved.

"All right, kid?" the corporal's voice came through the strident humming in Scott's ears. The trooper blinked the sweat of anguish from his eyes. He nodded toward the slender body that lay forward across the table. His voice was a painful croak.

"She's hurt," he managed. "Look after her."

DAVID SCOTT came down the stairs and grinned uncertainly at Tarleton, who waited beside a table where water steamed and strips of cloth were spread.

"She's gonna," he stammered, "lie still for a while. Gee," he confided, "I think she's grand."

"I've noticed that," Tarleton acknowledged. "Could you bear to have me tend to that shoulder?"

He sponged and bandaged deftly.

"This'll do," he remarked, "till Ball brings the car back. I sent him along with Torrey. I hit him hard. He rated it."

Scott's scowl was due only partly to pain.

"He lied to her," the trooper said. "Said George was hurt and hiding. Wouldn't tell her where. Then he made her put on his shoes and walk over the hill to the road to fool us, if we trailed him here. She did, and then took them off and walked back home again. She told me so. You couldn't have hit him too hard."

"I guessed that," Tarleton acknowledged, "after Ball and I had followed those tracks a little way. They weren't made by the guy who came in. Space between the prints was shorter and there was no sign of a limp. So we came back and found you spread all over the floor."

"He was in the closet yonder," Scott mumbled and told of the encounter. Tarleton said, when he had ended: "You're not a bad cop at that, Dave."

"I told you," the trooper reminded, "that it wasn't George. You wouldn't let me—"

"I saw myself," Tarleton acknowledged, "that it wasn't Flint, but I thought we were only being bull-headed about it."

Scott stared. His bewilderment irked the corporal.

"I could see by the tracks," he said sharply. "I've eyes, as well as you have."

"I don't get you," Scott replied. Tarleton gaped.

"Didn't you see," he asked slowly, "that the tracks of the man went wide around the kennel of that hyena out there? You knew George wouldn't be afraid of Lobo. . . . Didn't you see that the girl came in later because in places her prints overlapped the man's?"

"Nope," Scott confessed. "Not any." Tarleton looked at him with a martyred expression.

"Will you please tell me, then," he asked, "how you knew George wasn't here?"

The trooper gave a feeble grin.

"Because I know where he is. He's locked in our closet."

SPURRED by the corporal's dazed expression, he hurried on:

"I saw prints of wet feet on the carpet of our room and then I saw a cigarette stub that didn't belong to you or me on the bureau and then I remembered I'd hung up our sheepskins before we went out and there they were on the bed. So—"

He glanced for reassurance at Tarleton's expressionless face.

"Go on," the other prompted.

"So," Scott resumed uneasily, "when you started downstairs, I opened the closet door a bit and George was there. I locked him in. I wasn't going to let Ball get him, for I knew George didn't do it. It's a heavy door and I went back while you were phoning and shoved the bureau against it. He's still there, I guess. I just wanted to keep him safe till you found out he wasn't guilty."

Tarleton's blank amazement slowly changed into respect.

"God forgive me," he said piously, "for the times I've called you dumb, Dave. I don't yet see how you knew he wasn't the man we wanted."

Scott's broad smile was triumphant.

"Oh," he returned. "That was easy. I knew Ball was a liar and I knew that no one like Mary could have a brother who was a yegg. She's—she's grand."

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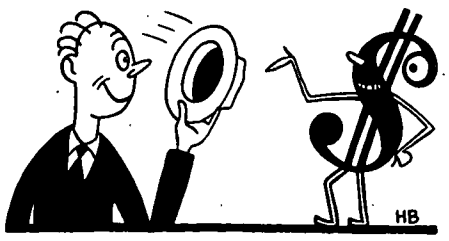

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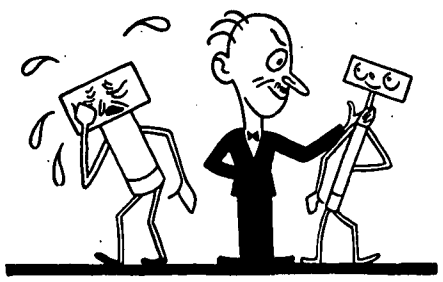

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Rasslin' gets a Toe Hold

Continued from page 16

began packing some of the armories. Wrestling began to click in New York and when the clicking started, Curley, the veteran promoter, was on the spot with his mammoths and mastodons all set for action.

The wrestling game found a mighty aid in boxing. The latter sport had been on top for a long time but in the past year or two most of the fighters either couldn't or wouldn't fight. Roving crowds, seeking amusement from sport, began to leave the fight game flat on its cauliflowered ear. Many of these fans turned to wrestling, where they began to get the action they were looking for.

An Exile Returns

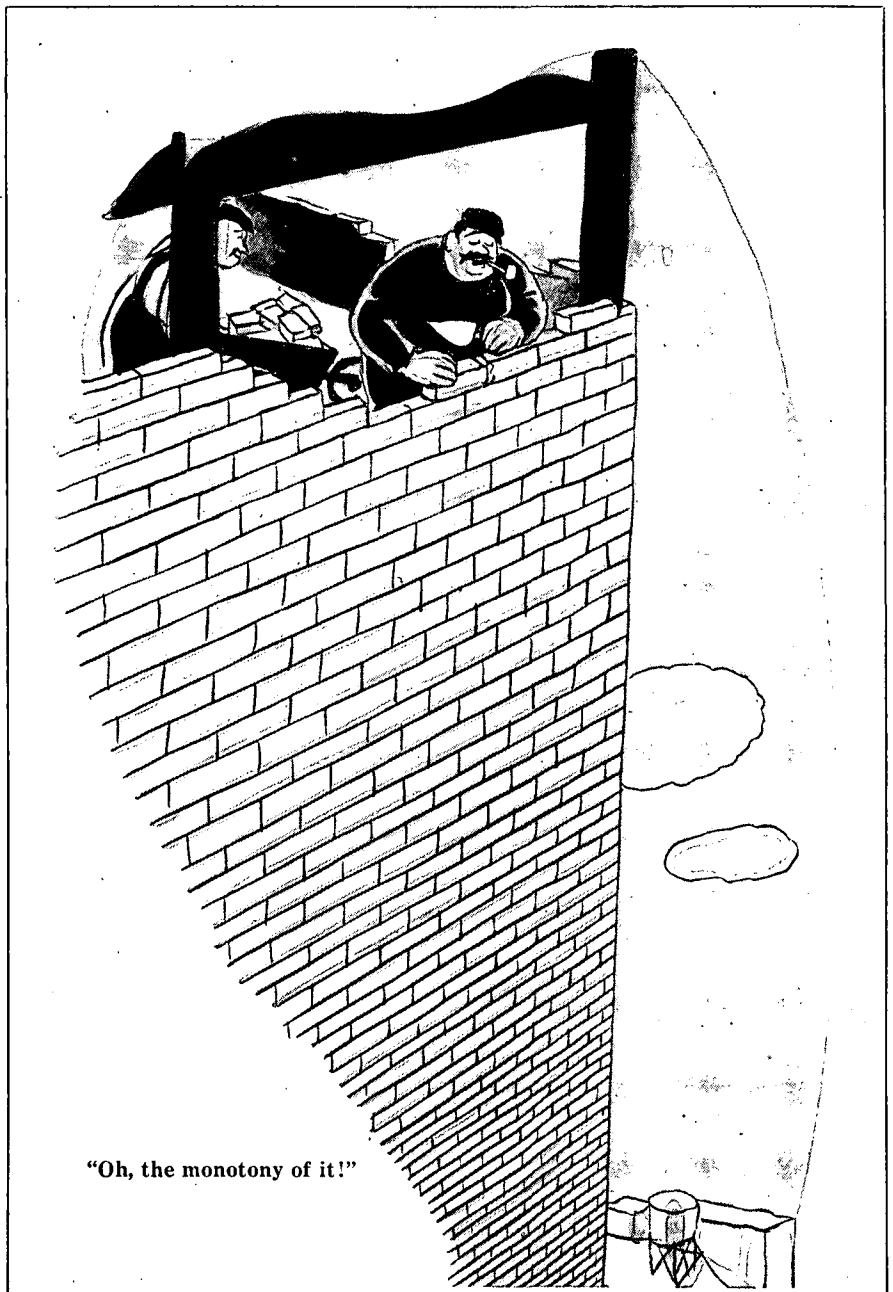
As one wrestling fan recently put it: "As far as I know the shows are honest. But even if they're not I get a big kick out of them, for they are full of action and all the outward signs of hostile competition. It is either honest competition or fine acting and in either case I get a real show."

The first big change was seen recently when a championship prize fight at the Garden drew less than seven thousand spectators while a championship wrestling match between Londos and Holuban not only packed the Garden, but turned away from ten thousand to fifteen thousand spectators who were trying to stampede the doors. So here was wrestling back again, an exile returned.

Hungarians, Poles, Magyars, Germans, Russians and Greeks of vast bulk all have been trained, not only in the skill of wrestling but also in the art of displaying an unhuman ferocity. And with them are a few of the collegians, such as Jim McMillen of Illinois, who is up in the front rank. And George of Michigan, who is or was one of the title holders in a rival camp.

These wrestling matches not only draw out a big following from the foreign colonies who have known the sport for years back home and who have some countryman to pull for, but there are now also social gatherings where the flash of jewels and the gleam of the boiled shirt light up the surrounding atmosphere. The wrestlers, with their high-flying acts and their attitudes of complete ferocity, with all the action and the showmanship they hand the crowd, have put the boxers in a position where they must either fight or retire to some other trade.

Whether or not Jim Londos is as good a wrestler as Frank Gotch is another argument. The answer is entertainment, and that is what the public happens to be looking for. The wrestlers are handing it to them in 250-pound chunks, often on the wing.



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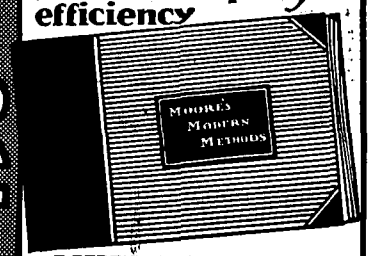

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See opposite page

Sweet as Honey

Continued from page 15

Curt saw her through a sudden mist. His throat contracted sharply. His one thought was, "Oh, God, I'm not worthy of her! I could never be worthy of her if I lived ten million years! I'm not worthy of her!"

She advanced slowly, to the purring of the organ, and her eyes, her remarkable eyes, with their superlative lashes, lifted just once as she met his and she smiled. But it was an infinitely sad smile, and she looked tiny and alone, coming to meet him that way, to link her life with his.

He could have got down on his knees and kissed her little white satin slipper.

She came steadily toward him and at last stood beside him. She reached only to his shoulder. Then her hand, light as a butterfly's wing, rested on his sleeve, and he heard his voice, as if from a great distance, muttering words, repeating phrases, saying, suddenly and vehemently, "I will!" through no apparent volition of his own.

AND then her voice, soft, clear, caressing. Promising to care for him in sickness and in health. Promising to obey him. Promising to honor him. Promising to love him.

"I pronounce you man and wife."

And they turned and faced the crowd, this time with her arm slipped through his, and her lips smiling.

It was over. They were married. Nothing could take her from him now. He need never again lie awake nights wondering if he even dared hope. Wondering if she would ever choose between her adorers. She had chosen. And she had chosen him. She was Mrs. Curt Malory and all he had to do from now on was to thank God, with every breath he drew, that he, and none other, was the lucky man!

They were not alone until she had changed into her traveling dress and run through a shower of rice to the waiting motor. Then they were alone. At last.

She smiled at him, her lashes veiling her eyes.

"I had Charlie come in to say good-by. I hope you don't mind."

Poor old Charlie!

"Mind! I should say not. I bet he's pretty well smashed up."

"Yes, I suppose he is."

She waited a minute. "Then Dickie came up to see me."

"I bet he joked about it."

"Well—not exactly."

"Anybody else?"

"Only Phil."

Phil. The one rival he had really feared. So devastating to women. So confident of success. So tempestuous.

"So Phil came, did he? How did he take it?"

"He said—he said—oh, but I mustn't tell you."

"You can tell me anything, dearest."

"He said he was going to hell."

"He did, did he?"

"Yes. It's terrible when a man cares for you so much."

"Oh, he'll get over it."

Her face clouded, and, seeing it, he drew her to him.

"Forget him. Forget all of them. I'm your only man from now on."

She leaned against him. "You do love me, don't you, Curt?"

"Love you!" If there were only words, words carved in gold and studded with precious stones to convey to her some measure of his love. "*Do* I!"

"I'm glad," she said, with a little sigh, "because I'm all alone in the world and all I have to live for is you."

They came home, after several weeks in the South, to the little house they had bought and furnished before leaving. Curt was glad to get home. "Now," he said to himself, as they went through the rooms, hand in hand, "now I can have her to myself!"

This he had been unable to say throughout the entire honeymoon. Except for the hours in which, by necessity, they were obliged to go to their room and sleep, they were besieged by friends. Old ones; new ones.

He could have refused the invitations. But not Honey. Because she was sweetness itself she permitted all men to bask in her smile. She permitted all men to run errands for her. She permitted all men to dance with her while she looked anguished, over their shoulders, at Curt. And when she was in his arms again, for a few brief turns around the ballroom floor, before someone cut in, she refused to run away with him, as he implored her to, because she had not the heart to disappoint other men with whom she had promised to dance, to have tea, to go out and look at the moon.

After all, she reminded him gently, they had a lifetime to spend together and the least they could do was to give these people, who were entertaining them so delightfully, a little of their time.

At Miami, Phil turned up, dark, glum, brooding. Honey, Curt saw, was deeply moved by his plight. She blamed herself for his heavy drinking, his heavy gambling, the women with whom he went about. . . . She was torn to pieces by his "going to hell" there before her very eyes.

Curt felt sorry for Phil himself, he looked so miserable and ridden. They annexed him to the party, and, while he drank less and gave up flamboyant blondes, he was still morose and silent. But he was getting over it, Honey assured Curt, cheerfully—with their help.

This was the honeymoon.

And now they were home in their own charming little house. Now they could shut out the world and curl up before their own fire. Now things would be different.

They were, and they were not.

They were, in that their friends immediately adopted the house as headquarters. There was no escaping them. Here you were host, as such expected to produce cubes of ice and bubbling waters. Here you could not slip off to your room lest a whooping pack storm it and drag you from bed and down the stairs.

HONEY attracted friends just as real honey attracted bees. She deplored it as much as Curt did. Seeing that he was really upset she resolved to set aside one night a week in which they could be alone. This was a failure. It was always the night on which the most amusing parties were given. Friends were hurt if you refused, and Honey could never bear hurting anyone.

In the year that followed, Curt was a little bewildered at the turn events seemed to have taken, but during that time his love for her never wavered. He was always assuring himself, and being assured by every man he met, that he was the luckiest fellow alive. His wife was the most fascinating, the most beautiful, the most delightful girl in all the world. If he was obliged to share her, it was only to be expected. After all, who was he to have exclusive access to so delicious a mortal?

They were dining, one Sunday, with an uncle of hers who said, "Well, Honey, when are you and Curt going to present me with a namesake?"

Curt looked up, grinning, to meet her eyes and saw in them something akin to terror.

That night she crept into his arms.

"Darling, you don't want a baby, do you?"

Curt had never thought much about it, but now that he did, it seemed a good idea, a grand idea, a whale of an idea! A baby would keep Honey home. A baby would fill her life. She could be sweet to a baby and let the rest of the world go hang. And a little daughter, just like her, with yellow ringlets and tremendous, black-lashed eyes. . . .

"I think it would be swell!"

He felt her tremble in his arms.

"Oh, Curt, I couldn't bear to."

"Why not?"

"I couldn't share you with anyone. Not even a baby. I want to be everything to you, always. I want to be the whole of your life."

He was so gratified and surprised that he could not think of anything to say. He had not dreamed she felt this way about him. Indeed, there had been times, lately, when she seemed to be slipping away from him, caught in a whirlpool that flung her farther and farther from the orbit of her home. And then this. This tender, this precious confession!

"Well, all right, Honey, if you don't want a baby, I guess it's up to you."

She corrected him swiftly: "Oh, don't misunderstand me, dearest. I'd love a baby. I'd adore a baby. It's only—only—that I'm jealous. I want every bit of your thoughts, and your time, and you. The nicest baby in the world would take some of you away from me."

HE HAD never thought of it that way. Well, perhaps she was right. Anyhow, baby or no baby, he had something no other man had and that all other men coveted. He had her.

He wanted to give her everything. He could not, of course, but he worked feverishly toward that end. Not that she asked for things. It was her not asking that made him work all the harder. Sometimes she said, with unconscious wistfulness, "Grace has a new bracelet," or "Olga's off for the south of France," or "Justine's building an addition to their house," and immediately he wanted to give her these things himself. And he would, too, in time. He was getting along nicely. How could he help it, with such an incentive?

He worked hard in the years that followed, and slowly things came his way. She received all his offerings with protests. "Oh, Curt, I didn't want you to get me this!" "Oh, Curt, it's just my silly way of talking about what other girls have that keeps your nose to the grindstone."

Well, it was true, his nose was near the grindstone, but through no fault of hers. It was because she looked so adorable in a new fur coat, or so smart in a new shining sedan, or so desirable in a new evening creation from Paris.

He could not always be on hand when she wanted him. He knew, and no longer resented it, that there were half a dozen men eager to take his place. Not any one, of course. He would not have stood for that. Nor would she. But old friends and new friends always delighted to fill the breach and act as her escort.

And then, as their fifth anniversary approached, he planned to give her a pearl necklace. The thought had occurred to him one day at a jeweler's,

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where he had gone with her to leave a watch to be repaired. The jeweler, on seeing Honey, had brought out some pearls, a lustrous string, and she had held the pale, gleaming beads to her throat for an instant and sighed, just a little, as she laid them down.

From that moment he worked toward the hour when he could purchase a string for her. Not that string, of course. It was prohibitive, but a small one, of perfectly matched pearls.

It took no end of planning. It meant going without new suits and a winter overcoat he needed. It meant giving up a club and dismissing a clerk in the office. But with the help of a deal that he hoped to put through he thought he could swing it.

He swung the deal. The weeks of endless work were over. He bought the necklace on their anniversary and planned to take it home that evening and clasp it about her throat.

ALL day long the stiff, oblong leather case burned a hole in his pocket. A dozen times he took it out, opened it and stared down at the coiled white beads within. Darned expensive. But they were worth it. He could scarcely wait for the hours to pass. After lunch he called up the house. She was not in, but expected any minute. He decided, in a burst of excitement, to chuck work and go home and wait for her.

When he got there, he found caterers already busy in the dining-room, erecting a bridal bower around his chair and hers, for the anniversary dinner. He glanced in, smiled, and went on upstairs. On the dressing table in their bedroom he found a stack of telegrams. "THE FIRST FIVE YEARS ARE THE HARDEST." "PUT ME ON YOUR MATING LIST." "ARE YOU STILL HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED?"

Yes, they were still happy though married. And if he could venture a guess, mighty few couples he knew were. But then, there was only one Honey. He laid down the telegrams and was about to turn away when he caught a sound in the adjoining room. His dressing-room. Footsteps. Someone moving softly about. He crossed the room and turned the door handle. It did not yield. Locked. From the inside.

"Who's there?" he called.

A woman's voice answered: "It's only Mrs. Meade."

Mrs. Meade? Who the devil was Mrs. Meade?

"What have you got the door locked for?"

"Mrs. Malory always likes to have me lock the door when I'm restringing her pearls."

Restringing her pearls!

"But Mrs. Malory hasn't any—" He stopped. His hand involuntarily traveled to his hip pocket. "Open the door," he said, brusquely, "this is Mr. Malory."

Mrs. Meade obligingly opened the door. She was a small, gray, stooped little woman, who smiled him a welcome.

"I hope I didn't put you out, sir."

He did not answer but strode in and across to where she had been sitting. A necklace of pearls of extraordinary size and luster lay half strung in her work basket. At the bottom were a cluster of loose pearls, like white shoe buttons, crowded together. He knew the necklace. He had seen her wear it a dozen times. He had never given it a thought, or, if he had, it was as the rawest paste.

"It's tedious work," she said.

He picked them up.

"Oh, watch out!" she cried. "Half of them aren't made fast. I wouldn't want to lose one of them. Each pearl is worth a small fortune, Mrs. Malory's always telling me."

"So you've done this for her before?"

"Oh, yes, sir, several times. She's always so nervous for fear she'll lose one of them. They're priceless, you see."

"I see."

She followed him to the door and turned the lock behind him. He could hear her moving about inside, settling down to her task again. Then, silence.

Pearls. So she had pearls. He laughed aloud. Pearls. And him sweating blood. Counting every penny. Going without lunches. Going without clubs. Going without clothes. Lying awake nights to figure out a way to give them to her. Pearls. God! It was funny!

He took out the jewel case in his pocket and opened it. The string before him was puny and insignificant beside those others, each one of which was worth a small fortune. How she would laugh at his necklace. Priceless. Priceless.

Staring down at them, it struck him as ludicrous that he would never have discovered the truth had it not been for his eagerness to reach home earlier than usual. To have her to himself for a few hours before her guests claimed her. To be able to tell her what those five years together had meant to him.

He returned the jewel case to his pocket and stood by the window, staring out. He was astounded, suddenly, that it was possible to feel for a woman whom you had known so intimately a detachment so complete and cold. He had finished with her and she was a stranger to him. He could judge all her actions from the day she married him, coolly and impartially. He could analyze them and trace her selfishness step by step. She had used him, she was still using him and she would continue to use him as long as he permitted her to.

He did not even hate her.

If she lay dead in the next room he would feel a terrible and overwhelming sorrow. As it was, he felt nothing.

He was standing when she came in. He heard her little gasp: "Why, Curt, I didn't know you were home!"

He turned slowly and surveyed her. Surveyed the beautiful woman in the dark blue suit trimmed with beaver, the tiny blue hat.

"Yes, I got here early. I wanted to surprise you. I've brought you a present."

HE TOOK the case from his pocket and laid it in her hands.

She gave a little squeal of delight. "Jewels!" and opened it.

She stared for a moment at the necklace without speaking, then sprang at him and flung her arms around his neck.

"Pearls! That's all I had left to wish for!"

She kissed him and danced away to her dressing table, holding them up delightedly.

"They're heavenly! They're wonderful! All my life I've longed for pearls! Oh, Curt darling, I don't know what to say!"

And the amazing part of it was that she really did like them. There was no pretending. He thought, with grim amusement, that she was like a greedy child who held out her hands for more and more and more; who could never get her fill of a good thing, be it men or jewels.

"Put them on me."

He shook his head. "Not now. Not until you're all dressed for the party. And speaking of dressing, I suppose we ought to get started."

He took a step toward the little room to see what she would do. She intercepted him.

"Oh, not yet."

(*Continued on page 68*)

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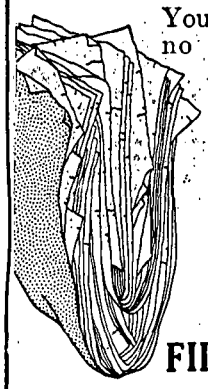

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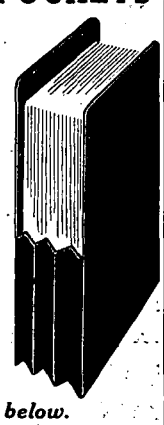

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d from preceding page

(Continued from page 67)

"But it's getting late."

She slipped her arm through his. "Let's not hurry. Let's go down on the porch for a while and curl up on the swing and talk."

He shook his head. "Got to get started. I want to look my best tonight."

His hand was on the knob. She tugged at his fingers. Her face had gone suddenly white.

"You can't go in there anyhow, Curt."

"Why not?"

"Because—because—Mrs. Meade—because my little seamstress is in there putting the finishing touches to my—my dress for tonight."

"A new dress! Ah! I must see it!"

"You can't!" There was a hysterical note in her voice.

He said, as if discovering it for the first time, "Why, the door's locked."

"Of—of course it is. I thought—I didn't want—if you came home early—You've got to see the dress for the first time when I put it on, just for you."

He rattled the door knob. "Open the door," he called.

She wound her arms around his neck. "Please, Curt. Please. It—it isn't like you to—to spoil my fun."

He could hear the scrape of Mrs. Meade's chair as she rose. At the sound Honey called out sharply: "No, Mrs. Meade. No. Don't open the door."

Mrs. Meade's voice on the other side said, "What's that?"

"Open the door."

Honey cried, "No! No! Don't do it! Curt, you're perfectly horrid! I think you might let me have my little surprise I—"

Curt said, pleasantly, "If you don't open the door, Mrs. Meade, I shall be obliged to break it down."

Mrs. Meade turned the key hastily in the lock and stepped back.

"Now," said Curt, flinging open the door and stepping across the threshold, "where's the famous dress?"

He did not look at Honey, but he knew she was signaling to Mrs. Meade. Wildly, desperately. Cover up the pearls. Cover up the pearls. Mrs. Meade stared at her.

"But Mr. Malory's been in here not ten minutes ago," she said.

He turned at this and saw Honey's face. It was pale as a ghost.

"Yes," he said, as he went toward the work basket, "I've been in here. I never knew you had any pearls until today."

He heard her voice behind him, shrill, trembling, "Oh, those. Yes, I've had those for ages. They're a good string, don't you think? You'd almost think they were real."

"Almost," he said, dipping down in the basket and bringing them up. "Where did you get them?"

"I—I—I—" her teeth were chattering.

HE TURNED to Mrs. Meade, "You can go home now."

"But I'm not quite finished, sir—"

"Even so, you can go home."

He glanced down at the pearls, so round, so cool, so enormous. God! What must a string like that have cost?

Mrs. Meade was speaking in a shaking voice, "I hope I haven't made any trouble, sir. I hope—"

"No trouble at all."

She was close to tears. "Good evening, sir. Good evening, ma'am."

Curt followed her to the door and closed it. Then he stood leaning against it, facing Honey. He did not look at her but at the necklace which he twisted negligently about his fingers. After a while he raised his eyes. Honey was staring at him.

"Curt," she whispered. "You've got to believe me! You've got to believe me! You don't think I'd take a string of pearls like that from anyone but you—"

"Where did you get them?"

"I—I—bought them."

"Where?"

She dropped her eyes. He had her there. She could not lie and meet his gaze.

"Who gave them to you?"

"I told you I—"

"Phil?"

"Curt, you don't think I'd let Phil—"

"Did Phil give them to you?"

"No, of course not. I bought them myself."

"Will you swear before God that's the truth?"

There was no mistaking the relief that flicked in her eyes. "I'll swear it."

"All right then, I believe you."

HE HELD them out to her. She almost ran to him in her eagerness to seize them. Suddenly he whipped them behind him.

"Wait!"

"What for?"

"I don't like them. I don't like imitation things."

"All right, Curt, I'll give them away. I hate them too. I—"

"Since they aren't valuable I'd just like the fun of—"

Her face became pinched. "Of what? What are you going to do?"

"This." He flung them to the floor; he would grind them under his heel; crush them to powder.

She hurled herself at him.

"Don't! Don't! For God's sake, don't!"

He caught her wrist and held it as in a vise. "So they are real, are they? Are they?"

"Yes. Yes. You don't know what you're doing. Curt, they're priceless!"

Her face was white as death.

"All right," he said, and flung her away from him. "Keep them. They're yours. You've earned them."

He turned on his heel and left her.

He went to his room. Well, that was that. He felt cold and numb, but his mind was extraordinarily clear. He walked over to his dresser. Pack. He must pack and get out. Never see her again. Never hear her voice, never feel the touch of her hands. Deliberately, almost mechanically, he laid out his neckties, handkerchiefs, collars. Pulled out the second drawer; shirts. . . .

But still he could not believe it. Honey! Honey, the girl who had lain in his arms, whose lips had been warm against his lips. Honey. . . .

He was going to cry. It was terrible. It was horrible. But something in the soul of him was dissolving, breaking up. His throat felt tight and his eyelids stung. Soon, any minute, he would be blubbering like a baby. He had to get out of there. . . .

He laid his shirts and his socks and his dressing gown in a bag and closed it. The rest of the stuff she could send after him. He had to get out of there before it was too late.

This caught him up with a start. Too late for what? What did he mean by that?

And suddenly, when he heard her voice behind him, he knew.

"Curt. What are you doing? Curt!"

He wanted to shout, "Leaving you, clearing out. You didn't think I was going to stay on here and put up with your infidelities." Instead of which he said nothing. He felt her hand on his arm, and he cried out, "Get away from me!" and there was something like terror in his voice.

Her fingers clung to him. "Curt, where are you going? You aren't—you aren't—leaving me?"

"Get away from me, I tell you!" He shoved her from him savagely. But again she came close to him. She spoke a little breathlessly, "Curt, I don't care what you say to me, I deserve it. I know I do. I don't care what you do to me. But you can't leave me. You can never leave me. You know that, don't you?"

"I'm going—now."

She was standing before him. She said, "Curt, look at me and tell me that."

WELL, why not? "I'm going now." He forced himself to lower his eyes and when he saw her face so close to his, saw her lips trembling, her lashes wet with tears, a sudden, uncontrollable wave of tenderness swept over him and he caught her to him fiercely, convulsively. How sweet it was to hold her in his arms again, to feel her body pressed against his, her hair brushing his lips.

"Curt," she whispered. "Those pearls. I hate them. Yours are the only ones I want to wear tonight."

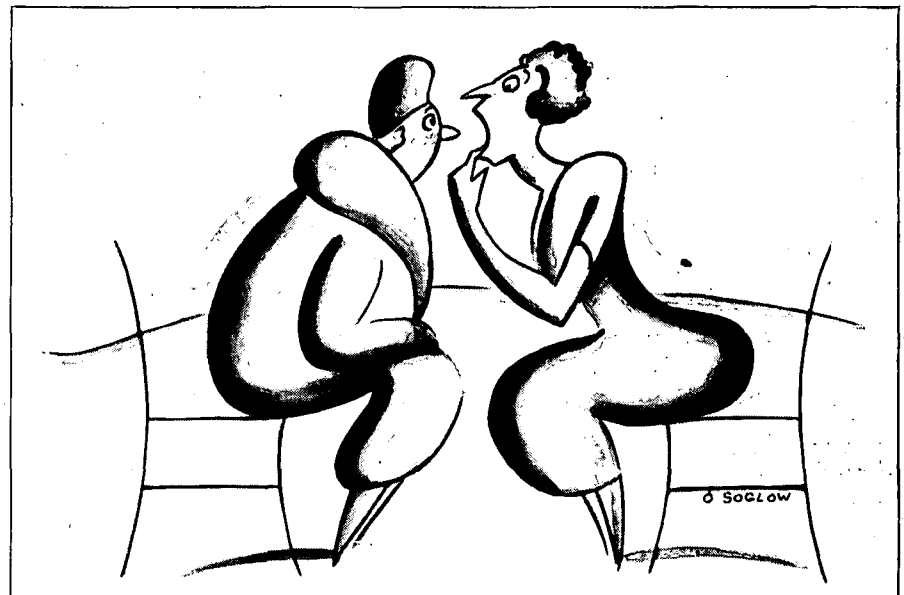
She was lying. He knew she was lying. But her arms were around his neck. He drew the oblong box from his pocket. "Here," he said, wearily, "take them—they're yours."

She took them from him. "And you believe me, don't you, when I tell you I love these better than any others on earth?"

She was like a drug that got in a man's blood. There was no getting free of her. And he did not want to get free.

She said, "Don't scold me any more, Curt," and lifted her face to him.

She was, he thought, like a little child who has been punished for she knew not what and is happy to be forgiven.



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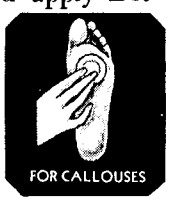

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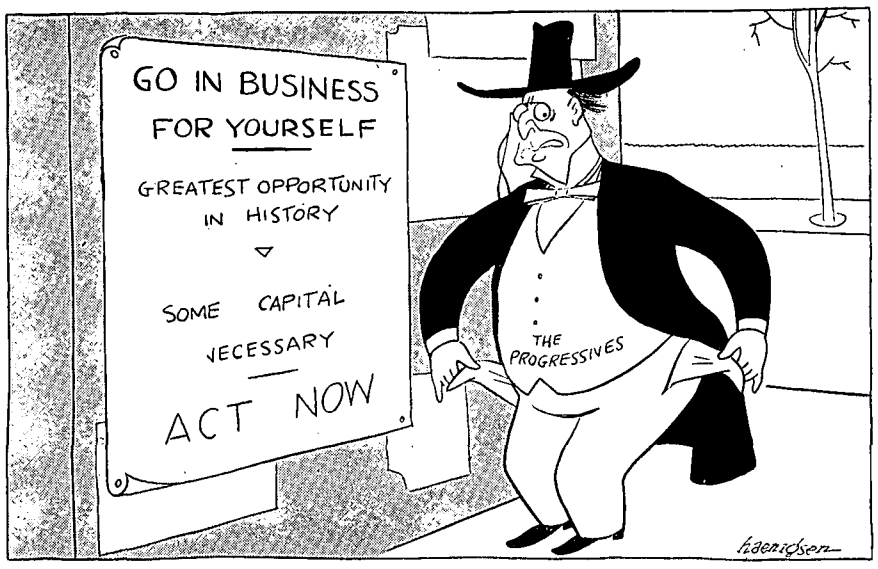

Paralyzed Progressives

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE Progressives were weighed in the balance in the last session of Congress and found wanting. They are a protest group within the Republican party rather than a potential party. They are significant only locally. Theirs is a local and class program; they have been unable to broaden it into a national program.

If they should put a third ticket into the field in 1932 it would be as a local party of protest, as much so as the Populist party. A Progressive nominee for President might carry a few Northwestern states; he would get little support in the rest of the country.

This last session of Congress offered a great opportunity to the Progressives. The Republican party is obviously torn apart with dissensions. All over the country there are people discontented with things as they are and looking for political leadership. All that was needed was an adequate national program to bring to a third party such support as no third party has had since the Republican party put its first national ticket into the field.

The Progressives in the Senate, or at least some of them, were aware of the opportunity. They held many conferences on the question of whether they alone should force a special session and use that session to disseminate their ideas in the hope of a harvest of votes in 1932. As in the old cook-book recipe, the first thing to do was to catch the ideas.

Hayseed Statesmen

What were these ideas? Examining them in the light of the problems that confront the whole country, not merely a few Western farm states, the Progressives themselves were painfully aware that their stock of ideas was inadequate. They had no national program. They were afraid of the responsibility of a special session brought on by themselves. It would be stipulating far too much to force a special session for the sake of formulating a program when they had no program.

The reason is obvious enough. The big problem before the country, as the bitter fight over relief measures showed, relates to industrial employment. And the Progressives come from states which have little or no industry. They are hayseed statesmen—very able men in several cases, but ignorant of modern industrial life.

In the 1928 campaign we saw Al Smith, of the sidewalks of New York, trying to get the farm vote. That is the reverse of what an attempt by the Progressives to arrive at a program which would win the industrial workers of the East would be.

It would be no easy task for the Progressives to find a national program, even if they had experience of modern industrial life. Perhaps the time has not come for a program. But when the time does come such a program will not originate among elderly agrarian statesmen.

Who'll Take the Lead?

The best brains among the Progressives are in the heads of Senator Borah, Senator Norris, Senator La Follette and Senator Cutting. Senator Borah is sixty-five years old. The long session on the tariff left his health poor. It has fortunately improved, but he has reached the point where he will have to spare himself in the future. Senator Norris will be seventy this summer. He, while perfectly willing to sacrifice himself if the occasion requires it, felt the need of rest this summer.

Senator La Follette is young and fresh, but still too young to put himself at the head of a national movement. Senator Cutting is a New York City intellectual, who for the sake of his health took himself to New Mexico. His health is reported to be unstable.

No one leads the Progressives and no one can lead them. Each of them is a law unto himself. Borah, Norris and La Follette, if they agreed, might command the support of most of the group. But it is hard to imagine their agreeing upon any large program.

All these men derive from 1910-1912. Borah sympathized with Roosevelt in 1912, but did not leave his party to join Roosevelt. Norris led the fight on Cannonism in 1910. Cutting was a treasurer of the Bull Moose party in 1912. What I mean is that their progressivism is of a former day, brought somewhat up to date. It does not envisage the industrial problems which the present depression startles Washington by suggesting.

Of the four leading Progressives, La Follette is the only one who is young enough not to have had his ideas more or less fixed by 1910-12. But even his progressivism is influenced by ideas inherited from his father, the pioneer of the movement that culminated in 1910-12. Still, he has had a clearer perception of the need of a national program than has any other Progressive. And his mind is still fresh enough to contribute to the formulation of a program.

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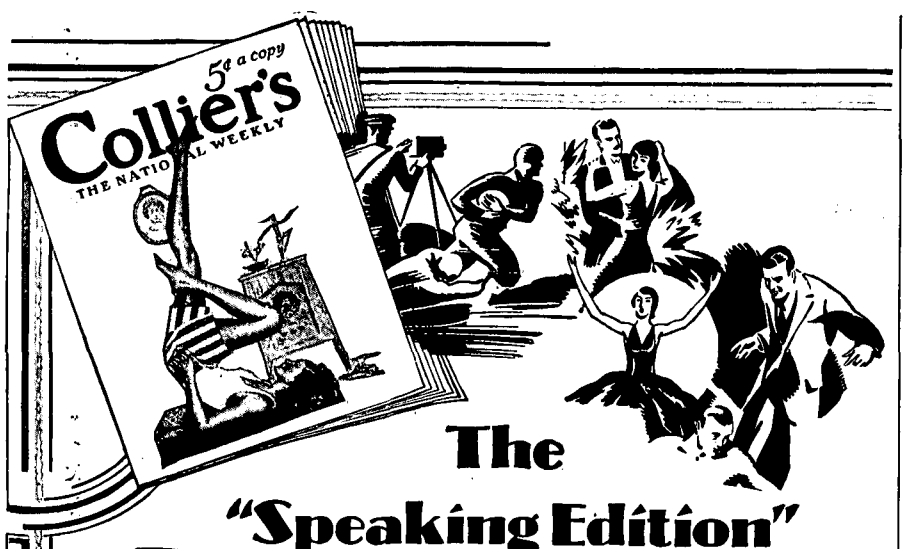

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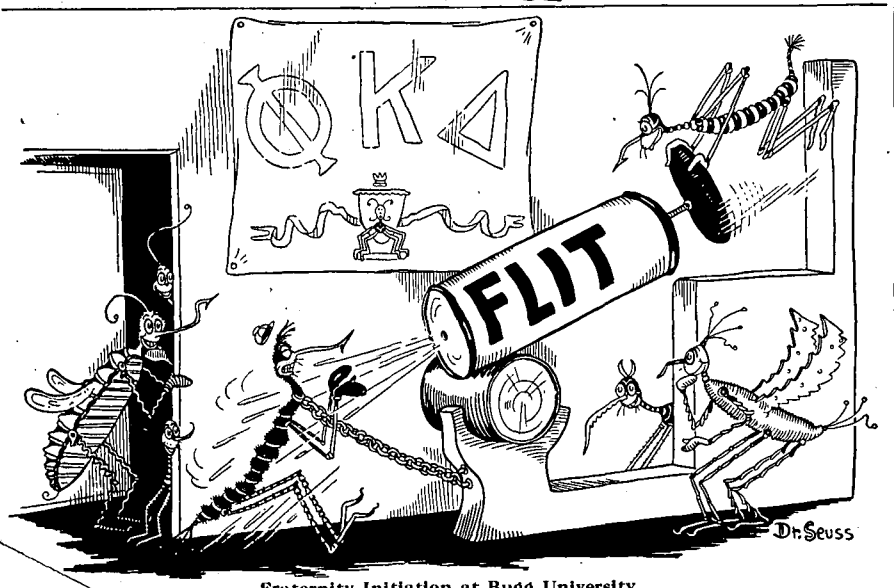

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With the Best Intentions

Continued from page 9

company of horsemen, grouped closely in the saturated grasses of a hillside field.

They had come through the German lines. They were deep in the enemy's country! They must cut their way through; in the fog; on horseback!

"Follow!" It was the voice of Captain Shandy, piercing darkness; and he turned—toward the hilltop. Upward the lost troop followed until it came suddenly upon a large house, given form in the night by light which blazed from a great mullioned window. With brief, crisp words Captain Shandy distributed his men. A detail under Mr. Strafford to stay in the woods and guard the horses; a group to deploy around the building; another group to cover the low brick wall which lined the far side of the lawn. Captain Shandy himself led the men who advanced toward the house on their stomachs, like small boys playing Indian.

THEY reached the mullioned window and Captain Shandy, his wry smile strangely bright, peered in upon a group of German officers who cheerfully chatted about an open fireplace.

"Corps headquarters!" whispered the captain blissfully.

Trooper Alf, at his elbow, indulged himself in a chuckle, but the chuckle died in his throat. On the far side of the house a man screamed, and the scream was choked off. Alf caught his breath grimly. A sentry had been surprised. Another 'Un had taken it!

The murdered scream was a signal for confusion. Within the lighted room a dozen German officers leaped to their feet. A man from whose lips streamed a guttural alarm burst into the room. Then the lights snapped out and the window was a black mask on the face of a house that was dead.

"Back to the horses!" cried Captain Shandy. But dark figures flitted forth from the house and darted in scattering confusion across the grass.

"Collar 'em!" cried the captain.

Again the hunt was on. On horse and afoot they ran down frantic shadows which made in panic for the cover of the woods; and while they hunted, the troopers of the Eleventh knew that they themselves were trapped.

"Wait here," whispered Captain Shandy to Trooper Alf while the hunt was on. The two of them still stood near the mullioned window not twenty yards from a door that gaped wide open. "There's papers in there worth taking," the captain added; and he stalked toward the door. Trooper Alf moved to follow him.

"I said wait!" snapped the captain; then, with the old, quick friendliness he pressed the trooper's arm. "Won't be a minute," he murmured, and was gone. The black maw of the doorway swallowed him.

Trooper Alf gazed fearfully at the cavernous opening. The captain ought not to've gone alone.

An abrupt clamor of rifle fire burst forth. Then, like homing wild things, the scattered troop was plunging into the woods where the horses were. But Trooper Alf had been told to wait. Pressed back against the bricks, he waited. Wide-eyed he saw the troop ride forth from the woods, madly making its escape, leaving bodies that moved and twisted, bodies that were still——and a horse that squealed in agony as it tried vainly to follow on.

Still Trooper Alf waited. . . .

Out of the black woods from which the troop had ridden, dim, formless figures advanced toward the house. Trooper Alf saw them coming and made for the door. The 'Uns was closing in—and Marster Shandy trapped inside! With a queer sense of desperate satisfaction Alf fondled the carbine in his hand. Seventy-eight rounds, he had—and the captain's pistol. . . . They could do some slaughter, anyway.

But occurrence crowded him. As he stepped to the door a new fury was spilled from the low brick wall, and the men on the lawn shrank back from it, seeking the cover of the woods again. Then a duel was fought across that strip of lawn, so that the air was filled with whining devils, and the dirt flew.

"And I found this mug in the ladies' room!"

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In the midst of it Alf's vigil was ended. From the black square of the doorway a familiar figure plunged and was at Alf's side in a bound.

"'Ere, sir!" cried Alf in a very exaltation of relief; and forgetful of etiquette he seized one braided sleeve of the captain's tunic and almost violently urged him toward the far brick wall. Poignantly he felt that the whining demons in the air could all too easily find that tall young body once they left the black shadow of the house. He fiercely desired to protect it, to place his own body between it and the lead. But the captain roughly shook him off, cursing strange curses; and then, to Alf's horror, he turned about, making for the enemy.

"Not that way!" cried Alf. "For the love o' Gawd, sir—"

BUT the captain was running with long strides across the grass, running the wrong way! Alf, close at his heels, remembered. . . . *"Fritz isn't a bad sort!"* the captain had said. . . . And he'd torked with 'em, laughed with 'em. . . . *"The prisoners have all the luck!"* he had said.

With a new mad strength and swiftness Trooper Alf was at the captain's side, clutching his arm, grasping with frenzied hands his captain's shoulder.

"No, sir!" he bellowed. "Don't do it! For Gawd's sake, sir!"

He was in front of the man, now, barring the captain's way, struggling preposterously in the black shadow of the house, pushing him back, pleading, begging, fairly sobbing in the anguish of his purpose. The captain struggled to free himself. And Alf, seeing clearly the only way, took it. With one pile-driver blow he struck out at the beloved face, and deftly caught the captain as he fell. Then he heaved the limp form over one shoulder and plodded philosophically toward the low brick wall.

Beyond the wall a thick hedge ran along a road, and under the hedge was the inviting shadow of an impenetrable blackness. Alf followed the shadow, feeling his way down hill. He was groping, under his burden, toward the fog which veiled the lines.

It was a dolorous journey, for the captain was a heavy man, and Alf's chosen pathway was a ditch. Frequently he sank down against a helpful bank and gasped himself to life again. The captain became a thing of lead, an intolerable burden; yet Alf dared not set him down, he dared not pause. He must stumble forward through this land of enemies though it last forever, though peace and safety, though blessed rest, were never to be his again. . . . Very abruptly Alf became conscious of the fact that he was lying, face downward, in a ditch with another man on top of him. He wriggled, and the man above him moved. Alf tumbled the man over, and sat up.

"Oo the scarlet geraniums are you?" he groaned indignantly; but the tall man tottered to his feet in the blackness without replying to him. So Alf arose in befuddled anger and grasped the other's shoulder. His hand touched an epaulette of chain mail—the shoulder guard of a cavalryman. Then Alf remembered. At the same time a hot pain snatched at his heart and he doubled up without dignity. The captain mumbled incoherently and tottered away from him.

"No you don't!" gasped Alf, and retrieved his captain in a bound. Clumsily the captain tried to push Alf away from him, but he seemed weak and dazed. Alf deemed that he must be humored.

"This way, Captain," he insisted. "No need to fear. Two squares up the Strand and turn to yer right. Charing Cross next stop. This wye to see the larfin' 'yena, though wot 'e's got to larf about, Gawd only knows." At which point Trooper Alf would as lief have wept, but before him was the curtain of mist and deeply behind that curtain a white light expanded, contracted and died, while a rattle of machine-gun fire beat a brief tattoo. There, Alf knew, was the new-made British line. If he could keep the captain going, they could make it; and so far all seemed well. The captain was following like a new-born babe.

There was a fence to climb in the wraithlike fringes of the mist, and when they had felt their way across it, it proved to be no fence at all, but barbed wire entanglements.

Blind in a wetness of fog, they groped their way together into unseemly adventure. Barbed wire was a plague and a scourge which tore and entangled them. They plashed through water-filled shell holes, they blundered into a sunken road which was filled with odorous dead. They scrambled up the gravelly side of the road and rolled back to the bottom with an avalanche of earth when the hedge above proved to be camouflage on their trying to climb over it. An abandoned battery they would have walked through had it not proved solid.

But the mist appeared to be clearing. Dim shapes of shell-racked trees loomed ghostly before they reached them, and finally Alf swore, vividly and audibly, that he saw in dim distances a tank. With the dazed captain silent at his side, he made toward it.

Suddenly the ground gave beneath them. Vainly they struggled for their footing in a paste of slippery muck that was butter under their weight. Incontinently they descended, a human avalanche, upon fellow human beings who cried out and babbled in a strange tongue . . . : German! . . . A nest of 'Uns!

Alf scrambled to his feet in a watery mess of mud. They had fallen into a shell hole occupied by the enemy. In the dimness Alf glimpsed and felt the scrambling legs of frightened men who wriggled up the side of the crater like so many startled lizards from a sundered den. Blindly Alf grabbed at the nearest and tore him back. The man came slithering into the watery depths of the crater and Alf, seizing him, felt once more the chain-mail shoulder guards. His heart sank in a frigid lump inside him. Again the captain had tried it!

With sudden fierce passion Alf fell upon the dim figure in his arms, throwing it into the mud under the weight of his body.

"There!" he grunted. "'Ere you are, and 'ere you stay!"

THE body heaved in a sudden desperation of effort and Alf threw miracles of waning strength into its suppression. It must be that the captain was mad. The war had broken him. The bloody 'Uns 'ad smashed the poor lad's nerve. . . . Dimly Trooper Alf realized that he was struggling now for something more precious than his captain's life or safety. Here, in this shell hole, he held Captain Shandy's honor. . . .

The gasping man beneath him relaxed in his grasp.

"Stay quiet, sir," begged Alf, miserably. "'Ere you stay till the coast is clear, or I carry you out on me shoulder. Gawd'strewth, sir, I'll brain yer if need be, but into the British lines you go. Is it yes or no?"

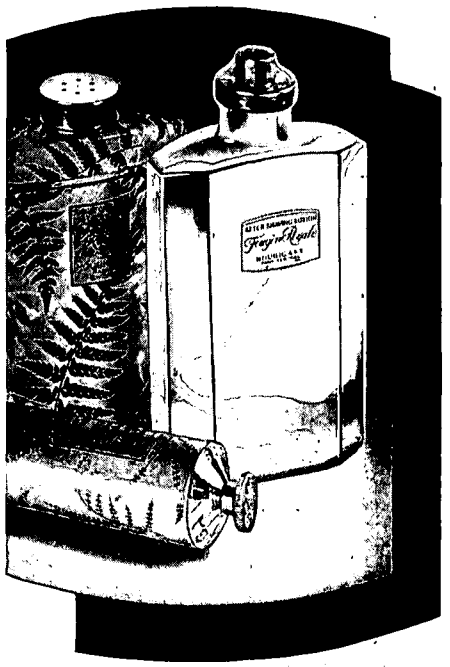
The captain, limply fighting for breath, said nothing.

"Yes or no?" cried Alf furiously—and something dropped from above and fell with a splash in the mire at the captain's side.

(Continued on page 72)

THE ATHLETIC FACE

The face of an athlete . . . fit, conditioned . . . can be yours. Pat a few drops of Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion over your just-shaved face each morning. Instant in action, this Lotion will stimulate the circulation, bring the blood surging to your skin, leaving it keen, toned, glowing with life. Styptic, too, it heals the tiny nicks and cuts that are the inevitable aftermath of shaving. Your face will be soothed, cooled, made supple, freed from razor smart and burn. Try also, Houbigant's Fougère Royale Shaving Cream and the special tinted Talc, both as indispensable to perfect grooming as the After-Shaving Lotion.



After-Shaving Talcum 50c
After-Shaving Lotion 75c
Shaving Cream 50c

Fougère Royale

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After-Shaving Lotion

HOUBIGANT

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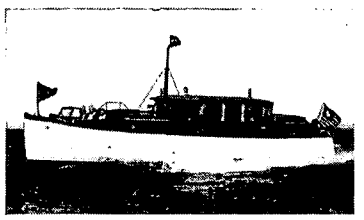

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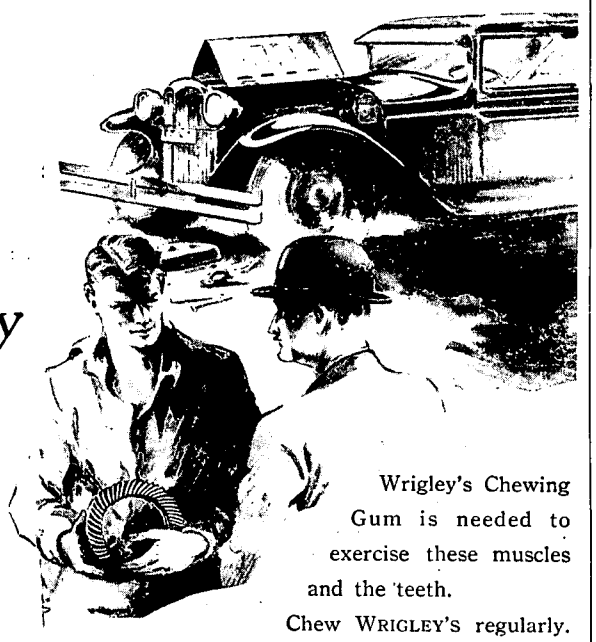
You Can't Buy Spare Parts for your body



THERE is no buying new parts for your body. Therefore, you should take most particular care of it.

Nature demands some help. A little care and foresight will keep you in trim.

Exercise, everyone agrees, is one of the important aids to keeping fit. Modern labor saving devices have robbed us of many of the exercises we formerly had to take. Even our food is designed to save time and trouble, with the result that the jaws and teeth do not get the exercise originally intended for them.

Sports and games are increasing in popularity because they afford the bodily exercise we need. They practically every muscle se of the face and jaws.

Wrigley's Chewing Gum is needed to exercise these muscles and the teeth.

Chew WRIGLEY'S regularly. Its use helps make up for the lack of work for teeth and jaws due to soft foods, and in harmony with the modern idea its pleasing flavor and touch of sweet affords pleasure at the same time it is giving you these benefits.

WRIGLEY'S is the new way to health and efficiency. Keep fit with

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

L10

(*Continued from page 71*)

With a hoarse cry the captain hurled his body away from the fallen missile at the precise instant that Alf hurled his body directly upon it. But there was no explosion. Alf snatched up the thing from beneath him and hurled it far away. Then he gave forth a queer, exultant noise.

The missile had been a grenade. But it was a British grenade. He had felt the contours of it in his hand. They were close in touch with the British! Elated, Alf tugged once more at his companion.

"It's back to our lines," he said. "Are you comin' quiet?"

"Yes," said the other, simply.

Together they scrambled up the muddy side of the crater. At the top Alf found that the mist had cleared to a gossamer veil which was silvery with the growing light of dawn. Still clinging to his captain's arm, he slid and stumbled through the mud in the direction of various sounds of excited British voices which appeared to come from across a pool of liquid mud. He had hardly advanced ten yards before he realized that what had appeared to be mud was water. A stream. A river, or canal. Now what?

A blast of sound accompanied a geyser of mud and water which rose a few yards to their left. Another grenade.

"Blimey," grumbled Alf wearily. "And they call theirselves friends."

To the right two grenades burst in concert, splashing them with mud.

"Give over!" bawled Alf lustily to dim shapes which moved upon a far bank. "We're bleedin' 'Oozzars!"

He snatched the captain's arm.

"They're bombin' us," he cried. "Think we're bloody 'Uns. Better tyke to—" He stopped short, open-mouthed, staring at his officer's face as though he saw some horror unfit for human eyes. A grenade fell with a dull splotch in the mud near by, and the bark of its bursting followed. His mouth still agape, his eyes still wide with horror, Alf copped it. His weary body slumped to the earth like a dummy bereft of support, and the officer threw himself on the ground beside him.

"Stop it! That bombing!" shrieked the officer. "We are friends!"

Finally he made his voice heard. The bombing ceased. Gently, almost tenderly, the officer placed his hands beneath the arms of the fallen trooper and dragged him to the brink of the water.

IN a stone shed below the canal embankment Trooper Alfred Floyd reclined in state on a R.A.M.C. stretcher and received visitors. The visitors were a major of Highlanders, dour, stubby and kilted, and a tall young man of fair complexion and anxious mien who wore the uniform of a captain of the Eleventh Hussars.

"Says you brought him in," grunted the major. "But he's a Boche if ever there was one, and dressed in our uniform, too. D'you know him?"

Alf studied the prisoner from beneath a brow enfolded in stained bandages.

"Never saw 'im before," said Alf briefly.

The prisoner burst forth in a stream of excited German.

"He's got a wind up," explained the major grimly. "He swears he surrendered to you at his headquarters, back of the German lines. Sounds damned fishy to me. If he's a spy, though, he's a damned cool one."

But Alf was only hearing a voice which grunted and droned through a vivid series of moving pictures which was flashing through his aching head. And the pictures reached a grand climactic scene on the brink of a mist-shrouded stream where he gazed upon his captain's face and found it the face of an impostor. Then he had copped it . . . and now . . .

"Strike me pink an' lay me garspin'!" mumbled Alf. "If I 'aven't brought in the wrong man!"

There was a disturbance at the doorway of the dressing station. The medical officer laughed from his place beside a stretcher. The orderlies laughed. The Major of Highlanders chuckled dourly. For a young man had entered the dressing station, and the young man was clad in an officer's top coat, a pair of rubber boots, and apparently nothing else. He was tall and straightly built. The right side of his face was bright with the healthy glow of athletic youth, but the left side was a scar. Neither the scar nor the costume, however, seemed to detract from his good humor. He advanced directly to the prisoner's side.

"Lumme!" gasped Alf. "It's the captain!"

But Captain Shandy coolly addressed the German:

"My uniform, I believe?"

IN STILTED English the prisoner gave forth lengthy apologies; and Alf, hearing them, feared for his sanity.

"I copped it in the 'ead," he reflected aloud. "P'raps that's why it sounds like a ruddy cinema show. Beggin' your pardon, sir, I cannot make sense of it."

"Quite simple, old egg," smiled Captain Shandy. "When I barged into Fritz's headquarters, this gentleman was in bed. I startled him, and quite naturally he banged me on the head with a poker. Not having any clothes on, and being in a hurry, he borrowed my uniform. Thought the house was surrounded, you see; thought the costume would get him through our fellows. But he didn't reckon on you, old son."

"Lumme," said Alf. "But what did you do, sir?"

"I walked back," said Captain Shandy.

For a moment Trooper Alf lay silent. He was meditating the ironies of life.

"All I can say is," he remarked at last, "that fair's fair, and that Fritz is a shining giddy sportsman. I've spoke 'ard of the 'Uns in my time, but I didn't 'ave a ninkling that any one of 'em would give 'isself up to syve a British sojer's 'ide."

Contritely he turned to the prisoner.

"I tyke it back, matey," he said. "I 'ave said the 'Uns was lice. I was wrong. You're a blinkin' sportsman."

"Not so," said the German youth. "This uniform I wore. I must then stay with you. In it my own men would have shoot me. Also"—he beamed gratefully—"you threw yourself, pfui! upon that grenade. That was something I owe to you. So I come quiet. Hein?"

The doctor glanced over and nodded a quick message to Captain Shandy, who passed it on to the major. The major moved with his prisoner to the door. Alf grasped his captain's proffered hand.

"Uniform or no uniform," he whispered stubbornly, "the 'Un is a sportsman. You was right and I was wrong. Can't say fairer than that."

"Right!" grinned the captain. "You can't."

"And that grenade," continued Alf relentlessly. "'E don't owe me nothink for that. You see, I thought the blighter was you."

"Alf," said the captain slowly, "you're an idiot. You're a giddy, romantic idiot."

"Yessir," sighed Alf.

Leaving the dressing station Captain Shandy almost walked through the orderly at the door. It was as if he had something on his mind; as if he had something in his eye.

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"I want to get something original for a bridge prize. Something everyone wouldn't think of. At the same time it must *not* be something no one would think of"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North S. 7-5-4-3 H. A-K-J-7-5-3 D. 8-5-4 C. None	
West S. 9 H. 8 D. K-Q-J-9-6 C. K-10-7-6-4-2		*East* S. Q-J-10 H. Q-10-9-2 D. 10-3-2 C. J-9-8
	South S. A-K-8-6-2 H. 6-4 D. A-7 C. A-Q-5-3	

THE above hand, published in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Contract Bridge recently with neither side vulnerable and brought forth some rather sensational developments. South had 4½ high-card tricks (2 in Spades, 1 in Diamonds and 1½ in Clubs) and two low-card tricks (in Spades) and bid two Spades. West bid three Diamonds, a venturesome declaration on his remarkable two-suiter, and North was puzzled. He could not make a forcing bid because a jump-shift in Hearts would have to be four and that, being a game-bid, would not be a forcer. He had 6 raisers for Spades: four Spades with a blank suit, 1; the Ace-King-Jack of Hearts, 2½; length in the Heart suit, ½; no Clubs, 2. For raising an original major bid of two of a suit, the partner needs 2 raisers to jump to three, 3 raisers to jump to four, 4½ to jump to five and 6 to jump to six. Therefore North had exactly the strength to jump South's two Spades to a small slam immediately if West had not bid; but with West's Diamond bid, North's three losing Diamonds made so high a jump seem too dangerous, so North bid five Spades. East passed and South bid six Spades, which East, with one sure trick in Spades and a partner strong enough to bid, doubled, ending the contracting.

With the hand played at six Spades doubled, the original lead was the King of Diamonds. South won with the Ace and led a small Club to trick 2, which was ruffed by North. North having an extra Spade that would not be needed for ruffing Clubs, led it; East played the Jack, South the Ace and West the Nine. The Declarer was relieved when he found that West had a trump, as he had feared that all the adverse trumps might be in the East hand; had they been, a small slam would have been utterly hopeless.

Basing his plan of play upon the probability that East had the two remaining adverse trumps, Declarer determined to utilize North's Hearts instead of continuing trumps. To trick 4 South led a Heart, which he won with dummy's King and then led the Ace. He was disappointed when West refused on the second lead, but the refusal without a ruff enabled him to place every important adverse card.

Trick 6 was a third Heart from North, covered by East and ruffed by South; trick 7, a second small Club from South, ruffed by North. The Hearts then were established by a fourth round from North, ruffed by South; but that reduced the number of trumps in the South hand to the number held by East.

The next trick seemed fraught with danger although accurate card-reading would disclose another Club in East's hand. The Queen of Clubs was led from the South hand, covered by West and ruffed by North with his last trump; then came the lead of the established Heart from North and East was perplexed. If he failed to ruff, North would win the trick and East's only trick would be his winning trump, which had been a certainty from the start; but East could ruff, and if South overruffed West would be able to win any losing minor card that South might have. However, Declarer was prepared for that emergency, and when East ruffed South discarded the Seven of Diamonds and permitted East to win his only trick.

It mattered not what East then led; if a Diamond, South was in position to ruff it, draw East's last trump and play his Ace of Clubs; if East led trump, it would be overtaken by South. So Declarer managed to reel in the small slam in spite of the hard luck of finding a good trump outstanding when his two hands held nine trumps headed by Ace-King.

It frequently happens, as in this case, that an adverse double enables a Declarer to size up the distribution of the cards of both adversaries. Without West's business double, which proved informatory to the Declarer, it is quite possible the Declarer would not have made his small slam.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

	North S. 9-8-6-3 H. K-10-8-7 D. K-3 C. 10-5-4	
West S. Q-10-4-2 H. 6-2 D. 7-4 C. A-K-Q-8-3		*East* S. 5 H. 5-4-3 D. 10-9-8-6-2 C. J-9-7-2
	South S. A-K-J-7 H. A-Q-J-9 D. A-Q-J-5 C. 6	

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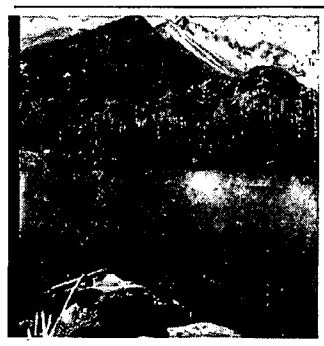
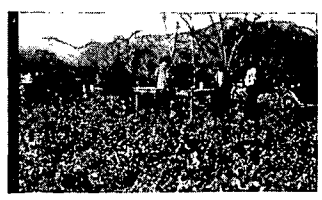
For the price of "just a hat" you can now wear a standard-quality Mallory. It costs (at new prices) only $5 and $6 and up to $10. "Cravenette"-Processed (exclusive) against wear and weather means *life extension* to your hat. Warranted by a hat manufacturing organization continuously in operation for 108 years.

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, 392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



COLORFUL COLORADO



Top Left: Longs Peak from Bear Lake.
Top Right: A View of Mount Ypsilon from the High Drive.
Above: Harvesting Colorado's Superb Pascal Celery.
Below: Keeping Cool Inside of Hallett Glacier.

THE KEY STATE OF THE NEW WEST

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Most National Parks were created because of certain curious phenomena to be found there, but ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK is a region which was selected from all available locations as best typifying the finest scenery, as best supplying the endless vacation joys, of the Rocky Mountain region. Of course such a Park is sublime in inspiring beauty of infinite variety; of course it abounds in all outdoor recreation—that's why it's where it is! Be sure to visit this highest but most easily accessible *National Park. And it is only one of Colorado's* vacation—and residential—attractions. To learn more about them, send the coupon today.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Hold your Horsepower

Cartoon by Ronald McLeod

AS a nation we were guilty of more reckless driving in 1930 than ever before in our history.

The result was tragic beyond description. Motor accidents killed 32,500 people and injured more than 960,000. More than 2,000 little children under five years of age were killed and more than 45,000 were injured within the twelve-month period. The World War did not take a greater toll of American lives in battle.

The encouraging aspect of this appalling loss lies in the fact that recklessness was its principal cause. If carelessness and overconfidence kill and injure so many, carefulness and consideration can prevent such losses.

The majority of accidents occurred on straight and dry roads in broad daylight with experienced and mature drivers at the wheel. In an overwhelming majority the machine functioned properly; the man was at fault. He took unjustifiable chances.

Young men at their very best physical development were the worst offenders. The enthusiasm of youth can make a motor car a dangerous weapon.

Contrary to a common impression, women were proved to be safer drivers than men. Certainly they were responsible for proportionately fewer deaths and injuries in 1930's records.

In a striking analysis of the accident reports from forty states, The Travelers Insurance Company dispels many other of our cherished illusions on this subject.

Improper driving and nothing else was responsible for more than two thirds of all the deaths and injuries recorded in 1930.

Speeding, driving on the wrong side of the road and failure to grant right of way, all evidences of improper driving, accounted for sixty-eight per cent of the accidents.

Other violations of the law as well as of common sense took a heavy toll. Such, for example, was the failure to signal which caused the deaths of 490 people and accounted for the injuries of 48,928.

More than 80,000 accidents resulted from motorists driving off the roadway. The biggest single cause of accidents, however, was the improper attempt to take the right of way from some other traveler—in a harsh word, hoggishness.

Not only is reckless driving the greatest cause of motor accidents but also is the carelessness of pedestrians the chief explanation of the accidents which befall them. [illegible] year more than 7,000 pedestrians were [illegible]n automobile accidents for which pedestrians were themselves responsible. The greater number of these, however, were children and old people, the two classes least able to care for themselves.

The hour of the day and the day of the week of the accidents also tell their significant stories. Afternoon is the danger time. Between 4 P. M. and 9 P. M. occur thirty-eight per cent of the accidents which result in death. Drivers are tired and hurried during those hours. We take chances when we are least able successfully to meet unexpected situations.

As might be expected, week-end driving is most hazardous. Sunday is the worst by far and Saturday is next. The safest days to drive are Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

It is perfectly obvious to anyone who thinks about this distressing record of injury and death that it will not be allowed to continue unchallenged.

Mileage decreased last year, according to gasoline sales records. Yet with less driving we had more accidents. Cars could not be blamed since nearly eighty-nine per cent were apparently in good condition at the time of the accident.

As drivers we are not so good as the cars we operate. Automobiles are built for safety but we throw caution to the wind and reap the harvest of recklessness.

What we have to learn is that safety is more important than speed. The old laws fixing arbitrary speed limits are obsolete and rightly so. Instead, a new elastic rule which fixes no limits but demands consideration of road conditions is being widely adopted throughout the country.

The law, however, will not long allow discretion unless we are capable of exercising discretion. Public opinion inevitably will demand new and drastic regulations if these deaths and injuries continue to grow in numbers.

Men have learned to operate ships at sea safely. The records of railroads are marvelous. Where safety is the goal, airplanes have achieved miracles in protecting human life. We can operate high-powered, fast-moving machines without dealing out death and disaster if we put our minds to it.

Up to the present the individual driver has been too little concerned with avoiding accidents. We are too apt to regard a collision as an act of God rather than the exhibition of haste or heedlessness which actually it is.

Of course many good and conservative drivers have used cars for years without mishap. Others drive at thirty, forty, fifty miles an hour telling jokes, pointing to the scenery, thinking about business, gabbing, day-dreaming, all unmindful of the fact that they are steering three or four thousand pounds of steel in swift momentum.

Safety is worth the price it costs. This nation cannot go on killing and injuring people and destroying hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property every year as though motor accidents were unavoidable. The maiming and the killing and the destruction must be stopped and we, the average drivers, can do it.

When you drive remember that a lot of idiots are on the road and that you may have to protect yourself against both fools and road hogs and occasional drunks as well as against absent-minded pedestrians and heedless children. In such fashion you will at least have made your contribution to national safety and, incidentally, you will get more pleasure and more use out of your motor car.

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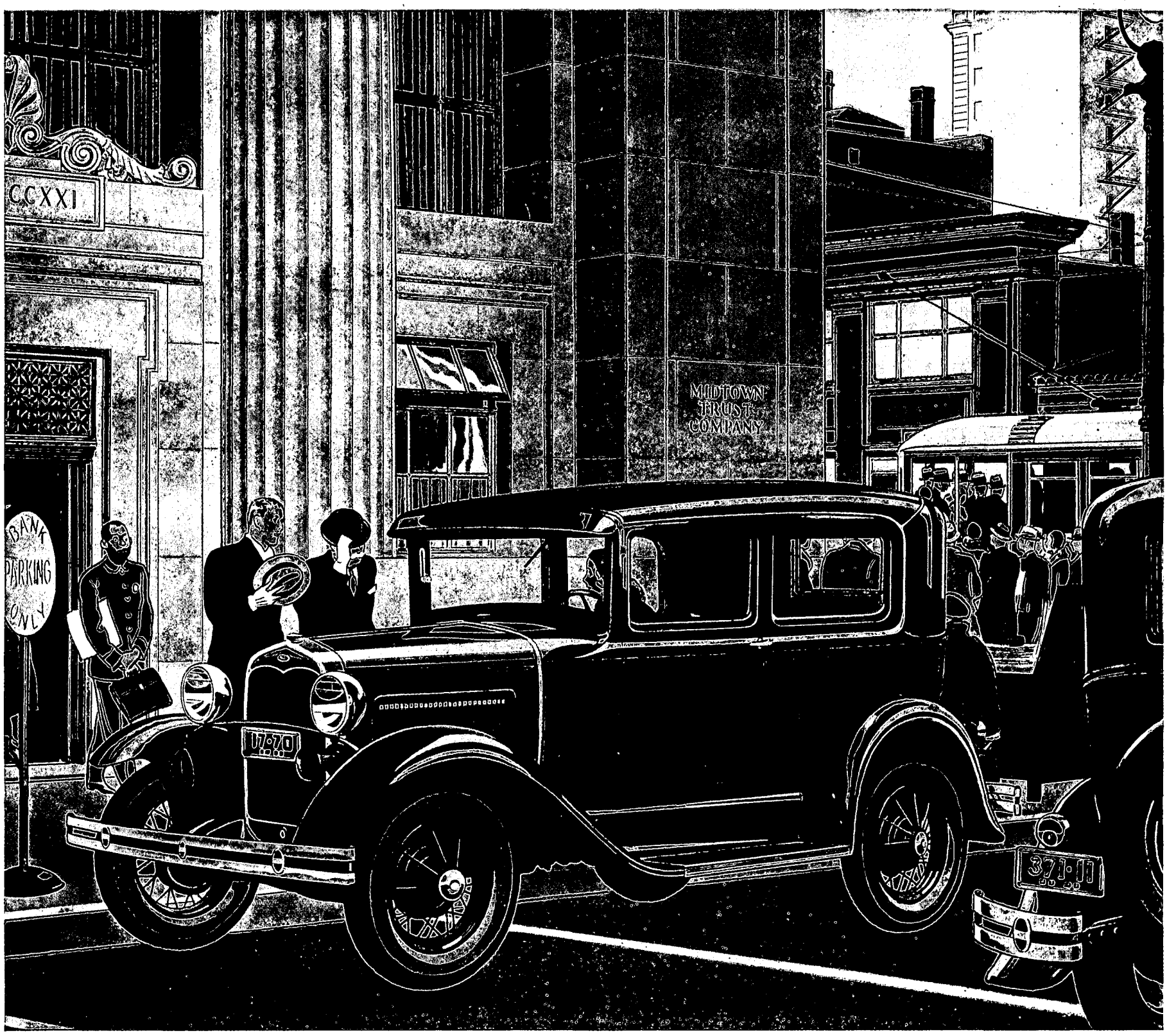
The new Ford is an economical car to own and drive



THE NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN

LOW FIRST COST, LOW COST OF OPERATION AND UP-KEEP, AND LOW YEARLY DEPRECIATION MEAN A DISTINCT SAVING TO EVERY PURCHASER

THE new Ford is a splendid car to own and drive because of its attractive lines and colors, safety, comfort, speed, reliability and long life.

There are, in addition, three other features of importance to every far-seeing automobile owner . . . low first cost, low cost of operation and up-keep, and low yearly depreciation.

During the life of the car, the day-by-day economy of owning a Ford will amount to considerably more than the saving on the first cost. You save when you purchase a new Ford and you save on every single mile you drive.

Evidence of the economy of the new Ford is shown in its selection by large industrial companies which keep accurate cost records. Many of these operate fleets of fifty, one hundred, and two hundred Ford cars and trucks. One company has eight thousand. The experience of these careful buyers is a dependable guide for you to follow in the purchase of a motor car.

The reasons for the good performance and economy of the new Ford are simplicity of design, high quality of materials and care in manufacturing and assembling. Many vital parts are made to limits of one one-thousandth of an inch. Some to three ten-thousandths of an inch.

The more you see of the new Ford—the more you talk to Ford owners—the more certain you become of this fact. . . . It brings you everything you want or need in a motor car at an unusually low price. You may purchase it on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

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To a Lady

about to buy an electric refrigerator

Of course you will want the very finest refrigerator you can buy. One that can be depended upon to keep foods properly fresh even on the most sizzling of summer days . . . one that will offer every modern convenience . . . one you will be proud to exhibit to visitors many years from today . . .

Did you know that Frigidaire, always in the forefront of its field, is responsible for developments in the past fifteen years that have made household refrigeration so healthful, convenient and economical?

The Frigidaire shown in the adjoining photograph, for instance, offers advantages you would possibly not expect to find in any refrigerator.

We hope that you will look into the advantages of Frigidaire very thoroughly before you decide which of the many good electric refrigerators to buy. We invite you to do so at the Frigidaire store most convenient to your home.

And, if you have a matter-of-fact, mechanically-minded husband, we will be especially pleased if you will bring him along with you!

ADVANCED FRIGIDAIRE *REFRIGERATION*

In gleaming white Porcelain

Frigidaire offers a new standard of Advanced Refrigeration

From their service-shelf tops to their graceful streamlined legs, the new Frigidaires represent a fine achievement in modern refrigeration.

The striking beauty of the pure all-white porcelain cabinet harmonizes perfectly with *any* kitchen color scheme. And these new Porcelain-on-steel Frigidaires are as brilliant in performance as they are in appearance—combining many important improvements and refinements that distinguish Frigidaire from all other refrigerators.

You will appreciate the faster freezing made possible by the "Cold Control"... ice cubes that tumble so easily from the Quickube Ice Tray ... the crisper vegetables you take from the Frigidaire Hydrator. You will recognize at once the advantage of the seamless, acid-resisting porcelain interior ... the elevated food shelves ... the surplus powered, concealed unit that operates so quietly and at such low cost.

Here is *Advanced* Refrigeration—advanced in all that the term implies. And because of these advanced features and the savings they make possible, Frigidaire is the truly economical refrigerator to own. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

F R I G I D A I R E

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE... Electric Refrigerators for Homes, Stores and Public Institutions... Water Coolers for Homes, Stores, Offices and Factories... Ice Cream Cabinets... Milk Cooling Equipment... Room Coolers

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